

J. Holt White  
M<sup>r</sup> Holt White

18 Sept. 1824. #

# THE WORKS

OF

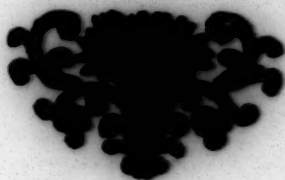
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

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VOL. VI.

Containing the Remainder of  
His LETTERS.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. ROBERTS in Warwick lane.  
MDCCXXVII.





*Will.<sup>m</sup> Cole*  
*Coll. Regal. Cantab.*



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# LETTERS

TO and FROM

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL. \*

From 1705 to 1716.

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## LETTER I.

*Sir William Trumbull to Mr. Pope.*

S I R,

Oct. 19, 1705.

I Return you the Book you were pleas'd to send me, and with it your obliging letter, which deserves any particular acknowledgement; for next to the pleasure of enjoying the company of so good a friend, the welcomest thing to me is to hear from him. I expected to find, what I have met with, an admirable genius in those Poems, not only because they were Milton's,† or were approved by Sir Hen. Wootton, but because you had commended them; and give me leave to tell you, that I know no body so like to equal him, even at the age he wrote most of them, as your self. Only do not afford more cause of com-

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\* *Secretary of State to King William the Third.*

† *L'Allegro Il Penseroso, Lycidas, and the Masque of Comus.*

plaints against you, that you suffer nothing of yours to come abroad; which in this age, wherein wit and true sense is more scarce than money, is a piece of such cruelty as your best friends can hardly pardon. I hope you will repent and amend; I could offer many reasons to this purpose, and such as you cannot answer with any sincerity; but that I dare not enlarge, for fear of engaging in a stile of Compliment, which has been so abused by fools and knaves, that it is become almost scandalous. I conclude therefore with an assurance which shall never vary, of my being ever, &c.

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L E T T E R II.

*Sir William Trumbull to Mr. Pope.*

*April 9, 1708.*

**I** Have this moment receiv'd the favour of yours of the 8th instant; and will make you a true excuse, (tho' perhaps no very good one) that I deferr'd the troubling you with a letter, when I sent back your papers, in hopes of seeing you at Binfield before this time. If I had met with any fault in your performance, I should freely now (as I have done too presumptuously in conversation with you) tell you my opinion; which I have frequently ventur'd to give you, rather in compliance with your desires than that I could think it reasonable. For I am not yet satisfied upon what grounds I can pretend to judge of poetry, who never have been practic'd in the art. There  
may

may possibly be some happy genius's, who may judge of some of the natural beauties of a poem, as a man may of the proportions of a building, without having read Vitruvius, or knowing any thing of the rules of architecture: but this, tho' it may sometimes be in the right, must be subject to many mistakes, and is certainly but a superficial knowledge; without entring into the art, the methods, and the particular excellencies of the whole composure, in all the parts of it.

Besides my want of skill, I have another reason why I ought to suspect my self, by reason of the great affection I have for you; which might give too much bias to be kind to every thing that comes from you. But after all, I must say (and I do it with an old-fashion'd sincerity) that I entirely approve of your translation of those pieces of Homer, both as to the versification and the true sense that shines thro' the whole: Nay I am confirmed in my former application to you, and give me leave to renew it upon this occasion, that you wou'd proceed in translating that incomparable Poet, to make him speak good English, to dress his admirable characters in your proper, significant, and expressive conceptions, and to make his works as useful and instructive to this degenerate age, as he was to our friend Horace, when he read him at *Præneste*: *Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non, &c.* I break off with that *quid non?* with which I confess I am charm'd.

Upon the whole matter I intreat you to send this presently to be added to the Miscellanies, and I hope it will come time enough for that purpose.

I have nothing to say of my Nephew B.'s observations, for he sent them to me so late, that I had not time to consider them; I dare say he endeavour'd



very faithfully (tho' he told me very hastily) to execute your commands.

All I can add is, that if your excess of modesty shou'd hinder you from publishing this Essay, I shall only be sorry that I have no more credit with you, to persuade you to oblige the publick, and very particularly, dear Sir, Your, &c.

### L E T T E R III.

Sir William Trumbull to Mr. Pope.

March 6, 1713,

**I** Think a hasty scribble shows more what flows from the heart, than a letter after Balzac's manner in studied phrases; therefore I will tell you as fast as I can, that I have receiv'd your favour of the 26th past, with your kind present of *The Rape of the Lock*. You have given me the truest satisfaction imaginable, not only in making good the just opinion I have ever had of your reach of thought, and my Idea of your comprehensive genius; but likewise in that pleasure I take as an English Man to see the French, even Boileau himself in his *Lutrin*, outdone in your Poem: for you descend, *leviore plectro*, to all the nicer touches, that your own observation and wit furnish, on such a subject as requires the finest strokes and the liveliest imagination. But I must say no more (tho' I could a great deal) on what pleases me so much: and henceforth I hope you will never condemn me of partiality, since I only swim with the stream, and approve what all men of good taste (notwithstanding the jarring of Parties) must and do  
universally



universally applaud. I now come to what is of vast moment, I mean the preservation of your health, and beg of you earnestly to get out of all Tavern-company, and fly away *tanquam ex incendio*. What a misery it is for you to be destroy'd by the foolish kindness ('tis all one whether real or pretended) of those who are able to bear the poison of bad wine, and to engage you in so unequal a combat? As to Homer, by all I can learn your business is done; therefore come away and take a little time to breathe in the country. I beg now for my own sake, but much more for yours; methinks Mr. ——— has said to you more than once,

*Heu fuge, nate dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis !*

I am

Your, &c.

#### LETTER IV.

To Sir William Trumbull.

March 12, 1713.

**T**Hough any thing you write is sure to be a pleasure to me, yet I must own your last letter made me uneasy: you really use a style of compliment, which I expect as little as I deserve it. I know 'tis a common opinion that a young scribler is as ill pleas'd to hear truth as a young lady. From the moment one sets up for an author, one must be treated as ceremoniously, that is as unfaithfully,

*As a King's Favourite, or as a King.*

This proceeding, join'd to that natural vanity which first makes a man an author, is certainly enough to render him a coxcomb for life. But I must grant it is a just judgment upon poets, that they whose chief pretence is Wit, shou'd be treated as they themselves treat Fools, that is, be cajoll'd with praises. And I believe, Poets are the only poor fellows in the world whom any body will flatter.

I would not be thought to say this, as if the obliging letter you sent me deserv'd this imputation, only it put me in mind of it; and I fancy one may apply to one's friend what Cæsar said of his wife. "It was not sufficient that he knew her to be chaste himself, but she shou'd not be so much as suspected."

As to the wonderful discoveries, and all the good news you are pleas'd to tell me of my self; I treat it, as you who are in the secret treat common news, as groundless reports of things at a distance; which I who look into the true springs of the affair, in my own breast, know to have no foundation at all. For Fame, tho' it be (as Milton finely calls it) *the last infirmity of noble minds*, is scarce so strong a temptation as to warrant our loss of time here: it can never make us lie down contentedly on a death-bed, (as some of the Ancients are said to have done with that thought) You Sir have your self taught me, that an easy situation at that hour, can proceed from no ambition less noble than that of an eternal felicity, which is unattainable by the strongest endeavours of the wit, but may be gain'd by the sincere intentions of the heart only. As in the next world, so in this, the only solid blessings are owing to the goodness of  
the

the mind, not the extent of the capacity: friendship here is an emanation from the same source as beatitude there: the same benevolence and grateful disposition that qualifies us for the one, if extended farther, makes us partakers of the other. The utmost point of my desires in my present state terminates in the society and good-will of worthy men, which I look upon as no ill earnest and fore-taste of the society and alliance of happy souls hereafter.

The continuance of your favours to me is what not only makes me happy, but causes me to set some value upon my self as a part of your care. The instances I daily meet with of these agreeable awakenings of friendship, are of too pleasing a nature not to be acknowledged whenever I think of you. I am

Your, &c.

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L E T T E R V.

*April 30, 1713.*

**I** Have been almost every day employ'd in following your advice and amusing my self in painting, in which I am most particularly obliged to Mr. Jervas who gives me daily instructions and examples. As to poetical affairs, I am content at present to be a bare looker-on, and from a practitioner turn an admirer, which is (as the world goes) not very usual. Cato was not so much the wonder of Rome in his days, as he is of Britain in ours; and tho' all the foolish industry possible has been used to make it thought a party-play, yet what the author once said of another

may the most properly in the world be apply'd to him, on this occasion.

*Every itself is dumb, in wonder lost,  
And Factions strive, who shall applaud him most.*

The numerous and violent claps of the Whig-party on the one side of the theatre, were eccho'd back by the Tories on the other; while the author sweated behind the scenes with concern to find their applause proceeding more from the hand than the head. This was the case too of the prologue-writer, who was clapp'd into a stanch whig, at almost ev'ry two lines. I believe you have heard, that after all the applauses of the opposite faction, my lord Bolingbroke sent for Booth who play'd Cato, into the box, between one of the acts, and presented him with fifty guinea's; in acknowledgment (as he express'd it) for defending the cause of liberty so well against a Perpetual Dictator. The whigs are unwilling to be distanc'd this way, and therefore design a present to the same Cato very speedily; in the mean time they are getting ready as good a sentence as the former on their side: so betwixt them, 'tis probable that Cato (as Dr. Garth express'd it) may have something to live upon, after he dies. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER



## LETTER VI.

From Sir William Trumbull.

Easthampstead, Feb. 22, 714-15.

I Am sensibly oblig'd, dear Sir, by your kind present of the Temple of Fame, into which you are already enter'd, and I dare prophecy for once (tho' I am not much given to it) that you will continue there, with those,

*Who ever new, not subject to decays,  
Spread and grow brighter with the length of days.*

There was nothing wanting to compleat your obliging remembrance of me, but your accompanying it with your poem; your long absence being much the severest part of the winter. I am truly sorry that your time, which you can imploy so much better, should be spent in the drudgery of correcting the printers; for as to what you have done your self, there will nothing of that nature be necessary. I wish you could find a few minutes leisure to let me hear from you sometimes, and to acquaint me how your *Homer* draws on towards a publication, and all things relating thereunto.

I intreat you to return my humble service to Mr. Jervas. I still flatter my self that he will take an opportunity, in a proper season, to see us, and review his picture, and then to alter some things, so as to please himself; which I know will not be, till every thing in it is perfect; no more than I can be, till you believe me to be with that sincerity and esteem  
that

that I am, and will ever continue, your most faithful friend.

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### LETTER VII.

*Decemb. 16, 1715.*

**I**T was one of the Enigma's of Pythagoras, "When the winds rise, worship the Eccho." A modern writer explains this to signify, "when popular tumults" begin, retire to solitudes, or such places where Eccho's are commonly found, rocks, woods, &c." I am rather of opinion it should be interpreted, "when rumours increase, and when there is abundance of noise and clamour, believe the second report:" This I think agrees more exactly with the eccho, and is the more natural application of the symbol. However it be, either of these precepts is extremely proper to be followed at this season; and I cannot but applaud your resolution of continuing in what you call your cave in the forest, this winter; and preferring the noise of breaking ice to that of breaking statesmen, the rage of storms to that of parties, the fury and ravage of floods and tempests, to the precipitancy of some, and the ruin of others, which I fear will be our daily prospects in London.

I sincerely wish my self with you, to contemplate the wonders of God in the firmament, rather than the madness of man on the earth. But I never had so much cause as now to complain of my poetical star, that fixes me at this tumultuous time, to attend the gingling of rymes and the measuring of syllables: to be almost the only trifler in the nation; and as ridiculous

diculous as the poet in Petronius, who while all the rest in the ship were either labouring or praying for life, was scratching his head in a little room, to write a fine description of the tempest.

You tell me, you like the sound of no arms but those of Achilles: for my part I like them as little as any other arms. I lifted my self in the battles of Homer, and I am no sooner in war, but like most other folks, I wish my self out again.

I heartily join with you in wishing Quiet to our native country: Quiet in the state, which like Charity in religion, is too much the perfection and happiness of either, to be broken or violated on any pretence or prospect whatsoever. Fire and sword, and fire and faggot, are equally my aversion. I can pray for opposite parties, and for opposite religions, with great sincerity. I think to be a lover of one's country is a glorious elogy, but I do not think it so great an one as to be a lover of mankind.

I sometimes celebrate you under these denominations, and join your health with that of the whole world; a truly catholick health, which far excels the poor narrow-spirited, ridiculous healths now in fashion, to this church, or that church. Whatever our teachers may say, they must give us leave at least to wish generously. These, dear Sir, are my general dispositions, but whenever I pray or wish for particulars, you are one of the first in the thoughts and affections of

Your, &c,

LETTER

## LETTER VIII.

From Sir William Trumbull.

Jan. 19, 1715-6.

I Should be ashamed of my long idleness, in not acknowledging your kind advice about Eccho, and your most ingenious explanation of it relating to popular tumults; which I own to be very useful: and yet give me leave to tell you, that I keep my self to a shorter receipt of the same Pythagoras, which is Silence; and this I shall observe, if not the whole time of his discipline, yet at least till your return into this country. I am oblig'd further to this method, by the most severe weather I ever felt; when tho' I keep as near by the fire side as may be, yet *gelidus concrevit frigore sanguis*: and often I apprehend the circulation of the blood begins to be stop'd. I have further great losses (to a poor farmer) of my poor oxen — *Intereunt pecudes, stant circumfusa pruinis Corpora magna boum, &c.*

Pray comfort me if you can, by telling me that your second volume of Homer is not frozen; for it must be express'd very poetically to say now, that the presses sweat.

I cannot forbear to add a piece of artifice I have been guilty of, on occasion of my being oblig'd to congratulate the birth-day of a friend of mine: when finding I had no materials of my own, I very frankly sent him your imitation of Martial's epigram on  
*Antonius*



*tonius Primus* \*. This has been applauded so much, that I am in danger of commencing Poet, perhaps laureat, (pray desire my good friend Mr. Rowe to enter a caveat) provided you will further increase my stock in this bank. In which proceeding I have laid the foundation of my estate, and as honestly, as many others have begun theirs. But now being a little tender, as young beginners often are, I offer to you (for I have conceal'd the true author) whether you will give me orders to declare who is the father of this fine child, or not? Whatever you determine, my fingers, pen, and ink are so frozen, that I cannot thank you more at large. You will forgive this and all other faults of, Dear Sir,

Your, &c.

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\* Jam numerat placido felix Antonius ævo, &c.

*At length my Friend (while Time with still career  
Wasts on his gentle wing his eightieth year)  
Sees his past days safe out of Fortune's pow'r,  
Nor dreads approaching Fate's uncertain hour;  
Reviews his life, and in the strict survey  
Finds not one moment he cou'd wish away,  
Pleas'd with the series of each happy day.  
Such, such a man extends his life's short space,  
And from the goal again renews the race:  
For he lives twice, who can at once employ  
The present well, and ev'n the past enjoy.*

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LETTER.

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# LETTERS

TO and FROM

*Mr. STEELE, Mr. ADDISON,  
and Mr. CONGREVE.*

From 1712. to 1715.

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## LETTER I.

*Mr. Steele to Mr. Pope.*

June 1. 1712.

**I** Am at a solitude, an house between Hampstead and London wherein Sir Charles Sedley died. This circumstance set me a thinking and ruminating upon the employments in which men of wit exercise themselves. It was said of Sir Charles, who breath'd his last in this room,

*Sedley has that prevailing gentle art,  
Which can with a restless charm impart.  
The loosest wishes to the chafest heart ;  
Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire  
Between declining Virtue and Desire,  
Till the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away  
In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.*

}

This

This was an happy talent to a man of the town, but I dare say, without presuming to make uncharitable conjectures on the author's present condition, he would rather have had it said of him that he had pray'd,

— *Oh thou my voice inspire.  
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!*

I have turn'd to every verse and chapter, and think you have preserv'd the sublime heavenly spirit throughout the whole, especially at — Hark a glad voice — and — The lamb with wolves shall graze — There is but one line which I think below the original,

*He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.*

You have express'd it with a good and pious, but not so exalted and poetical a spirit as the prophet. The Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces. If you agree with me in this, alter it by way of paraphrase or otherwise, that when it comes into a volume it may be amended, Your poem is already better than the Pollio. I am

Your, &c.

## L E T T E R II.

*The Answer.*

*June 18, 1712.*

**Y**OU have oblig'd me with a very kind letter, by which I find you shift the scene of your life from

from the town to the country, and enjoy that mix'd state which wise men both delight in, and are qualify'd for. Methinks the moralists and philosophers have generally run too much into extremes in commending intirely either solitude, or publick life. In the former, men for the most part grow useles by too much rest, and in the latter are destroy'd by much precipitation; as waters lying still, putrify and are good for nothing, and running violently on do but the more mischief in their passage to others, and are swallow'd up and lost the sooner themselves. Those indeed who can be useful to all states, should be like gentle streams, that not only glide thro' lonely valleys and forests amidst the flocks and the shepherds, but visit populous towns in their course, and are at once of ornament and service to them. But there are another sort of people who seem design'd for solitude, such I mean as have more to hide than to show: As for my own part, I am one of those of whom Seneca says, *Tam umbratiles sunt, ut putent in turbido esse quicquid in luce est.* Some men like some pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light; and I believe such as have a natural bent to solitude (to carry on the former similitude) are like waters which may be forc'd into fountains and exalted into a great height, may make a noble figure and a louder noise, but after all they would run more smoothly, quietly and plentifully, in their own natural course upon the ground. The

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*The foregoing Similitudes our Author had put into verse some years before and inserted into Mr. Wycherley's poem on Mixt Life. We find them in the Versification very distinct from the rest of that poem. See his posthumous Works, 8<sup>o</sup> Page 3d and 4th.*

confi-



consideration of this would make me very well contented with the possession only of that Quiet which Cowley calls the companion of Obscurity. But whoever has the Muses too for his companions, can never be idle enough to be uneasy. Thus Sir you see I would flatter my self into a good opinion of my own way of living. Plutarch just now told me, that 'tis in human life as in a game at tables, where a man may wish for the highest cast, but if his chance be otherwise, he is e'en to play it as well as he can and to make the best of it. I am

Your, &c.

### LETTER III.

To Mr. Steele.

July 15, 1612.

**Y**OU formerly observ'd to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the disparity we often find in him sick and well: thus one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider my self in these different views, and I hope have receiv'd some advantage by it, if what Waller says be true, that

*The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made.*

Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body,

C

may

may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age: it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying our selves within, when there is so little dependance upon our outworks. Youth at the very best is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age: 'tis like a stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me, it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures. When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am e'en as unconcern'd as was that honest Hibernian, who being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, what care I for the house? I am only a lodger. I fancy 'tis the best time to die when one is in the best humour, and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks 'tis a shame to be concern'd at the removal  
of

of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast, as they were us'd to do. The memory of man, (as it is elegantly express'd in the Book of Wisdom) passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. "For honourable age is  
 "not that which standeth in length of time, or is  
 "measur'd by number of years. But wisdom is the  
 "gray hair to men, and an unspotted life is old age. He  
 "was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should alter  
 "his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul, &c. I  
 "am

Your, &c.

#### LETTER IV.

To Mr. Steele.

Nov. 7, 1712.

I Was the other day in company with five or six men of some learning; where chancing to mention the famous verses which the Emperor Adrian spoke on his death-bed, they were all agreed that 'twas a piece of gaiety unworthy of that prince in those circumstances. I could not but differ from this opinion: methinks it was by no means a gay, but a very serious soliloquy to his soul at the point of

its departure; in which sense I naturally took the verses at my first reading them when I was very young, and before I knew what interpretation the world generally put upon them.

*Animula vagula, blandula,  
Hospes comesque corporis,  
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?  
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,  
Nec (ut soles) dabis joca!*

“ Alas, my soul! thou pleasing companion of this  
“ body, thou fleeting thing that art now deserting it!  
“ whither art thou flying? to what unknown scene?  
“ all trembling, fearful, and pensive! what now is  
“ become of thy former wit and humour? thou  
“ shalt jest and be gay no more.”

I confess I cannot apprehend where lies the trifling in all this? 'tis the most natural and obvious reflection imaginable to a dying man: and if we consider the Emperor was a heathen, that doubt concerning the future fate of his soul, will seem so far from being the effect of want of thought, that 'twas scarce reasonable he should think otherwise; not to mention that here is a plain confession included of his belief in its immortality. The diminutive epithets of *vagula*, *blandula*, and the rest, appear not to me as expressions of levity, but rather of endearment and concern; such as we find in Catullus, and the authors of *Hendeca-syllabi* after him, where they are us'd to express the utmost love and tenderness for their mistresses. — If you think me right in my notion of the last words of Adrian, be pleas'd to insert it in the *Spectator*, if not, to suppress it. I am

Your, &c.



## ADRIANI Morientis

A D

A N I M A M,

Translated.

**A**H fleeting Spirit! wand'ring fire,  
 That long hast warm'd my tender breast,  
 Must thou no more this frame inspire?  
 No more a pleasing, chearful Guest?

Whither, ah whither art thou flying!  
 To what dark, undiscover'd Shore?  
 Thou seem'st all trembling, shiv'ring, dying,  
 And Wit and Humour are no more!

## L E T T E R V.

Mr. Steele to Mr. Pope.

Nov. 12, 1712.

**I** Have read over your Temple of Fame twice, and  
 cannot find any thing amiss, of weight enough to call  
 a fault, but see in it a thousand thousand beauties.  
 Mr. Addison shall see it to morrow: after his perusal

of it, I will let you know his thoughts. I desire you would let me know whether you are at leisure or not? I have a design which I shall open a month or two hence, with the assistance of the few like your self. If your thoughts are unengaged, I shall explain my self further. I am

Your, &c.

## LETTER VI.

*The Answer.*

*Nov. 16, 1712.*

**Y**OU oblige me by the indulgence you have shewn to the poem I sent you, but will oblige me much more by the kind severity I hope for from you. No errors are so trivial, but they deserve to be mended. But since you say you see nothing that may be call'd a fault, can you but think it so, that I have confin'd the attendance of \* Guardian spirits to Heavens favourites only? I could point you to several, but 'tis my business to be informed of those faults I do not know, and as for those I do, not to talk of 'em but to correct 'em. You speak of that poem in a style I neither merit, nor expect; but I assure you, if you freely mark or dash out, I shall look upon your blots to be its greatest beauties. I mean if Mr. Addison and your self shou'd like it in the whole; otherwise the trouble of correction is what I would not take, for I

\* *This is not now to be found in the Temple of Fame, which was the Poem here spoken of.*

was

was really so diffident of it as to let it lie by me these † two years, just as you now see it. I am afraid of nothing so much as to impose any thing on the world which is unworthy of its acceptance.

As to the last period of your letter, I shall be very ready and glad to contribute to any design that tends to the advantage of mankind, which I am sure all yours do. I wish I had but as much capacity as leisure, for I am perfectly idle : (a sign I have not much capacity.)

If you will entertain the best opinion of me, be pleas'd to think me your friend. Assure Mr. Addison of my most faithful service, of every one's esteem he must be assur'd already. I am

Your, &c.

## L E T T E R VII.

To Mr. Steele.

Nov. 29, 1712.

I Am sorry you publish'd that notion about Adrian's verses as mine : had I imagin'd you wou'd use my name, I shou'd have express'd my sentiments with more modesty and diffidence. I only sent it to have your opinion, and not to publish my own, which I distrust. But I think the supposition you draw

† Hence it appears this Poem was writ before the Author was 22 Years old.

from the notion of Adrian's being addicted to magick, is a little uncharitable, ("that he might fear no sort of deity, good or bad") since in the third verse he plainly testifies his apprehension of a future state, by being solicitous whither his soul was going? as to what you mention of his using gay and ludicrous expressions, I have own'd my opinion to be that the expressions are not so, but that diminutives are as often in the Latin tongue used as marks of tenderness and concern.

*Anima* is no more than my soul, *animula* has the force of my dear soul. To say *virgo bella* is not half so endearing as *virguncula bellula*, and had Augustus only call'd Horace *lepidum hominem*, it had amounted to no more than that he thought him a pleasant fellow: 'twas the *homunculum* that express'd the love and tenderness that great Emperor had for him. And perhaps I should my self be much better pleas'd, if I were told you call'd me your little friend, than if you complimented me with the title of a great genius, or an eminent hand, as Jacob does all his authors. I am your, &c.

### LETTER VIII.

From Mr. Steele.

Decemb. 4, 1712.

THIS is to desire of you that you would please to make an Ode as of a chearful dying spirit, that is to say, the Emperor Adrian's *Animula vagula* put into two or three stanzas for musick. If you comply with this, and send me word so, you will very particularly oblige your, &c.

LETTER



## LETTER IX.

**I** Do not send you word I will do, but have already done the thing you desire of me. You have it (as Cowley calls it) just warm from the brain. It came to me the first moment I waked this morning: Yet you'll see it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head not only the verses of Adrian, but the fine fragment of Sapho.

&amp;c.

## The Dying Christian to his Soul,

## O D E.

## I.

Vital Spark of heav'nly flame!  
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame;  
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,  
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!  
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into Life.

## II.

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,  
Sister Spirit, come away!

What

What is this absorbs me quite ?  
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?  
 Tell me, my soul, can this be Death ?

## III.

The world recedes; it disappears !  
 Heav'n opens on my eyes ! my ears  
 With sounds seraphick ring :  
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !  
 O Grave ! where is thy Victory ?  
 O Death ! where is thy Sting ?

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## L E T T E R X.

To Mr. Addison.

July 20, 1713.

**I** Am more joy'd at your return than I should be at that of the Sun, so much as I wish for him this melancholy wet season ; but 'tis his fate too, like your's, to be displeasing to Owls and obscene animals, who cannot bear his lustre. What put me in mind of these night-birds was John Dennis, whom I think you are best revenged upon, as the Sun was in the fable upon those bats and beastly birds above-mentioned, only by *shining on*. I am so far from esteeming it any misfortune, that I congratulate you upon having your share in that, which all the great men and all the good men that ever lived have had their part of, Envy and Calumny. To be uncensured and to be obscure, is the same thing. You may conclude from what I here say, that 'twas never in my thoughts to have offered you my pen in any direct reply to such a Critic.

Critic, but only in some little raillery; not in defence of you, but in contempt of him. \* But indeed your opinion that 'tis intirely to be neglected, would have been my own had it been my own case: but I felt more warmth here than I did when first I saw his book against myself, (tho' indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry.) He has written against every thing the world has approv'd these many years. I apprehend but one danger from Dennis's disliking our sense, that it may make us think so very well of it, as to become proud and conceited, upon his disapprobation.

I must not here omit to do justice to Mr. Gay, whose zeal in your concern is worthy a friend and honourer of you. He writ to me in the most pressing terms about it, though with that just contempt of the Critic that he deserves. I think in these days one honest man is obliged to acquaint another who are his friends; when so many mischievous insects are daily at work to make people of merit suspicious of each other; that they may have the satisfaction of seeing them look'd upon no better than themselves. I am

Your, &c.

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\* This relates to the Paper occasion'd by Dennis's Remarks upon Cato, call'd, Dr. Norris's Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis.

## LETTER XI.

*Mr. Addison to Mr. Pope.**October 26, 1713.*

I Was extremely glad to receive a letter from you, but more so upon reading the contents of it. The \* Work you mention will I dare say very sufficiently recommend itself when your name appears with the Proposals: And if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay a greater obligation upon me than by employing me in such an office. As I have an ambition of having it known that you are my friend, I shall be very proud of showing it by this, or any other instance. I question not but your Translation will enrich our Tongue and do honour to our Country; for I conclude of it already from those performances with which you have oblig'd the publick. I would only have you consider how it may most turn to your advantage. Excuse my impertinence in this particular, which proceeds from my zeal for your ease and happiness. The work would cost you a great deal of Time, and unless you undertake it, will I am afraid never be executed by any other; at least I know none of this age that is equal to it besides yourself.

I am at present wholly immersed in country business, and begin to take delight in it. I wish I might hope to see you here some time, and will not de-

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\* *The Translation of the Iliad.*



spair of it, when you engage in a work that will require solitude and retirement. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

*Mr. Addison to Mr. Pope.*

Nov. 2, 1713.

**I** Have received your letter, and am glad to find that you have laid so good a scheme for your great undertaking. I question not but the Prose will require as much care as the Poetry, but the variety will give your self some relief, and more pleasure to your readers.

You gave me leave once to take the liberty of a friend, in advising you not to content yourself with one half of the Nation for your admirers when you might command them all. If I might take the freedom to repeat it, I would on this occasion. I think you are very happy that you are out of the Fray, and I hope all your undertakings will turn to the better account for it.

You see how I presume on your friendship in taking all this freedom with you: But I already fancy that we have lived many years together, in an unreserved conversation, and that we may do so many more, is the sincere wish of

Your, &c.

LET-

## LETTER XIII.

*To Mr. Addison.*

**Y**OUR last is the more obliging, as it hints at some little niceties in my conduct, which your candor and affection prompt you to recommend to me, and which (so trivial as things of this nature seem) are yet of no slight consequence, to people whom every body talks of, and every body as he pleases. 'Tis a sort of Tax that attends an estate in Parnassus, which is often rated much higher than in proportion to the small possession an author holds. For indeed an author, who is once come upon the town, is enjoy'd without being thank'd for the pleasure, and sometimes ill-treated by those very persons that first debauched him. Yet to tell you the bottom of my heart, I am no way displeased that I have offended the violent of all parties already; and at the same time I assure you conscientiously, I feel not the least malevolence or resentment against any of those who misrepresent me, or are dissatisfied with me. This frame of mind is so easy, that I am perfectly content with my condition.

As I hope, and would flatter myself, that you know me and my thoughts so entirely as never to be mistaken in either, so 'tis a pleasure to me that you guess'd so right in regard to the author of that Guardian you mentioned. But I am sorry to find it has taken air that I have some hand in those papers, because I write so very few as neither to deserve the credit of such a report with some people, nor the disrepute of it with others. An honest Jacobite spoke to me the sense or nonsense

nonsense of the weak part of his party very fairly, that the good people took it ill of me, that I writ with *Steele*, tho' upon never so indifferent subjects. This I know you will laugh at as well as I do; yet I doubt not but many little calumniators and persons of sower dispositions will take occasion hence to bespatter me. I confess I scorn narrow souls, of all parties, and if I renounce my reason in religious matters, I'll hardly do it in any other.

I can't imagine whence it comes to pass that the few *Guardians* I have written are so generally known for mine: that in particular which you mention I never discovered to any man but the publisher, till very lately: yet almost everybody told me of it.

As to his taking a more Politick turn, I cannot any way enter into that secret, nor have I been let into it, any more than into the rest of his politicks. Tho' 'tis said, he will take into these papers also several subjects of the politer kind, as before: But I assure you as to myself, I have quite done with 'em for the future. The little I have done, and the great respect I bear Mr. Steele as a man of wit, has rendered me a suspected Whig to some of the violent, but (as old Dryden said before me) 'tis not the violent I design to please.

I generally employ the mornings in painting with Mr. Jervas\*; and the evenings in the conversation of such, as I think can most improve my mind, of whatever denomination they are. I ever must set the highest value upon men of truly great, that is honest principles, with equal capacities. The best way I know of overcoming calumny and misconstruction, is by a

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\* See the *Epistle to him in Verse*, writ about this time.

vigorous perseverance in every thing we know to be right, and a total neglect of all that can ensue from it. 'Tis partly from this maxim that I depend upon your friendship, because I believe it will do justice to my intention in every thing; and give me leave to tell you, that (as the world goes) this is no small assurance I repose in you. I am

Your, &c.

#### LETTER XIV.

To Mr. Addison.

Dec. 14. 1731.

I Have been lying in wait for my own imagination, this week and more, and watching what thoughts came up in the whirl of the fancy, that were worth communicating to you in a letter. But I am at length convinced that my rambling head can produce nothing of that sort; so I must e'en be contented with telling you the old story, that I love you heartily. I have often found by experience, that nature and truth, tho' never so low or vulgar, are yet pleasing when openly and artlessly represented: It would be diverting to me to read the very letters of an infant, could it write its innocent inconsistencies and tautologies just as it thought 'em. This makes me hope a letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conscious I write with more unreservedness than ever man wrote, or perhaps talk'd to another. I trust your good nature with the whole range of my follies, and really love you so well, that I would rather you should pardon me than esteem me; since one is an act

of



of goodness and benevolence, the other a kind of constrained deference.

You can't wonder my thoughts are scarce consistent, when I tell you how they are distracted. Ev'ry hour of my life, my mind is strangely divided; this minute perhaps I am above the stars, with a thousand systems round about me, looking forward into a vast Abyss, and losing my whole comprehension in the boundless space of Creation, in dialogues with Whiston and the Astronomers; the next moment I am below all trifles groveling with T\* in the very centre of nonsense: Now I am recreated with the brisk sallies and quick turns of wit, which Mr. Steele in his liveliest and freest humours darts about him; and now levelling my application to the insignificant observations and quirks of Grammar, of C\* and D\*.

Good god! What an incongruous animal is man? how unsettled in his best part, his soul; and how changing and variable in his frame of body? the constancy of the one shook by every notion, the temperament of the other affected by every blast of wind! What is he altogether, but one mighty inconsistency! sickness and pain is the lot of one half of him; doubt and fear the portion of the other! What a bustle we make about passing our time, when all our space is but a point? what aims and ambitions are crowded into this little instant of our life, which (as Shakespear finely words it) is rounded with a sleep? Our whole extent of being is no more, in the eye of him who gave it, than a scarce perceptible moment of duration. Those animals whose circle of living is limited to three or four hours, as the naturalists tell us, are yet as long-lived and possess as wide a scene of action as man, if we consider him with a view to all Space, and all Eternity. Who knows

D

what

what plots, what achievements a mite may perform in his kingdom of a grain of dust, within his life of some minutes? and of how much less consideration than even this, is the life of man in the sight of God, who is from ever, and for ever?

Who that thinks in this train, but must see the world and its contemptible grandeurs lessen before him at every thought? 'Tis enough to make one remain stupid, in a poize of inaction, void of all desires, of all designs, of all friendships.

But we must return (thro' our very condition of being) to our narrow selves, and those things that affect ourselves: our passions, our interests, flow in upon us, and unphilosophize us into meer mortals. For my part I never return so much into myself, as when I think of you, whose friendship is one of the best comforts I have for the insignificancy of myself. I am

Your, &c.

## LETTER XV.

To Mr. Addison.

Jan. 30, 1713-4.  
**Y**OUR letter found me very busy in my grand undertaking, to which I must wholly give myself up for some time, unless when I snatch an hour to please myself with a distant conversation with you and a few others, by writing. 'Tis no comfortable prospect to be reflecting, that so long a siege as that of Troy lies upon my hands, and the campagne above half over, before I have made any progress. Indeed

deed the Greek fortification upon a nearer approach does not appear so formidable as it did, and I am almost apt to flatter my self, that Homer secretly seems inclined to a correspondence with me, in letting me into a good part of his intentions. There are indeed, a sort of underling auxiliars to the difficulty of a work, call'd Commentators and critics, who would frighten many people by their number and bulk, and perplex our progress under pretence of fortifying their author. These lie very low in the trenches and ditches they themselves have digged, encompassed with dirt of their own heaping up, but I think there may be found a method of coming at the main works by a more speedy and gallant way than by mining under ground, that is, by using the poetical engines, wings, and flying over their heads.

While I am engaged in the fight, I find you are concerned how I shall be paid, and are solicitous that I may not have the ill fate of many discarded Generals, to be first envied and malign'd, then perhaps prais'd, and lastly neglected. The former (the constant attendant upon all great and laudable enterprizes) I have already experienced. Some have said I am not a master in the Greek, who either are so themselves or are not: If they are not, they can't tell; and if they are, they can't without having catechiz'd me. But if they can read (for I know some critics can, and others cannot) there are fairly lying before them some specimens of my translation from this Author in the Miscellanies, which they are heartily welcome to. I have met with as much malignity another way, some calling me a Tory, because the heads of that party have been distinguishingly favourable to me; some a Whig, because I have been favoured with yours, Mr. Congreve's, and Mr. Craggs his friendship, and of late

late with my lord Halifax's Patronage. How much more natural a conclusion might be formed, by any good-natured man, that a person who has been well us'd by all sides, has been offensive to none. This miserable age is so sunk between animosities of Party and those of Religion, that I begin to fear, most men have Politicks enough to make (thro' violence) the best Scheme of government a bad one; and Belief enough to hinder their own salvation. I hope for my own part never to have more of either than is consistent with common Justice and Charity, and always as much as becomes a christian and honest man. Tho' I find it an unfortunate thing to be bred a Papist here, where one is obnoxious to four parts in five as being so too much or too little; I shall yet be easy under both their mistakes, and be what I more than seem to be, for I suffer for it. God is my witness that I no more envy you Protestants your places and possessions, than I do our Priests their charity or learning. I am ambitious of nothing but the good opinion of good men, on both sides; for I know that one virtue of a free spirit is more worth, than all the virtues put together of all the narrow-soul'd people in the world. I am

Your &c.

## LETTER XVI.

To Mr. Addison.

O<sup>c</sup>to<sup>b</sup>. 10, 1714.

**I** Have been acquainted by one of my friends who omits no opportunities of gratifying me, that you have lately been pleas'd to speak of me in a manner which



which nothing but the real respect I have for you can deserve. May I hope that some late malevolencies have lost their effect? indeed it is neither for me, nor my enemies, to pretend to tell you whether I am your friend or not; but if you would judge by probabilities, I beg to know which of your poetical acquaintance has so little Interest in pretending to be so? Methinks no man should question the real friendship of one who desires no real service. I am only to get as much from the Whigs, as I got from the Tories, that is to say, Civility; being neither so proud as to be insensible of any good office, nor so humble, as not to dare heartily to despise any man who does me an injustice.

I will not value my self upon having ever guarded all the degrees of respect for you; for (to say the truth) all the world speaks well of you, and I should be under a necessity of doing the same, whether I car'd for you or not.

As to what you have said of me, I shall never believe that the Author of Cato can speak one thing and think another. As a proof that I account you sincere, I beg a favour of you: It is, that you would look over the two first books of my translation of Homer, which are in the hands of my Lord Halifax. I am sensible how much the reputation of any poetical work will depend upon the character you give it: 'tis therefore some evidence of the trust I repose in your good will, when I give you this opportunity of speaking ill of me with justice; and yet expect you will tell me your truest thoughts, at the same time that you tell others your most favourable ones.

I have a farther request, which I must press with earnestness. My bookseller is reprinting the Essay on Criticism, to which you have done too much honour

in your Spectator of N<sup>o</sup> 253. The period in that paper, where you say, "I have admitted some strokes of ill nature into that Essay," is the only one I could wish omitted of all you have written: but I wou'd not desire it should be so, unless I had the merit of removing your objection. I beg you but to point out those strokes to me, and you may be assured they shall be treated without mercy.

Since we are upon proofs of sincerity (which I am pretty confident will turn to the advantage of us both in each others opinion) give me leave to name another passage in the same Spectator, which I wish you would alter. It is where you mention an observation upon Homer's Verses of Syfiphus's Stone, as \* never having been made before by any of the Criticks: I happen'd to find the same in Dyonisius of Halicarnassus's Treatise, *περὶ Συμφερέων Ὀνομασίων*, who treats very largely upon these Verses. I know you will think fit to soften your expression, when you see the passage; which you must needs have read tho' it be since slipt out of your memory. I am with the utmost esteem,

Your, &c.

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\* These words are since left out in Mr. Tickel's Edition, but were extant in all during Mr. Addison's life.

## LETTER XVII.

*Mr. Pope to Mr. Congreve.**Jan. 16, 1714-15.*

**M**E thinks when I write to you, I am making a confession, I have got (I can't tell how) such a custom of throwing my self out upon paper without reserve. You were not mistaken in what you judged of my temper of mind when I writ last. My faults will not be hid from you, and perhaps it is no dispraise to me that they will not: the cleanness and purity of one's mind is never better prov'd, than in discovering its own faults at first view; as when a stream shows the dirt at its bottom, it shows also the transparency of the water.

My spleen was not occasioned however, by any thing an abusive angry critic could write of me. I take very kindly your heroick manner of congratulation upon this scandal; for I think nothing more honourable, than to be involved in the same fate with all the great and the good that ever lived; that is, to be envy'd and censured by bad writers.

You do no more than answer my expectations of you, in declaring how well you take my freedom, in sometimes neglecting as I do, to reply to your letters so soon as I ought. Those who have a right taste of the substantial part of friendship, can wave the ceremonial: a friend is the only one that will bear the omission; and one may find who is not so, by the very tryal of it.

As to any anxiety I have concerning the fate of my *Homer*, the care is over with me: the world must be the judge, and I shall be the first to consent to the justice of its judgment, whatever it be. I am not so arrant an Author as even to desire, that if I am in the wrong, all mankind should be so.

I am mightily pleased with a saying of Monsieur Turreil: "When a man writes, he ought to animate himself with the thoughts of pleasing all the world: but he is to renounce that desire or hope, the very moment the book goes out of his hands."

I write this from Binfield, whither I came yesterday, having past a few days in my way with my Lord Bolingbroke: I go to London in three days time, and will not fail to pay a visit to Mr. M——, whom I saw not long since at my Lord Halifax's. I hoped from thence he had some hopes of advantage from the present administration: for few people (I think) but I, pay respects to great men without any prospects. I am in the fairest way in the world of being not worth a groat, being born both a Papist and a Poet. This puts me in mind of re-acknowledging your continued endeavours to enrich me: But I can tell you 'tis to no purpose, for without the *Opes, æquum mi animum ipse parabo.*

LETTER



## LETTER XVIII.

*To Mr Congreve.**March 19, 1714-15.*

**T**HE Farce of the What-d'ye-call-it has occasioned many different speculations in the town. Some look'd upon it as a meer jest upon the Tragic poets, others as a satire upon the late War. Mr. Cromwell hearing none of the words, and seeing the action to be tragical, was much astonish'd to find the audience laugh; and says the Prince and Princess must doubtless be under no less amazement on the same account. Several templers and others of the more vociferous kind of critics, went with a resolution to hiss, and confess they were forced to laugh so much, that they forgot the design they came with. The Court in general has in a very particular manner come into the jest, and the three first nights (notwithstanding two of them were court-nights) were distinguished by very full audiences of the first quality. The common people of the pit and gallery, received it at first with great gravity and sedateness, some few with tears; but after the third day they also took the hint, and have ever since been very loud in their claps. There are still some sober men who cannot be of the general opinion, but the laughers are so much the majority, that one or two critics seem determin'd to undeceive the town at their proper cost, by writing grave dissertations against it: to encourage them in which laudable design, it is resolv'd a Preface shall be prefixt to the Farce, in vindication of the nature and dignity of this new way of writing.

Yesterday

Yesterday Mr. Steele's affair was decided: I am sorry I can be of no other opinion than your's, as to his whole carriage and writings of late. But certainly he has not only been punished by others, but suffered much even from his own party in the point of character, nor (I believe) received any amends in that of interest, as yet, whatever may be his prospects for the future.

This Gentleman, among a thousand others, is a great instance of the fate of all who are carried away by party-spirit, of any side. I wish all violence may succeed as ill: but am really amazed that so much of that sower and pernicious quality should be joined with so much natural good humour as I think Mr. Steele is possessed of.

I am, &c.

## LETTER XIX.

To Mr. Congreve.

*April 7. 1715.*

**M**R. Pope is going to Mr. Jervas's, where Mr. Addison is sitting for his picture; in the mean time amidst clouds of Tobacco at a coffee-house I write this letter. There is a grand revolution at Will's, Morice has quitted for a coffee-house in the city, and Titcomb is restored to the great joy of Cromwell, who was at a great loss for a person to converse with upon the fathers and church-history; the knowledge I gain from him, is entirely in painting and poetry; and Mr. Pope owes all his skill in astronomy to him and Mr. Whiston, so celebrated of late for his discovery of the longitude in an extraordinary  
copy

copy of verses \*. Mr. Rowe's Jane Gray is to be play'd in Easter-week, when Mrs. Oldfield is to personate a character directly opposite to female nature ; for what woman ever despised Sovereignty ? You know Chaucer has a tale where a knight saves his head, by discovering it was the thing which all women most coveted. Mr. Pope's Homer is retarded by the great rains that have fallen of late, which causes the sheets to be long a drying : this gives Mr. Lintot great uneasiness, who is now endeavouring to corrupt the Curate of his parish to pray for fair weather, that his work may go on. There is a six-penny Criticism lately published upon the tragedy of the What-d'ye-call-it, wherein he with much judgment and learning, calls me a blockhead, and Mr. Pope a knave. His grand charge is against the Pilgrims Progress being read, which he says is directly levell'd at Cato's reading Plato ; to back this censure, he goes on to tell you, that the Pilgrims Progress being mentioned to be the eighth edition, makes the reflection evident, the Tragedy of Cato having just eight times (as he quaintly expresses it) visited the press. He has also endeavoured to show, that every particular passage of the play alludes to some fine part of tragedy, which he says I have injudiciously and profanely abused \*. Sir Samuel Garth's poem upon my lord

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\* *Call'd, An Ode on the Longitude, in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies.*

\* *This curious piece was entituled, A compleat Key to the What-d'ye-call-it, written by one Griffin a Player, assisted by Lewis Theobald.*

Clare's house, I believe will be published in the Easter-week.

Thus far Mr. Gay, who has in his letter fore-stall'd all the subjects of diversion; unless it should be one to you to say, that I sit up till two a-clock over Burgundy and Champagne; and am become so much a rake, that I shall be ashamed in a short time to be thought to do any sort of business. I fear I must get the gout by drinking; purely for a fashionable pretence to sit still long enough to translate four books of Homer. I hope you'll by that time be up again, and I may succeed to the bed and couch of my predecessor: pray cause the stuffing to be repaired, and the crutches shortned for me. The calamity of your gout is what all your friends, that is to say all that know you, must share in; we desire you in your turn to condole with us, who are under a persecution, and much afflicted with a distemper which proves mortal to many poets, a Criticism. We have indeed some relieving intervals of laughter, (as you know there are in some diseases) and it is the opinion of divers good gueffers, that the last fit will not be more violent than advantageous; for poets assail'd by critics, are like men bitten by Tarantula's, they dance on so much the faster.

Mr. Thomas Burnet hath plaid the precursor to the coming of Homer, in a treatise called *Homerides*. He has since risen very much in his criticisms, and after assauling Homer, made a daring attack upon the \* *What-d'ye-call-it*. Yet is there not a Proclamation issued for the burning of Homer and the

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\* *In one of his Papers called The Grumbler.*



Pope by the common hangman; nor is the What  
d'ye-call-it yet silenced by the Lord-chamberlain.

Your, &c,

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L E T T E R XX.

*Mr. Congreve to Mr. Pope.*

*May 6.*

**I** Have the pleasure of your very kind letter, I have always been obliged to you for your friendship and concern for me, and am more affected with it, than I will take upon me to express in this letter. I do assure you there is no return wanting on my part, and am very sorry I had not the good luck to see the Dean before I left the town: it is a great pleasure to me, and not a little vanity to think that he misses me. As to my health, which you are so kind to enquire after, it is not worse than in London: I am almost afraid yet to say that it is better, for I cannot reasonably expect much effect from these waters in so short a time: but in the main they seem to agree with me. Here is not one creature that I know, which next to the few I would chuse, contributes very much to my satisfaction. At the same time that I regret the want of your conversation, I please my self with thinking that you are where you first ought to be, and engaged where you cannot do too much. Pray give my humble service, and best wishes to your good mother. I am sorry you don't tell me how Mr. Gay does in his health; I should have been glad to have heard he was better. My young Amanuensis, as you  
call

46 LETTERS to and from, &c.

call him, I am afraid will prove but a wooden one; and you know *ex quo vis ligno*, &c. you will pardon Mrs. R——'s Pedantry, and believe me to be

Yours, &c.

P.S. By the inclosed you will see I am like to be impress'd, and enroll'd in the list of Mr. Curll's Authors; but I thank God I shall have your company. I believe it is high time you should think of administering another Emetick.

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LETTERS

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# LETTERS

TO and FROM

## SEVERAL PERSONS,

From 1711 to 1721.

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### LETTER I.

*To the Hon. J. C. Esq;*

*June 15, 1711.*

**I** Send you Dennis's remarks on the \* Essay, which equally abound in just criticisms and fine railleries. The few observations in my hand in the margins, are what a mornings leisure permitted me to make purely for your perusal. For I am of opinion that such a critick as you will find him by the latter part of his Book, is but one way to be properly answer'd, and that way I would not take after what he informs me in his Preface, that he is at this time persecuted by fortune. This I knew not before; if I had, his name had been spared in the Essay, for that only reason. I can't conceive what ground he has for so excessive a

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\* *On Criticism*

resentment ; nor imagine how those three † lines can be called a reflection on his person, which only describe him subject a little to anger on some occasions. I have heard of combatants so very furious, as to fall down themselves with that very blow which they design'd to lay heavy on their antagonists. But if Mr. Dennis's rage proceeds only from a zeal to discourage young and unexperienc'd writers from scribbling, he should frighten us with his verse not prose: for I have often known, that when all the precepts in the world would not reclaim a sinner, some very sad example has done the business. Yet to give this man his due, he has objected to one or two lines with reason, and I will alter them in case of another edition ; I will make my enemy do me a kindness where he meant an injury, and so serve instead of a friend. What he observes at the bottom of page 20th of his reflections, was objected to by your self, and had been mended, but for the haste of the press: I confess it what the English call a Bull, in the expression, tho' the sense be manifest enough: Mr. Dennis's Bulls are seldom in the expression, they are generally in the sense.

I shall certainly never make the least reply to him ; not only because you advise me, but because I have ever been of opinion, that if a book can't answer for it self to the publick, 'tis to no sort of purpose for its author to do it. If I am wrong in any sentiment of that Essay, I protest sincerely, I don't desire all the world should be deceived (which would be of

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† *But Appius reddens at each word you speak,  
And stares tremendous with a threatening eye,  
Like some fierce Tyrant in old Tapestry.*



very ill consequence) meerly that I my self may be thought right, (which is of very little consequence). I'd be the first to recant, for the benefit of others, and the glory of my self; for (as I take it) when a man owns himself to have been in an error, he does but tell you in other words, that he is wiser than he was. But I have had an advantage by the publishing that book, which otherwise I should never have known: It has been the occasion of making me friends and open abettors, of several gentlemen of known sense and wit; and of proving to me what I have till now doubted, that my writings are taken some notice of by the world, or I should never be be attack'd thus in particular. I have read that 'twas a custom among the *Romans*, while a General rode in triumph, to have common soldiers in the streets that rail'd at him and reproach'd him; to put him in mind, that tho' his services were in the main approv'd and rewarded, yet he had faults enough to keep him humble.

You will see by this, that whoever sets up for wit in these days ought to have the constancy of a primitive christian, and be prepared to suffer martyrdom in the cause of it. But sure this is the first time that a Wit was attack'd for his *Religion*, as you'll find I am most zealously in this treatise: and you know Sir, what alarms I have had from the \* opposite side on this account. Have I not reason to cry out with the poor fellow in *Virgil*.

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\* See the ensuing Letters.

*Quid jam misero mihi denique restat?  
Cui neque apud Danaos usquam locus, & super ipsi  
Dardanidae infensi pœnas cum sanguine poscant!*

'Tis however my happiness that you, Sir, are impartial.

*Jove was alike to Latian and to Phrygian,  
For you well knew, that Wit's of no Religion.*

The manner in which Mr. D. takes to pieces several particular lines, detach'd from their natural places, may shew how easy it is to a caviller to give a new sense, or a new nonsense to any thing. And indeed his constructions are not more wristed from the genuine meaning, than theirs who objected to the heterodox parts, as they call'd 'em.

Our friend the Abbé is not of that fort, who with the utmost candour and freedom has modestly told me what others thought, and shewn himself one (as he very well expresses it) rather of a number than a party. The only difference between us in relation to the Monks, is, that he thinks most sorts of learning flourish'd among 'em, and I am of opinion that only some sort of learning was barely kept alive by 'em: he believes that in the most natural and obvious sense, that line (A second deluge learning overrun) will be understood of learning in general; and I fancy 'twill be understood only (as 'tis meant) of polite learning, criticism, poetry, &c. which is the only learning concern'd in the subject of the Essay. It is true, that the monks did preserve what learning there was, about Nicholas the fifth's time; but those who succeeded fell into the depth of barbarism, or  
at

at least stood at a stay while others rose from thence, insomuch that even Erasmus and Reuchlin could hardly laugh them out of it. I am highly oblig'd to the Abbè's zeal in my commendation, and goodness in not concealing what he thinks my error. And his testifying some esteem for the book just at a time when his brethren rais'd a clamour against it, is an instance of great generosity and candour, which I shall ever acknowledge.

Your, &c.

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L E T T E R II.

*To the same.*

June 18, 1711.

**I**N your last you informed me of the mistaken zeal of some people, who seem to make it no less their business to persuade men they are erroneous, than doctors do that they are sick; only that they may magnify their own cure, and triumph over an imaginary distemper. The simile objected to in my Essay,

*(Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd  
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.)*

plainly concludes at this second line, where stands a full stop: and what follows (*Meanly they seek, &c.*) speaks only of wit, (which is meant by that blessing, and that sun) for how can the sun (if faith be said to

sublime the southern wits, and to ripen the genius's of northern climates? I fear these gentlemen understand grammar as little as they do criticism; and perhaps out of good nature to the monks, are willing to take from 'em the censure of ignorance, and to have it to themselves. The word *they* refers (as I am sure I meant, and as I thought every one must have known) to those Critics there spoken of, who are partial to some particular sect of writers, to the prejudice of all others. And the very simile it self, if twice read, may convince them, that the censure here of damning, lies not on our church at all, unless they call our church *one small sect*: and the cautious words, (*by each man*) manifestly show it a general reflection on all such (whoever they are) who entertain those narrow and limited notions of the mercy of the Almighty; which the reformed ministers and presbyterians are as guilty of as any people living.

Yet after all, I promise you Sir, if the alteration of a word or two will gratify any man of sound faith tho' weak understanding, I will (though it were from no other principle than that of common good nature) comply with it. And if you please but to particularize the spot where their objection lies, (for it is in a very narrow compass) that stumbling-block, tho' it be but a little pebble, shall be removed out of their way. If the heat of these good disputants (who I am afraid being bred up to wrangle in the schools, cannot get rid of the humour all their lives) shou'd proceed so far as to personal reflections upon me, I assure you, notwithstanding, I will do or say nothing, however provok'd (for some people can no more provoke than oblige) that is unbecoming the true character of a Catholick. I will set before me the example  
of



of that great man, and great saint, Erasmus; who in the midst of calumny proceeded with all the calmness of innocence, and the unrevenging spirit of primitive christianity. However I wou'd advise them to suffer the mention of him to pass unregarded, lest I shou'd be forc'd to do that for his reputation which I wou'd never do for my own; I mean, to vindicate so great a light of our church from the malice of past times, and the ignorance of the present, in a language which may extend farther than that in which the trifle about criticism is written. I wish these gentlemen would be contented with finding fault with me only, who will submit to 'em right or wrong, as far as I only am concerned; I have a greater regard to the quiet of mankind than to disturb it for things of so little consequence as my credit and my sense. A little humility can do a poet no hurt, and a little charity would do a priest none: for as St. Austin finely says, *Ubi charitas, ibi humilitas; ubi humilitas, ibi Pax.*

Your, &c.

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L E T T E R III.

*To the same.*

July 19, 1711.

**T**HE concern which you more than seem to be affected with for my reputation, by the several accounts you have so obligingly given of what reports and censures the holy Vandals have thought fit

to pass upon me, makes me desirous of telling so good a friend my whole thoughts of this matter; and of setting before you in a clear light the true state of it.

I have ever believ'd the best piece of service one cou'd do to our religion, was openly to express our detestation and scorn of all those mean artifices and *piæ fraudes*, which it stands so little in need of, and which have laid it under so great a scandal among its enemies.

Nothing has been so much a scarecrow to them, as that too peremptory and uncharitable assertion of an utter impossibility of salvation to all but our selves; invincible ignorance excepted, which indeed some people define under so great limitations, and with such exclusions, that it seems as if that word were rather invented as a salvo, or expedient, not to be thought too bold with the thunder-bolts of God (which are hurl'd about so freely on almost all mankind by the hands of ecclesiasticks) than as a real exception to almost universal damnation. For besides the small number of the truly faithful in our Church, we must again subdivide; the Jansenist is damn'd by the Jesuit, the Jesuit by the Jansenist, the Scotist by the Thomist, and so forth.

There may be Errors I grant, but I can't think 'em of such consequence as to destroy utterly the Charity of mankind; the very greatest bond in which we are engag'd by God to one another. Therefore I own to you, I was glad of any opportunity to express my dislike of so shocking a sentiment as those of the religion I profess are commonly charg'd with; and I hop'd, a slight insinuation, introduc'd so easily by a casual similitude only, cou'd never have given offence; but on the contrary must needs have done good; in a  
nation

nation and time, wherein we are the smaller party, and consequently most misrepresented, and most in need of vindication.

For the same reason, I took occasion to mention the superstition of some ages after the subversion of the Roman Empire, which is too manifest a truth to be deny'd, and does in no sort reflect upon the present professors of our faith who are free from it. Our silence in these points may, with some reason, make our adversaries think we allow and persist in those biggottries; which yet in reality all good and sensible men despise, tho' they are persuaded not to speak against 'em, I can't tell why, since now 'tis no way the interest even of the worst of our priesthood (as it might have been then) to have them smother'd in silence: For as the opposite sects are now prevailing, 'tis too late to hinder our church from being slander'd; 'tis our business now to vindicate ourselves from being thought abettors of what they charge us with. This can't so well be brought about with serious faces; we must laugh with them at what deserves it, or be content to be laugh'd at, with such as deserve it.

As to particulars: you cannot but have observ'd, that at first the whole objection against the Simile of wit and faith lay to the word *They*: when that was beyond contradiction removed (the very grammar serving to confute 'em) then the objection was against the simile itself; or if that simile will not be objected to (sense and common reason being indeed a little stubborn, and not apt to give way to every body) next the mention of Superstition must become a crime; as if religion and she were sisters, or that it were scandal upon the family of Christ, to say a word against the devil's bastard. Afterwards, more mischief is discover'd

in a place that seem'd innocent at first, the two lines about *Schismatics*. An ordinary man wou'd imagine the author plainly declar'd against those schismatics, for quitting the true faith out of a contempt of the understanding of some few of its believers: but these believers are call'd *dull*, and because I say that those schismatics think some believers dull, therefore these charitable interpreters of my meaning will have it, that I think all believers dull. I was lately telling Mr. \* \* these objections: who assured me I had said nothing which a catholick need to disown, and I have cause to know that gentleman's fault (if he has any) is not want of zeal: He put a notion into my head which I confess I can't but acquiesce in; that when a sett of people are piqu'd at any truth which they think to their own disadvantage, their method of revenge on the truth-speaker is to attack his reputation a by-way, and not openly to object to the place they are really gall'd by: what these therefore (in his opinion) are in earnest angry at, is, that Erasmus, whom their tribe oppress'd and persecuted, should be vindicated after an age of obloquy by one of their own people, willing to utter an honest truth in behalf of the dead, whom no man sure will flatter and to whom few will do justice. Others, you know were as angry that I mentioned Mr. Walsh with honour; who as he never refus'd to any one of merit of any party the praise due to him, so honestly deserv'd it from all others, tho' of ever so different interests or sentiments. May I be ever guilty of this sort of liberty, and latitude of principle! which gives us the hardiness of speaking well of those whom envy oppresses ev'n after death. As I wou'd always speak well of my living friends when they are absent, nay because they are absent, so would I much more



of the dead, in that eternal absence; and the rather because I expect no thanks for it.

Thus, Sir, you see I do in my conscience persist in what I have written; yet in my friendship I will recant and alter whatever you please, in case of a second edition (which I think the book will not so soon arrive at, for Tonson's printer told me he drew off a thousand copies in this first impression, and I fancy a treatise of this nature, which not one gentleman in threescore even of a liberal education can understand, can hardly exceed the vent of that number.) You shall find me a true Trojan in my faith and friendship, in both which I will persevere to the end.

Your, &c.

L E T T E R IV.

To my Lord Lansdown.

*Binfield, Jan. 10, 1712.*

I THANK you for having given my poem of Windsor Forest its greatest ornament, that of bearing your name in the front of it. 'Tis one thing when a person of true merit permits us to have the honour of drawing him as like as we can; and another, when we make a fine thing at random, and persuade the next vain creature we can find that 'tis his own likeness; which is the case every day of my fellow scribblers. Yet my Lord, this honour has given me no more pride than your honours have given you; but it affords me a great deal of pleasure, which is  
much

much better than a great deal of pride; and it indeed would give me some pain if I was not sure of one advantage; that whereas others are offended if they have not more than justice done 'em, you would be displeas'd if you had so much: therefore I may safely do you as much injury in my words, as you do your self in your own thoughts. I am so vain as to think I have shewn you a favour, in sparing your modesty, and you cannot but make me some return for prejudicing the truth to gratify you: This I beg may be the free correction of these verses, which will have few beauties, but what may be made by your blots. I am in the circumstance of an ordinary painter drawing Sir Godfrey Kneller, who by a few touches of his own could make the piece very valuable. I might then hope, that many years hence the world might read, in conjunction with your name, that of,

Your Lordship's, &c.

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L E T T E R V.

*The Hon. J. C. to Mr. POPE.*

May 23, 1712.

I AM very glad for the sake of the widow, and for the credit of the deceas'd, that † Betterton's re-

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† *A Translation of some part of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, the Prologues, &c. printed in a Miscellany with some works of Mr. Pope, in 2 Vol. 12<sup>o</sup>. by B. Lintot.*

mains are fallen into such hands as may render 'em reputable to the one, and beneficial to the other. Besides the publick acquaintance I long had with that poor man, I also had a slender knowledge of his parts and capacity by private conversation, and ever thought it pity he was necessitated by the straitness of his fortune, to act (and especially to his latest hours) an imaginary and fictitious part, who was capable of exhibiting a real one, with credit to himself, and advantage to his neighbour.

I hope your health permitted you to execute your design of giving us an imitation of Pollio, I am satisfy'd 'twill be doubly divine and I shall long to see it. I ever thought church musick the most ravishing of all harmonious compositions, and must also believe sacred subjects, well handled, the most inspiring of all poetry.

But where hangs the *Lock* now? (tho' I know that rather than draw any just reflection upon your self of the least shadow of ill-nature, you would freely have suppress one of the best of poems.) I hear no more of it — will it come out in Lintot's Miscellany or not? I wrote to Lord Petre upon the subject of the *Lock*, some time since, but have as yet had no answer, nor indeed do I know when he'll be in London. I have since I saw you corresponded with Mrs. W. I hope she is now with her Aunt, and that her journey thither was something facilitated by my writing to that lady as pressingly as possible, not to let any thing whatsoever obstruct it. I sent her obliging answer to the party it most concern'd; and when I hear Mrs. W. is certainly there, I will write again to my Lady, to urge as much as possible the effecting the only thing that in my opinion can make  
her

her niece easy. I have run out my extent of paper, and am

Your, &c.

# LETTER VI.

## *The Answer.*

May 28, 1712.

**I**T is not only the disposition I always have of conversing with you, that makes me so speedily answer your obliging letter, but the apprehension lest your charitable intent of writing to my Lady A. on Mrs. W's. affair should be frustrated, by the short stay she makes there. She went thither on the 25th with that mixture of expectation and anxiety, with which people usually go into unknown or half discover'd countries, utterly ignorant of the dispositions of the inhabitants, and the treatment they are to meet with. The unfortunate of all people are the most unfit to be left alone; yet we see the world generally takes care they shall be so: whereas if we took a considerate prospect of the world, the business and study of the happy and easy shou'd be to divert and humour, as well as comfort and pity, the distressed. I cannot therefore excuse some near Allies of mine for their conduct of late towards this Lady, which has given me a great deal of anger as well as sorrow: all I shall say to you of 'em at present is, that they have not been my Relations these two months. The consent of opinions in our minds, is certainly a nearer tie than can be contracted by all the blood in



our bodies; and I am proud of finding I have something congenial with you. Will you permit me to confess to you, that all the favours and kind offices you have shewn towards me, have not so strongly cemented me yours, as the discovery of that generous and manly compassion you manifested in the case of this unhappy Lady? I am afraid to insinuate to you how much I esteem you: Flatterers have taken up the stile which was once peculiar to friends, and an honest man has now no way left to express himself besides the common one of knaves: so that true friends now-a-days differ in their address from flatterers, much as right mastiffs do from spaniels, and show themselves by a dumb surly sort of fidelity, rather than by a complaisant and open kindness.—Will you never leave commending my poetry? In fair truth Sir, I like it but too well my self already: expose me no more I beg you to the great danger of Vanity, (the rock of all men, but most of young men) and be kindly content for the future when you would please me thoroughly, to say only you like what I write. Yours, &c

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L E T T E R VII.

*Mr. Pope to . . . . .*

*Decemb. 5, 1712.*

**Y**OU have at length comply'd with the request I have often made you, for you have shown me, I must confess, several of my faults in the sight of those letters. Upon a review of them, I find many things that would give me shame, if I were not more desirous  
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to be thought honest than prudent: so many things freely thrown out, such lengths of unreserv'd friendship, thoughts just warm from the brain, without any polishing or dress, the very dishabille of the understanding. You have prov'd your self more tender of another's embryo's than the fondest mothers are of their own, for you have preserv'd every thing that I miscarry'd of. Since I know this, I shall in one respect be more afraid of writing to you than ever, at this careless rate, because I see my evil works may again rise in judgement against me: yet in another respect I shall be less afraid, since this has given me such a proof of the extreme indulgence you afford to my slightest thoughts. The revisal of these letters has been a kind of examination of conscience to me; so fairly and faithfully have I set down in 'em from time to time the true and undisguised state of my mind. But I find, that these which were intended as sketches of my friendship, give as imperfect images of it, as the little landscapes we commonly see in black and white do of a beautiful country; they can represent but a very small part of it, and that depriv'd of the life and lustre of nature. I perceive that the more I endeavour'd to render manifest the real affection and value I ever had for you, I did but injure it by representing less and less of it: as glasses which are design'd to make an object very clear, generally contract it. Yet as when people have a full Idea of a thing first upon their own knowledge, the least traces of it serve to refresh the remembrance, and are not displeasing on that score; so I hope the foreknowledge you had of my esteem for you, is the reason that you do not dislike my letters.

They will not be of any great service (I find) in the design I mentioned to you: I believe I had better

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ter steal from a richer man, and plunder your letters, (which I have kept as carefully as I would Letters Patents, since they intitle me to what I more value than titles of honour.) You have some cause to apprehend this usage from me, if what some say be true, that I am a great borrower; however I have hitherto had the luck that none of my creditors have challeng'd me for it: and those who say it are such, whose writings no man ever borrow'd from, so have the least reason to complain, and whose works are granted on all hands to be but too much their own. Another has been pleas'd to declare, that my verses are corrected by other men: I verily believe theirs were never corrected by any man: but indeed if mine have not, 'twas not my fault, I have endeavour'd my utmost that they should. But these things are only whisper'd, and I will not encroach upon Bays's province and *pen whispers*, so hasten to conclude.

Your, &c.

L E T T E R VIII.

*From my Lord Lansdown.*

*Oct. 21, 1713.*

**I** Am pleas'd beyond measure with your design of translating Homer: The tryals which you have already made and published on some parts of that author have shewn that you are equal to so great a task: and you may therefore depend upon the utmost services I can do you in promoting this work, or any thing that may be for your service.

I hope Mr. Stafford for whom you was pleas'd to concern your self, has had the good effects of the  
Queen's

Queen's Grace to him. I had notice the night before I began my journey, that Her Majesty had not only directed his pardon, but order'd a Writ for reversing his Out-lawry.

Your, &c.

### LETTER IX.

*To General Anthony Hamilton † upon his having translated into French Verse the Essay on Criticism.*

Oct. 10. 1713.

**I**F I could as well express, or (if you will allow me to say it) translate the sentiments of my heart, as you have done those of my head, in your excellent version of my Essay; I should not only appear the best writer in the world, but what I much more desire to be thought, the most your servant of any man living. 'Tis an advantage very rarely known, to receive at once a great honour and a great improvement. This Sir, you have afforded me, having at the same time made others take my sense, and taught me to understand my own; if I may call that my own which is indeed more properly yours. Your verses are no more a translation of mine, than Virgils are of Homer's; but are like his, the justest Imitation and the noblest Commentary.

† *Author of the Memoirs of the Count de Grammont, Contas, and other pieces of note in French.*



In putting me into a French dress, you have not only adorned my outside, but mended my shape; and if I am now a good figure, I must consider you have naturaliz'd me into a country which is famous for making every man a fine gentleman. It is by your means, that (contrary to most young travellers) I am come back much better than I went out.

I cannot but wish we had a bill of commerce for translation established the next Parliament, we could not fail of being gainers by that, nor of making ourselves amends for any thing we have lost by the war. Nay tho' we should insist upon the demolishing of Boileau's works, the French, as long as they have writers of your form, might have as good an equivalent.

Upon the whole, I am really as proud, as our Ministers ought to be, of the terms I have gain'd from abroad; and I design like them, to publish speedily to the world the benefits accruing from them; for I cannot resist the temptation of printing your admirable translation here\*; to which if you will be so obliging to give me leave to prefix your name, it will be the only addition you can make to the honour already done me. I am,

Your, &c.

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\* This was never done, for the two printed French Versions are neither of this hand. The one was done by Monsieur Roboton, private Secretary to King George the first, printed in 4° at Amsterdam and at London 1717. The other by the Abbè Refnel, in 8° with a large Preface and Notes, at Paris. 1730.

## L E T T E R X.

*The Reverend Dean Berkley to Mr. Pope.**Leghorn, May 1, 1714,*

**A**S I take ingratitude to be a greater crime than impertinence, I chuse rather to run the risque of being thought guilty of the latter, than not to return you my thanks for a very agreeable entertainment you just now gave me. I have accidentally met with your Rape of the Lock here, having never seen it before. Stile, painting, judgment, spirit, I had already admired in others of your writings; but in this I am charm'd with the magic of your invention, with all those images, allusions, and inexplicable beauties, which you raise so surprizingly and at the same time so naturally, out of a trifle. And yet I cannot say that I was more pleas'd with the reading of it, than I am with the pretext it gives me to renew in your thoughts the remembrance of one who values no happiness beyond the friendship of men of wit, learning, and good nature.

I remember to have heard you mention some half-form'd design of coming to Italy. What might we not expect from a Muse that sings so well in the bleak climate of England, if she felt the same warm sun and breath'd the same air with Virgil and Horace?

There are here an incredible number of Poets, that have all the inclination but want the genius, or perhaps the art, of the Ancients. Some among them who understand English, begin to relish our Authors; and I am informed that at Florence they have translated Milton into Italian verse. If one who knows so well how to write like the old Latin Poets, came among them;

them; it wou'd probably be a means to retrieve them from their cold, trivial conceits, to an imitation of their predeceffors.

As merchants, antiquaries, men of pleasure, &c. have all different views in travelling; I know not whether it might not be worth a Poet's while, to travel, in order to store his mind with strong images of Nature.

Green fields and groves, flow'ry meadows and purling streams, are no where in such perfection as in England: but if you wou'd know lightsome days, warm suns, and blue skys, you must come to Italy: and to enable a man to describe rocks and precipices, it is absolutely necessary that he pass the Alps.

You will easily perceive that it is self interest makes me so fond of giving advice to one who has no need of it. If you came into these parts I shou'd fly to see you. I am here (by the favour of my good friend the Dean of St. Patrick's) in quality of Chaplain to the Earl of Peterborough; who about three months since left the greatest part of his family in this town. God knows how long we shall stay here. I am

Your, &c.

L E T T E R X I.

*Mr. Pope to the Honourable . . . .*

*June. 8, 1714.*

**T**HE question you ask in relation to Mr. Addison and Philips, I shall answer in a few words. Mr. Philips did express himself with much indignation against me one evening at Button's Coffee-house

(as I was told) saying, that I was enter'd into a cabal with Dean Swift and others to write against the Whig-Interest, and in particular to undermine his own reputation, and that of his friends Steel and Addison: but Mr. Philips never open'd his lips to my face, on this or any like occasion, tho' I was almost every night in the same room with him, nor ever offer'd me any indecorum. Mr. Addison came to me a night or two after Philips had talk'd in this idle manner, and assur'd me of his disbelief of what had been said, of the friendship we shou'd always maintain, and desir'd I would say nothing further of it. My Lord Halifax did me the honour to stir in this matter, by speaking to several people to obviate a false aspersiion, which might have done me no small prejudice with one party. However Philips did all he could, secretly to continue the report with the Hanover Club, and kept in his hands the subscriptions paid for me to him, as Secretary to that Club. The heads of it have since given him to understand, that they take it ill; but (upon the terms I ought to be with such a man) I wou'd not ask him for this money, but commission'd one of the Players, his equals, to receive it. This is the whole matter; but as to the secret grounds of Philips's malignity, they will make a very pleasant history when we meet. Mr. Congreve and some others have been much diverted with it, and most of the gentlemen of the Hanover Club have made it the subject of their ridicule on their Secretary. It is to this management of Philips, that the world owes Mr. Gay's Pastorals. The ingenious author is extreamly your servant, and would have comply'd with your kind invitation, but that he is just now appointed Secretary to my Lord Clarendon, in his Embassy to Hanover.

I am sensible of the zeal and friendship with which



I am sure you will always defend your friend in his absence, from all those little tales and calumnies, which a man of any genius or merit is born to. I shall never complain while I am happy in such noble defenders, and in such contemptible opponents. May their envy and ill nature ever increase, to the glory and pleasure of those they would injure; may they represent me what they will, as long as you think me what I am,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R XII.

July. 13, 1714.

**Y**OU mention the account: I gave you some time ago of the things which Philips said in his foolishness: but I can't tell from any thing in your letter, whether you receiv'd a long one from me about a fortnight since. It was principally intended to thank you for the last obliging favour you did me; and perhaps for that reason you pass it in silence. I there launch'd into some account of my temporal affairs, and intend now to give you some hints of my spiritual. The conclusion of your letter draws this upon you, where you tell me, you pray'd for me. Your proceeding, Sir, is contrary to that of most other friends, who never talk of praying for a man after they have done him a service, but only when they will do him none. Nothing can be more kind than the hint you give me of the vanity of human sciences, which I assure you I am daily more convinc'd of; and indeed I have for some years past, look'd upon all of 'em no better than amusements. To make them the ultimate end of our pursuit, is a miserable

and short ambition, which will drop from us at ev'ry little disappointment here, and even in case of no disappointments here, will infallibly desert us hereafter. The utmost fame they are capable of bestowing, is never worth the pains they cost us, and the time they lose us. If you attain the top of your desires that way, all those who envy you will do you harm; and of those who admire you, few will do you good. The unsuccessful writers are your declared enemies, and probably the successful your secret ones: for those hate not more to be excell'd, than these to be rival'd: And at the upshot, after a life of perpetual application, to reflect that you have been doing nothing for your self, and that the same or less industry might have gain'd you a friendship that can never deceive or end, a satisfaction which praise can not bestow, nor vanity feel, and a glory which (tho' in one respect like fame, not to be had 'till after death,) yet shall be felt and enjoy'd to eternity. These, dear Sir, are unfeignedly my sentiments, whenever I think at all: for half the things that employ our heads deserve not the name of thoughts, they are only stronger dreams of impressions upon the imagination: our schemes of government, our systems of philosophy, our golden worlds of poetry, are all but so many shadowy images, and airy prospects, which arise to us but so much the livelier and more frequent, as we are more overcast with the darkness, and disturb'd with the fumes, of human vanity.

The same thing that makes old men willing to leave this world, makes me willing to leave poetry, long habit, and weariness of the same track. Homer will work a cure upon me; fifteen thousand verses are equivalent to fourscore years, to make one old in rhyme: and I shou'd be sorry and ashamed, to go on jingling to the last step, like a waggoner's horse, in  
the

the same road, and so leave my Bells to the next silly animal that will be proud of 'em. That man makes a mean figure in the eyes of reason, who is measuring syllables and coupling rhimes, when he shou'd be mending his own soul, and securing his own immortality. If I had not this opinion, I should be unworthy even of those small and limited parts which God has given me; and unworthy of the friendship of such a man as you. I am

Your, &c,

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L E T T E R XIII.

July 25, 1714.

I Have no better excuse to offer you, that I have omitted a task naturally so pleasing to me as conversing upon paper with you, but that my time and eyes have been wholly employ'd upon *Homer*, whom I almost fear I shall find but one way of imitating, which is, in his blindness. I am perpetually afflicted with headach's, that very much affect my sight; and indeed since my coming hither I have scarce past an hour agreeably, except that in which I read your letter. I would seriously have you think, you have no man who more truly knows to place a right value on your friendship, than he who least deserves it on all other accounts than his due sense of it. But let me tell you, you can hardly guess what a task you undertake, when you profess your self my friend; there are some Tories who will take you for a Whig, some Whigs who will take you for a Tory, some Protestants who will esteem you a rank Papist, and some Papists who will account you a Heretick.

I find by dear experience, we live in an age, where it is criminal to be moderate; and where no one man can be allowed to be just to all men. The notions of right and wrong are so far strain'd, that perhaps to be in the right so very violently, may be of worse consequence than to be easily and quietly in the wrong. I really wish all men so well, that I am satisfied but few can wish me so; but if those few are such as tell me they do, I am content, for they are the best people I know: While you believe me what I profess as to religion, I can bear any thing the bigotted may say: while Mr. Congreve likes my poetry, I can endure Dennis and a thousand more like him; while the most honest and moral of each party think me no ill man, I can easily bear that the most violent and mad of all parties rise up to throw dirt at me.

I must expect an hundred attacks upon the publication of my Homer. Whoever in our times would be a professor of learning above his fellows, ought at the very first to enter the world with the constancy and resolution of a primitive christian, and be prepared to suffer all sort of publick persecution. It is certainly to be lamented, that if any man does but endeavour to distinguish himself, or gratify others by his studies, he is immediately treated as a common enemy, instead of being look'd upon as a common friend; and assaulted as generally, as if his whole design were to prejudice the State or ruin the publick. I will venture to say, no man ever rose to any degree of perfection in writing, but thro' obstinacy, and an inveterate resolution against the stream of mankind: So that if the world has receiv'd any benefit from the labours of the learned, it was in its own despite. For when first they essay their parts, all people in general are prejudiced against new beginners; and  
when



when they have got a little above contempt, then some particular persons, who were before unfortunate in their own attempts, are sworn foes to them only because they succeed. — Upon the whole, one may say of the best writers, that they pay a severe fine for their fame, which it is always in the pow'r of the most worthless part of mankind to levy upon them when they please.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XIV.

*To Mr. Jervas.*

*July 28, 1714.*

**I** Am just enter'd upon the old way of life again, sleep and musing. It is my employment to revive the old of past ages to the present, as it is yours to transmit the young of the present, to the future. I am copying the great Master in one art, with the same love and diligence with which the Painters hereafter will copy you in another.

Thus I should begin my Epistle to you, if it were a Dedicatory one. But as it is a friendly letter, you are to find nothing mention'd in your own praise but what one only in the world is witness to, your particular good-natur'd offices to me.

I am cut out from any thing but common acknowledgements, or common discourse: The first you wou'd take ill, though I told but half what I ought; so in short the last only remains.

And as for the last, what can you expect from a man who has not talk'd these five days? who is withdrawing his thoughts as far as he can, from  
all

all the present world, its customs and its manners, to be fully possess'd and absorpt in the past? When people talk of going to Church, I think of sacrifices and libations; when I see the parson, I address him as Chryses priest of Apollo; and instead of the Lord's prayer, I begin

— *God of the silver Bow, &c.*

While you in the world are concerned about the Protestant Succession, I consider only how Menelaus may recover Helen, and the Trojan war be put to a speedy conclusion. I never inquire if the Queen be well or not, but heartily wish to be at Hector's funeral. The only things I regard in this life, are whether my friends are well? whether my Translation go well on? whether Dennis be writing criticisms? whether any body will answer him, since I don't? and whether Lintot be not yet broke?

I am, &c.

## LETTER XV.

*To the Same.*

*Aug. 16, 1714.*

**I** Thank you for your good offices which are numberless. Homer advances so fast, that he begins to look about for the ornaments he is to appear in, like a modish modern author,

— *Picture in the front,  
With bays and wicked rhyme upon't.*

I have the greatest proof in nature at present of the amusing power of Poetry, for it takes me up so intirely that I scarce see what passes under my nose, and hear nothing that is said about me. To follow poetry as one ought, one must forget father and mother, and cleave to it alone. My *Rêverie* has been so deep, that I have scarce had an interval to think my self uneasy in the want of your company. I now and then just miss you as I step into bed; this minute indeed I want extremly to see you, the next I shall dream of nothing but the taking of Troy, or the recovery of Briseis.

I fancy no friendship is so likely to prove lasting as ours, because I am pretty sure there never was a friendship of so easie a nature. We neither of us demand any mighty things from each other; what Vanity we have expects its gratification from other people. It is not I, that am to tell you what an Artist you are, nor is it you that are to tell me what a Poet I am; but 'tis from the world abroad we hope, (piously hope) to hear these things. At home we follow our business, when we have any; and think and talk most of each other when we have none. 'Tis not unlike the happy friendship of a stay'd man and his wife, who are seldom so fond as to hinder the business of the house from going on all day, or so indolent as not to find consolation in each other every evening. Thus well-meaning couples hold in amity to the last, by not expecting too much from human nature; while romantic friendships, like violent loves, begin with disquiets, proceed to jealousies, and conclude in animosities. I have liv'd to see the fierce advancement, the sudden turn, and the abrupt period, of three or four of these enormous friendships; and am perfectly convinc'd of the truth of a maxim we once agreed

agreed in, that nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together, but meer vanity; a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity or merit, and an inward expectation of such an Over-measure of deference and regard, as answers to their own extravagant false scale; and which no body can pay, because none but themselves can tell, exactly, to what pitch it amounts?

I am &c.

## LETTER XVI.

*Mr. Jervas to Mr. Pope.*

*Aug. 20, 1714.*

**I** Have a particular to tell you at this time, which pleases me so much, that you must expect a more than ordinary alacrity in every turn. You know I cou'd keep you in suspense for twenty lines, but I will tell you directly that Mr. Addison and I have had a conversation, that it would have been worth your while to have been plac'd behind the wainscot, or behind some half-length picture, to have heard. He assured me that he wou'd make use not only of his interest, but of his art to do you some service; he did not mean his art of poetry, but his art at Court; and he is sensible that nothing can have a better air for himself than moving in your favour, especially since insinuations were spread that he did not care you shou'd prosper too much as a poet. He protests that it shall not be his fault if there is not the best intelligence in the world, and the most hearty friendship, &c. He owns, he was afraid Dr. Swift might have carry'd you too far among the enemy, during the heat of the animosity,



mosity, but now all is safe, and you are escap'd even in his opinion. I promis'd in your name, like a good Godfather, not that you should renounce the devil and all his works, but that you would be delighted to find him your friend meerly for his own sake; therefore prepare your self for some civilities.

I have done Homer's head, shadow'd and heighten'd carefully; and I inclose the out-line of the same size, that you may determine whether you wou'd have it so large, or reduc'd to make room for feuillage or laurel round the oval, or about the square of the Busto? perhaps there is something more solemn in the image itself, if I can get it well perform'd.

If I have been instrumental in bringing you and Mr. Addison together with all sincerity, I value myself upon it as an acceptable piece of service to such a one as I know you to be.

Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

*Mr. Pope's Answer.*

*Aug. 27, 1714.*

**I** Am just arriv'd from Oxford, very well diverted and entertain'd there. Every one is much concern'd for the Queen's death. No panegyricks ready yet for the King.

I admire your whig-principles of resistance exceedingly, in the spirit of the Barcelonians: I join in your wish for them. Mr. Addison's verses on liberty, in his letter from Italy, would be a good form of prayer in my opinion, O Liberty! thou Goddess heavenly bright! &c.

What

What you mention of the friendly office you endeavour'd to do betwixt Mr. Addison and me, deserves acknowledgments on my part. You thoroughly know my regard to his character, and my propensity to testify it by all ways in my power. You as thoroughly know the scandalous meanness of that proceeding which was used by Philips, to make a man I so highly value, suspect my dispositions toward him. But as, after all, Mr. Addison must be the judge in what regards himself, and has seem'd to be no very just one to me; so I must own to you I expect nothing but civility from him, how much soever I wish for his friendship. As for any offices of real kindness or service which it is in his power to do me, I should be ashamed to receive 'em from any man who had no better opinion of my Morals, than to think me a Party-man; nor of my Temper, than to believe me capable of maligning, or envying another's reputation as a poet. So I leave it to time to convince him as to both, to shew him the shallow depths of those half-witted creatures who mis-inform'd him, and to prove that I am incapable of endeavouring to lessen a person, whom I would be proud to imitate, and therefore ashamed to flatter. In a word, Mr. Addison is sure of my respect at all times, and of my real friendship whenever he shall think fit to know me for what I am.

For all that pass'd betwixt Dr. Swift and me, you know the whole (without reserve) of our correspondence. The engagements I had to him were such as the actual services he had done me, in relation to the subscription for Homer, obliged me to. I must have leave to be grateful to him, and to any one who serves me, let him be never so obnoxious to any party: nor did the Tory-party ever put me to the hardship of asking this leave, which is the greatest obligation I

owe to it ; and I expect no greater from the Whig-party than the same liberty — A curse on the word Party, which I have been forc'd to use so often in this period ! I wish the present reign may put an end to the distinction, that there may be no other for the future than that of honest and knave, fool and man of sense ; these two sorts must always be enemies ; but for the rest, may all people do as you and I, believe what they please, and be friends.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XVIII.

*To the Earl of Halifax.*

My LORD,

Dec. 1, 1714.

**I** Am oblig'd to you both for the favours you have done me, and for those you intend me. I distrust neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good : and if ever I become troublesome or solicitous, it must not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your Lordship may either cause me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference I set between an easy fortune and a small one. It is indeed a high strain of generosity in you, to think of making me easy all my life, only because I have been so happy as to divert you some few hours : but if I may have leave to add, it is because you think me no enemy to my native country, there will appear a better reason ; for I must of consequence be very much, (as I sincerely am)

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R

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 L E T T E R XIX.

*Dr. Parnell to Mr. Pope.*

**I** Am writing you a long letter, but all the tediousness I feel in it is, that it makes me during the time think more intently of my being far from you. I fancy if I were with you, I cou'd remove some of the uneasiness which you may have felt from the opposition of the world, and which you should be asham'd to feel, since it is but the testimony which one part of it gives you that your merit is unquestionable. What wou'd you have otherwise, from ignorance, envy, or those tempers which vie with you in your own way? I know this in mankind, that when our ambition is unable to attain its end, it is not only wearied, but exasperated too at the vanity of its labours; then we speak ill of happier studies, and sighing condemn the excellence which we find above our reach.—

My \*Zoilus which you us'd to write about, I finish'd last spring, and left in town. I waited till I came up to send it you, but not arriving here before your book was out, imagin'd it a lost piece of labour. If you will still have it, you need only write me word.

I have here seen the First Book of Homer, which came out at a time when it cou'd not but appear as a kind of setting up against you. My opinion is, that you may if you please, give them thanks who writ it. Neither the numbers nor the spirit have an equal mastery with yours; but what surprizes me more



is, that a scholar being concern'd, there should happen to be some mistakes in the author's sense; such as putting the light of Pallas's eyes into the eyes of Achilles, making the taunt of Achilles to Agamemnon (that he should have spoils when Troy should be taken) to be a cool and serious proposal; the translating what you call Ablution by the word offals, and so leaving Water out of the rite of lustration, &c. but you must have taken notice of all this before. I write not to inform you, but to shew I always have you at heart.

I am, &c.

*Extract from a Letter of the Reverend Doctor  
Berkley Dean of London-Derry.*

July 7, 1715.

— Some days ago, three or four gentlemen and my self exerting that right which all readers pretend to over authors, sat in judgment upon the two new Translations of the first Iliad. Without partiality to my country-men, I assure you they all gave the preference where it was due; being unanimously of opinion, that yours was equally just to the sense with Mr. —'s, and without comparison more easy, more poetical, and more sublime. But I will say no more on such a thread-bare subject, as your late performance is at this time.

I am, &c

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*Extract from a Letter of Mr. Gay to Mr. Pope.**July 8, 1715.*

— I have just set down Sir Samuel Garth at the Opera. He bid me tell you, that every body is pleas'd with your translation, but a few at Button's; and that Sir Richard Steele told him, that Mr. Addison said the other translation was the best that ever was in any language\*. He treated me with extream civility, and out of kindness gave me a squeeze by the fore finger.— I am inform'd that at Button's your character is made very free wit has to Morals, &c. and Mr. Addison says, that your translation and Tickel's are both very well done, but that the latter has more of Homer.

I am, &amp;c.

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*Extract from a Letter of Dr. Arbuthnot to Mr. Pope.**July 9. 1715.*

— I congratulate you upon Mr. T\*'s first book. It does not indeed want its merit; but I was strangely disappointed in my expectation of a translation nice-

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\* Sir Richard Steele afterwards, in his Preface to an Edition of the Drummer, a Comedy by Mr. Addison, shews it to be his opinion, that " Mr. Addison himself " was the person who translated this book.

ly true to the Original; whereas in those parts where the greatest exactness seems to be demanded, he has been the least careful, I mean the history of ancient Ceremonies and rites, &c. in which you have with great judgment been exact.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XX.

*Mr. Pope to the Honourable James Craggs, Esq;*

July 15, 1715.

I Lay hold of the opportunity given me by my Lord Duke of Shrewsbury, to assure you of the continuance of that esteem and affection I have long born you, and the memory of so many agreeable conversations as we have pass'd together. I wish it were a compliment to say, such conversations as are not to be found on this side of the water: for the Spirit of dissention is gone forth among us; nor is it a wonder that Button's is no longer Button's, when old England is no longer old England, that region of hospitality, society, and good humour. Party affects us all, even the wits, tho' they gain as little by politicks as they do by their wit. We talk much of fine sense, refin'd sense, and exalted sense; but for use and happiness, give me a little common sense. I say this in regard to some gentlemen, profess'd Wits of our acquaintance, who fancy they can make Poetry of consequence at this time of day, in the midst of this raging fit of Politicks. For they tell me, the busy part of the nation are not more divided about Whig and Tory, than these idle fellows of the feather

about Mr. T\*'s and my translation. I (like the Tories) have the town in general, that is the mob, on my side; but 'tis usual with the smaller party to make up in industry what they want in number, and that's the case with the little Senate of Cato. However, if our principles be well consider'd, I must appear a brave Whig, and Mr. T. a rank Tory: I translated Homer for the publick in general, he to gratify the inordinate desires of one Man only. We have it seems, a great Turk in poetry, who can never bear a brother on the throne; and has his mutes too, a sett of noddors, winkers, and whisperers, whose business is to strangle all other offspring of wit in their birth. The new translator of Homer is the humblest slave he has, that is to say, his first Minister; let him receive the honours he gives him, but receive them with fear and trembling; let him be proud of the approbation of his absolute Lord, I appeal to the people, as my rightful judges and masters; and if they are not inclin'd to condemn me, I fear no arbitrary high-flying proceedings from the small Court-faction at Button's. But after all I have said of this great man, there is no rupture between us. We are each of us so civil and obliging, that neither thinks he is obliged: And I for my part treat with him, as we do with the grand Monarch; who has too many great qualities not to be respected, tho' we know he watches any occasion to oppress us.

When I talk of Homer, I must not forget the early present you made me of Monsieur de la Motte's book: And I can't conclude this letter without telling you a melancholy piece of news, which affects our very entrails, L\* is dead, and soupes are no more! You see I write in the old familiar way. "This is not to the minister but to the friend." However it is  
some



some mark of uncommon regard to the Minister, that I steal an expression from a Secretary of State.

I am, &c.

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LETTER XXI.

To Mr. Jervas in Ireland.

July 9, 1716.

**T**HO', as you rightly remark, I pay my tax but once in half a year, yet you shall see by this letter upon the neck of my last, that I pay a double tax, as we non-jurors ought to do. Your acquaintance on this side of the sea are under terrible apprehensions from your long stay in Ireland, that you may grow too polite for them; for we think (since the great success of such a play as the Non-juror) that politeness is gone over the water. But others are of opinion it has been longer among you, and was introduced much about the same time with Frogs, and with equal success. Poor poetry! the little that's left of it here longs to cross the seas, and leave Eusden in full and peaceable possession of the British laurel: and we begin to wish you had the singing of our poets, as well as the croaking of our frogs, to yourselves, *in sæcula sæculorum*. It would be well in exchange, if Parnelle, and two or three more of your Swans would come hither, especially that Swan, who like a true modern one, does not sing at all, Dr. Swift. I am (like the rest of the world) a sufferer by his idleness. Indeed I hate that any man should be idle, while I must translate and comment; and I

may the more sincerely wish for good poetry from others, because I am become a person out of the question; for a Translator is no more a poet, than a Taylor is a man.

You are doubtless persuaded of the validity of that famous verse,

*'Tis Expectation makes a Blessing dear:*

but why would you make your friends fonder of you than they are? there's no manner of need of it. We begin to expect you no more than Anti-christ; a man that hath absented himself so long from his friends, ought to be put into the Gazette

Every body here has great need of you. Many faces have died for want of your pencil, and blooming Ladies have wither'd in expecting your return. Even Frank and Betty (that constant pair) cannot console themselves for your absence; I fancy they will be forced to make their own picture in a pretty babe, before you come home: 'twill be a noble subject for a family piece. Come then, and having peopled Ireland with a world of beautiful shadows, come to us, and see with that eye (which, like the eye of the world, creates beauties by looking on them) see, I say, how England has alter'd the airs of all its heads in your absence; and with what sneaking city attitudes our most celebrated personages appear, in the meer mortal works of our painters.

Mr. Fortescue is much yours; Gay commemorates you; and lastly (to climb by just steps and degrees) my Lord Burlington desires you may be put in mind of him. His gardens flourish, his structures rise, his pictures arrive, and (what is far more valuable than all) his own good qualities daily extend themselves to all about him: of whom I the meanest,  
(next

(next to some Italian Fiddlers, and English Bricklayers,) am a living instance. Adieu.

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L E T T E R XXII.

*To the Same.*

Nov. 14, 1716.

IF I had not done my utmost to lead my life so pleasantly as to forget all misfortunes, I should tell you I reckoned your absence no small one; but I hope you have also had many good and pleasant reasons to forget your friends on this side the world. If a wish could transport me to you and your present companions, I could do the same. Dr. Swift, I believe, is a very good landlord, and a chearful host at his own table: I suppose he has perfectly learnt himself, what he has taught so many others, *rupta non infanire lagena*: else he would not make a proper host for your humble servant, who (you know) tho' he drinks a glass as seldom as any man, contrives to break one as often. But 'tis a consolation to me, that I can do this and many other enormities, under my own roof.

But that you and I are upon equal terms, in all friendly laziness, and have taken an inviolable oath to each other, always to do what we will; I should reproach you for so long a silence. The best amends you can make for saying nothing to me, is by saying all the good you can of me, which is, that I heartily love and esteem the Dean, and Dr. Parnelle.

Gay is yours and theirs. His spirit is awakened very much in the cause of the Dean, which has

broke forth in a courageous couplet or two upon Sir Richard Blackmore : He has printed it with his name to it, and bravely assigns no other reason, than that the said Sir Richard has abused Dr. Swift. I have also suffered in the like cause, and shall suffer more ; unless Parnelle sends me his Zoilus and Bookworm (which the Bishop of Clogher I hear greatly extols) it will be shortly, *concurrere Bellum atque Virum*.--- I love you all, as much as I despise most wits in this dull country. Ireland has turned the tables upon England ; and if I have no poetical friend in my own nation, I'll be as proud as Scipio, and say (since I am reduced to skin and bone) *Ingrata patria, ne ossa quidem habeas*.

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LETTER XXIII.

*To the same.*

Nov. 29, 1716.

**T**HAT you have not heard from me of late, ascribe not to the usual laziness of your correspondent, but to a ramble to Oxford, where your name is mention'd with honour, even in a land flowing with Tories. I had the good fortune there to be often in the conversation of Doctor Clarke : He entertain'd me with several drawings, and particularly with the original designs of Inigo Jones's White-hall. I there saw and revered some of your first pieces ; which future painters are to look upon as we Poets do on the Culex of Virgil and Batrachom. of Homer.

Having



Having named this latter piece, give me leave to ask what is become of Dr. Parnelle and his Frogs? *Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus & illis*, might be Horace's wish, but will never be mine while I have such *meorum*s as Dr. Parnelle and Dr. Swift. I hope the Spring will restore you to us, and with you all the beauties and colours of nature. Not but I congratulate you on the pleasure you must take in being admir'd in your own country, which so seldom happens to Prophets and Poets: but in this you have the advantage of Poets; you are master of an art that must prosper and grow rich, as long as people love or are proud of themselves, or their own persons. However, you have stay'd long enough methinks, to have painted all the numberless Histories of old Ogygia. If you have begun to be historical, I recommend to your hand the story which every pious Irishman ought to begin with, that of St. Patrick; to the end you may be obliged (as Dr. P. was, when he translated the *Batrachomuiomachia*) to come into England, to copy the Frogs, and such other vermine as were never seen in that land since the time of that Confessor.

I long to see you a history Painter. You have already done enough for the private, do something for the publick; and be not confined, like the rest, to draw only such silly stories as our own faces tell of us. The Ancients too expect you should do them right; those Statues from which you learn'd your beautiful and noble Ideas, demand it as a piece of gratitude from you, to make them truly known to all nations, in the account you intend to write of their Characters. I hope you think more warmly than ever of that design.

As

As to your enquiry about your House, when I come within the walls they put me in mind of those of Carthage, where your friend, like the wandering Trojan,

— *animum Pictura pascit inani.*

For the spacious mansion, like a Turkish Caravan-ferah, entertains the vagabond with only bare lodging. I rule the family very ill, keep bad hours, and lend out your pictures about the town. See what it is to have a poet in your house! Frank indeed does all he can in such a circumstance; for considering he has a wild Beast in it, he constantly keeps the door chain'd: Every time it is open'd, the links rattle, the rusty hinges roar. The house seems so sensible that you are its support, that it is ready to drop in your absence; but I still trust myself under its roof, as depending that Providence will preserve so many Raphaels, Titian's and Guido's, as are lodg'd in your Cabinet. Surely the sins of one Poet can hardly be so heavy, as to bring an old house over the heads of so many Painters. In a word your house is falling, but what of that? I am only a lodger.

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#### LETTER XXIV.

*The Hon. Mr. Craggs, to Mr. Pope.*

*Paris, Sept. 2, 1716.*

**L**AST post brought me the favour of your letter of the 10th Aug. O. S. It would be taking

too much upon me to decide, that 'twas a witty one; I never pretend to more judgment than to know what pleases me, and can assure you, it was a very Agreeable one. The proof I can give you of my sincerity in this opinion, is, that I hope and desire you would not stop at this, but continue more of them.

I am in a place where Pleasure is continually flowing. The Princes set the example, and the subjects follow at a distance. The Ladies are of all Parties, by which means the conversation of the men is very much softened and fashioned from those blunt disputes on Politicks, and rough jests, we are so guilty of; while the freedom of the women takes away all formality and constraint. I must own, at the same time, these Beauties are a little too artificial for my taste; you have seen a French picture, the Original is more painted, and such a crust of powder and essence in their hair, that you can see no difference between black and red. By disusing Stays and indulging themselves at table, they are run out of all shape; but as to that, they may give a good reason, they prefer Conveniency to Parade, and are by this means as ready, as they are generally willing, to be charitable.

I am surpriz'd to find I have wrote so much scandal; I fancy I am either setting up for a wit, or imagine I must write in this style to a wit; I hope you'll prove a good natured one, and not only let me hear from you sometimes, but forgive the small encouragement you meet with. I won't trouble my self to finish finely, a true compliment is better than a good one, and I can assure you without any, that I am very sincerely,

Sir, Yours, &c.

LETTER.

## L E T T E R XXV.

*To Mr. Fenton.*

S I R,

May 5.

I Had not omitted answering yours of the 18th of last month, but out of a desire to give you some certain and satisfactory account, which way, and at what time, you might take your journey. I am now commissioned to tell you, that Mr. Craggs will expect you on the rising of the Parliament, which will be as soon as he can receive you in the manner he would receive a man *de belles Lettres*, that is, in tranquillity and full leisure. I dare say your way of life (which, in my taste will be the best in the world, and with one of the best men in the world) must prove highly to your contentment. And I must add, it will be still the more a joy to me, as I shall reap a peculiar advantage from the good I shall have done in bringing you together, by seeing it in my own neighbourhood. Mr. Craggs has taken a house close by mine, whither he proposes to come in three weeks: In the mean time I heartily invite you to live with me; where a frugal and philosophical diet for a time, may give you a higher relish of that elegant way of life you will enter into after. I desire to know by the first post how soon I may hope for you?

I am a little scandalized at your complaint that your time lies heavy on your hands, when the muses have put so many good materials into your head to employ them. As to your question, what I am doing? I answer, just what I have been doing some years,  
my



my duty; secondly relieving my self with necessary amusements, or exercises, which shall serve me instead of physie as long as they can; thirdly, reading till I am tired; and lastly, writing when I have no other thing in the world to do, or no friend to entertain in company.

My mother is, I thank God, the easier if not the better, for my cares; and I am the happier in that regard, as well as in the consciousness of doing my best. My next felicity is in retaining the good opinion of honest men, who think me not quite undeserving of it; and in finding no injuries from others hurt me, as long as I know myself. I will add the sincerity with which I act towards ingenious and undesigning men, and which makes me always (even by a natural bond) their friend; therefore believe me very affectionately

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R XXVI.

*The Revd. Dean \* Berkley, to Mr. Pope.*

*Naples, Oct. 22, N. S. 1717.*

**I** Have long had it in my thoughts to trouble you with a letter, but was discouraged for want of something that I could think worth sending fifteen hundred miles. Italy is such an exhausted subject,

\* *Afterwards Bishop of Cloyne in Ireland, Author of the Dialogues of Hylas and Philonous, the Minute Philosopher, &c.*

that

that, I dare say, you'd easily forgive my saying nothing of it; and the imagination of a Poet is a thing so nice and delicate, that it is no easy matter to find out images capable of giving pleasure to one of the few, who (in any age) have come up to that character. I am nevertheless lately return'd from an Island, where I passed three or four months, which were it set out in its true colours, might methinks amuse you agreeably enough for a minute or two. The island Inarime, is an epitome of the whole earth, containing within the compass of eighteen miles, a wonderful variety of hills, vales, ragged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic confusion. The air is in the hottest season constantly refreshed by cool breezes from the sea. The vales produce excellent wheat and Indian corn, but are mostly covered with vineyards, intermixt with fruit-trees. Besides the common kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches, &c. they produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranates, figs, water-melons, and many other fruits unknown to our climates, which lie every where open to the passenger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, some with chesnut groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiscus. The fields in the northern side are divided by hedge-rows of myrtle. Several fountains and rivulets add to the beauty of this landscape, which is likewise set off by the variety of some barren spots, and naked rocks. But that which crowns the scene, is a large mountain, rising out of the middle of the island (once a terrible Volcano, by the ancients called Mons Epomeus) its lower parts are adorned with vines, and other fruits, the middle affords pasture to flocks of goats and sheep, and the top is a sandy pointed rock, from which you  
have

have the finest prospect in the world, surveying at one view, besides several pleasant islands lying at your feet, a tract of Italy about three hundred miles in length, from the promontory of Antium to the cape of Palinurus : The greater part of which hath been sung by Homer and Virgil, as making a considerable part of the travels and adventures of their two Heroes. The Islands Caprea, Prochyta, and Parthenope, together with Cajeta, Cumæ, Monte Miseno, the habitations of Circe, the Syrens, and the Lestrygones, the bay of Naples, the promontory of Minerva, and the whole Campagna felice, make but a part of this noble landscape ; which would demand an imagination as warm, and numbers as flowing as your own, to describe it. The inhabitants of this delicious isle, as they are without riches and honours, so are they without the vices and follies that attend them ; and were they but as much strangers to revenge, as they are to avarice and ambition, they might in fact answer the poetical notions of the golden age. But they have got, as an alloy to their happiness, an ill habit of murdering one another on slight offences. We had an instance of this the second night after our arrival, a youth of eighteen being shot dead by our door : and yet by the sole secret of minding our own business, we found a means of living securely among these dangerous people. Would you know how we pass the time at Naples ? Our chief entertainment is the devotion of our neighbours : besides the gayety of their Churches (where folks go to see what they call *una bella Devotione* (i. e.) a sort of religious opera) they make fireworks almost every week, out of devotion ; the streets are often hung with arras, out of devotion ; and (what is still more strange) the ladies invite gentlemen to their houses and treat them with

with musick and sweetmeats, out of devotion; in a word, were it not for this devotion of its inhabitants, Naples would have little else to recommend it, beside the air and situation. Learning is in no very thriving state here, as indeed no where else in Italy; however, among many pretenders, some men of taste are to be met with. A friend of mine told me not long since, that being to visit Salvini at Florence, he found him reading your Homer: He liked the notes extremely, and could find no other fault with the version, but that he thought it approached too near a paraphrase; which shews him not to be sufficiently acquainted with our language. I wish you health to go on with that noble work, and when you have that, I need not wish your success. You will do me the justice to believe, that whatever relates to your well-fare is sincerely wished, by

Yours, &c.

## LETTER XXVII.

Mr. Pope to *Mr. Jervas*

Decem. 12, 1718.

THE old project of a Window in the bosom, to render the Soul of man visible, is what every honest friend has manifold reason to wish for; yet even that would not do in our case, while you are so far separated from me, and so long. I begin to fear you'll die in Ireland, and that Denunciation will be fulfilled upon you, *Hibernus es, & in Hiberniam reverteris*. I shou'd be apt to think you in Sancho's case; some Duke has made you Governor



of an Island, or wet place, and you are administering laws to the wild Irish. But I must own; when you talk of Building and Planting, you touch my string; and I am as apt to pardon you, as the fellow that thought himself Jupiter would have pardon'd the other madman who call'd himself his brother Neptune. Alas Sir, do you know whom you talk to? one that had been a Poet, was degraded to a Translator, and at last thro' meer dulness is turn'd an Architect. You know Martial's censure, *Præconem facito vel Architectum*. However I have one way left, to plan, to elevate, and to surprize (as Bays says) the next you may expect to hear, is that I am in debt.

The history of my Transplantation and settlement which you desire, would require a volume, were I to enumerate the many projects, difficulties, vicissitudes, and various fates attending that important part of my life: much more, should I describe the many Draughts, Elevations, Profiles, Perspectives, &c. of every Palace and Garden propos'd, intended, and happily rais'd, by the strength of that faculty wherein all great Genius's excel, Imagination. At last, the Gods and fate have fix'd me on the borders of the Thames, in the districts of Richmond and Twickenham: It is here I have past an entire year of my life, without any fix'd abode in London, or more than casting a transitory glance (for a day or two at most in a month) on the pomps of the Town. It is here I hope to receive you, Sir, return'd from eternizing the Ireland of this age. For you my structures rise; for you my Colonades extend their wings; for you my groves aspire, and roses bloom. And to say truth, I hope posterity (which no doubt will be made acquainted with all these things) will look upon it as one of the principal motives of my Architecture, that it was a mansion prepar'd to re-

ceive you, against your own should fall to dust, which is destin'd to be the tomb of poor Frank and Betty, and the immortal monument of the Fidelity of two such Servants, who have excell'd in constancy the very Rats of your family.

What more can I tell you of myself? so much, and yet all put together so little, that I scarce care or know, how to do it. But the very reasons that are against putting it upon paper, are as strong for telling it you in person; and I am uneasy to be so long deny'd the satisfaction of it.

At present I consider you bound in by the Irish Sea, like the ghosts in Virgil,

— *Tristi palus inamabilis unda  
Alligat, & novies Styx circumfusa coercet!*

and I can't express how I long to renew our old intercourse and conversation, our morning conferences in bed in the same room, our evening walks in the park, our amusing voyages on the water, our philosophical suppers, our lectures, our dissertations, our gravities, our reveries, our fooleries, our what not? — This awakens the memory of some of those who have made a part in all these. Poor Parnelle, Garth, Rowe! You justly reprove me for not speaking of the death of the last: Parnelle was too much in my mind, to whose memory I am erecting the best Monument I can. What he gave me to publish, was but a small part of what he left behind him, but it was the best, and I will not make it worse by enlarging it. I'd fain know if he be buried at Chester, or Dublin; and what care has been, or is to be taken for his Monument, &c. Yet I have not neglected my devoirs to Mr. Rowe; I am writing this very day

day his Epitaph for Westminster-Abbey - - - After these, the best natur'd of Men, Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the truest concern for his loss. His death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a Saint or a Philosopher famous. But ill tongues, and worse hearts have branded even his last moments, as wrongfully as they did his life, with Irreligion. You must have heard many tales on this subject; but if ever there was a good Christian without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

To Mr. - - - -

Sep. 17.

THE gayety of your letter proves you are not so studious of Wealth as many of your profession are, since you can derive matter of mirth from want of business. You are none of those Lawyers who deserve the motto of the devil, *Circuit quærens quem devoret*. But your *Circuit* will at least procure you one of the greatest of temporal blessings, Health. What an advantageous circumstance is it, for one that loves rambling so well, to be a grave and reputable Rambler? while (like your fellow Circuiteer, the Sun) you travel the round of the earth and behold all the iniquities under the heav'ns? You are much a superior genius to me in rambling; you, like a Pigeon (to which I would sooner compare a Lawyer than to a Hawk) can fly some hundred leagues at a pitch; I, like a poor squirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but

it is about a cage of three foot: my little excursions are but like those of a shopkeeper, who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his business all the while. Your letter of the Cause lately before you, I could not but communicate to some ladies of your acquaintance. I am of opinion if you continued a correspondence of the same sort during a whole Circuit, it could not fail to please the sex, better than half the novels they read; there would be in them what they love above all things, a most happy union of Truth and Scandal. I assure you the Bath affords nothing equal to it: It is on the contrary full of grave and sad men, Mr. Baron S. Lord chief Justice A. Judge P. and Counsellor B. who has a large pimple on the tip of his nose, but thinks it inconsistent with his gravity to wear a patch, notwithstanding the precedent of an eminent Judge. I am, dear Sir,

Yours, &c,

## LETTER XXIX.

*To the Earl of Burlington.*

My LORD,

**I**F your Mare could speak, she would give an account of what extraordinary company she had on the road; which since she cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprizing Mr. Lintott, the redoubtable rival of Mr Tonson, who mounted on a stone-horse, (no disagreeable companion to your Lordships mare) overtook me in Windsor-forest. He said, he heard I design'd for Oxford, the seat of the muses, and



and would, as my bookseller, by all means, accompany me thither.

I ask'd him where he got his horse? He answer'd, he got it of his Publisher: "For that rogue, my Printer, (said he) disappointed me: I hoped to put him in good humor by a treat at the tavern, of a brown fricassee of rabbits which cost two shillings, with two quarts of wine, besides my conversation. I thought my self cocksure of his horse, which he readily promis'd me, but said that Mr. Tonson had just such another design of going to Cambridge, expecting there the Copy of a new kind of Horace from Dr. — and if Mr. Tonson went, he was pre-engaged to attend him, being to have the printing of the said copy."

So in short, I borrow'd this stonehorse of my publisher, which he had of Mr. Oldmixon for a debt; he lent me too the pretty boy you see after me, he was a smutty dog yesterday, and cost me near two hours to wash the ink off his face: but the Devil is a fair-condition'd Devil, and very forward in his catechise: if you have any more baggs, he shall carry them.

I thought Mr. Lintott's civility not to be neglected, so gave the boy a small bagg, containing three shirts and an elzevir Virgil; and mounting in an instant proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous stationer beside, and the aforesaid devil behind.

Mr. Lintott began in this manner. "Now damn them! what if they should put it into the newspaper, how you and I went together to Oxford? what would I care? If I should go down into Suffex, they would say I was gone to the Speaker. But what of that? if my son were but big enough

“ to go on with the business, by G-d I would keep  
 “ as good Company as old Jacob.”

Hereupon I enquir'd of his son. “ The lad (says  
 “ he) has fine parts, but is somewhat sickly, much  
 “ as you are — I spare for nothing in his Educati-  
 “ on at Westminster. Pray don't you think West-  
 “ minster to be the best school in England? most of the  
 “ late Ministry came out of it, so did many of this  
 “ Ministry; I hope the boy will make his fortune.”

Don't you design to let him pass a year at Oxford?  
 “ To what purpose? (said he) the Universities do  
 “ but make Pedants, and I intend to breed him a  
 “ man of business.”

As Mr. Lintott was talking, I observ'd he sat une-  
 easy on his saddle, for which I express'd some sollici-  
 tude: Nothing says he, I can bear it well enough;  
 but since we have the day before us, methinks it  
 would be very pleasant for you to rest a-while under  
 the woods. When were alighted, “ See here, what a  
 “ mighty pretty Horace I have in my pocket! what  
 “ if you amus'd your self in turning an ode, till we  
 “ mount again? Lord! if you pleas'd, what a clever  
 “ Miscellany might you make at leisure hours.” Per-  
 haps I may, said I, if we ride on; the motion is an  
 aid to my fancy, a round trot very much awakens  
 my spirits: then jog on apace, and I'll think as hard  
 as I can.

Silence ensu'd for a full hour; after which Mr.  
 Lintott lugg'd the reins, stop'd short, and broke out,  
 “ Well Sir, how far have you gone? I answer'd, seven  
 “ miles. Z — ds Sir, said Lintott, I thought you  
 “ had done seven stanza's. Oldsworth in a ramble  
 “ round Wimbleton-hill, would translate a whole ode  
 “ in half this time. I'll say that for Oldsworth, (tho'  
 “ I lost by his Timothy's) he translates an ode of Ho-

“ race

“ race the quickest of any man in England. I re-  
 “ member Dr. King would write verses in a tavern  
 “ three hours after he could not speak : and there’s  
 “ Sir Richard in that rumbling old chariot of his, be-  
 “ tween Fleet-ditch and St. Giles’s pound, shall make  
 “ you half a Job.”

Pray Mr. Lintott (said I) now you talk of Transla-  
 tors, what is your method of managing them ? “ Sir  
 “ (reply’d he) those are the saddest pack of rogues  
 “ in the world : in a hungry fit, they’ll swear they  
 “ understand all the languages in the universe : I have  
 “ known one of them take down a Greek book up-  
 “ on my counter and cry, Ay this is Hebrew, I must  
 “ read it from the latter end. By G-d I can never  
 “ be sure in these fellows, for I neither understand  
 “ Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian my self. But  
 “ this is my way ; I agree wth them for ten shillings  
 “ per sheet, with a proviso, that I will have their  
 “ doings corrected by whom I please ; so by one  
 “ or other they are led at last to the true sense of an  
 “ author ; my judgment giving the negative to all  
 “ my translators.” But how are you secure those cor-  
 rectors may not impose upon you ? “ Why I get any  
 “ civil gentleman, (especially any Scotchman) that  
 “ comes into my shop, to read the original to me in  
 “ English ; by this I know whether my first transla-  
 “ tor be deficient, and whether my corrector merits  
 “ his money or not ?

“ I’ll tell you what happen’d to me last month : I  
 “ bargain’d with S \* for a new version of Lucretius  
 “ to publish against Tonson’s ; agreeing to pay the  
 “ author so many shillings at his producing so many  
 “ lines. He made a great progress in a very short  
 “ time, and I gave it to the corrector to compare  
 “ with the Latin ; but he went directly to Creech’s

“ translation, and found it the same word for word,  
 “ all but the first page. Now, what d’ye think I  
 “ did? I arrested the translator for a cheat; nay, and  
 “ I stopt the corrector’s pay too, upon this proof that  
 “ he had made use of Creech instead of the origi-  
 “ nal.

Pray tell me next how you deal with the Critics?

“ Sir (said he) nothing more easy. I can silence the  
 “ most formidable of them: the rich ones for a  
 “ sheet apiece of the blotted manuscript, which costs  
 “ me nothing: they’ll go about with it to their  
 “ acquaintance, and pretend they had it from the  
 “ author, who submitted to their correction: this  
 “ has given some of them such an air, that in time  
 “ they come to be consulted with, and dedicated  
 “ to, as the top critics of the town. — As for the  
 “ poor critics, I’ll give you one instance of my ma-  
 “ nagement, by which you may guess at the rest.  
 “ A lean man that look’d like a very good scholar,  
 “ came to me t’other day; he turn’d over your Homer,  
 “ shook his head, shrug’d up his shoulders, and pish’d at  
 “ every line of it; One would wonder (says he) at  
 “ the strange presumption of some men; Homer is no  
 “ such easy task, that every stripling, every versifier—  
 “ he was going on, when my wife call’d to dinner:  
 “ Sir, said I, will you please to eat a piece of beef  
 “ with me? Mr. Lintott, said he, I am sorry you  
 “ should be at the expence of this great book, I am  
 “ really concern’d on your account— Sir I am much  
 “ oblig’d to you: if you can dine upon a piece of  
 “ beef, together with a slice of pudding — Mr.  
 “ Lintott, I do not say but Mr. Pope, if he would  
 “ condescend to advise with men of learning — Sir,  
 “ the pudding is upon the table, if you please to go  
 “ in — My critic complies, he comes to a taste of  
 “ your



“ your poetry, and tells me in the same breath, that  
“ the book is commendable, and the pudding ex-  
“ cellent.

Now Sir (concluded Mr. Lintott) in return to the frankness I have shewn, pray tell me, “ Is it the opinion of your friends at court that my Lord Lansdown will be brought to the bar or not ? ” I told him I heard he would not, and I hop’d it, my Lord being one I had particular obligations to. “ That may be (reply’d Mr. Lintott) but by G-d if he is not, I shall lose the printing of a very good “ Trial.”

These my Lord are a few traits by which you may discern the genius of Mr. Lintott, which I have chosen for the subject of a letter. I dropt him as soon as I got to Oxford, and paid a visit to my Lord Carlton at Middleton.

The conversations I enjoy here are not to be prejudic’d by my pen, and the pleasures from them only to be equal’d when I meet your Lordship. I hope in a few days to cast my self from your horse at your feet.

I am, &c.

LETTER



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 LETTER XXX.

*To the Duke of Buckingham.*

*[In answer to a Letter, to which he inclosed the Description of Buckingham-house written by him to the D. of Sh.]*

**P**LINY was one of those few authors who had a warm house over his head, nay two houses, as appears by two of his epistles. I believe if any of his contemporary authors durst have inform'd the publick where they lodg'd, we should have found the garrets of Rome as well inhabited, as those of Fleet-street; but 'tis dangerous to let creditors into such a secret, therefore we may presume that then as well as now-a-days, no body knew where they lived but their Bookfellers.

It seems, that when Virgil came to Rome, he had no lodgings at all: he first introduc'd himself to Augustus by an epigram, beginning *Nocte pluit totâ*—an observation which probably he had not made, unless he had lain all night in the street.

Where Juvenal lived we cannot affirm, but in one of his satyrs he complains of the excessive price of lodgings; neither do I believe he would have talk'd so feelingly of Codrus's bed, if there had been room for a bedfellow in it.

I believe, with all the ostentation of Pliny, he would have been glad to have chang'd both his houses for your Grace's one; which is a country-house in the summer,

summer, and a town-house in the winter, and must be owned to be the properest habitation for a wise man, who sees all the world change every season without ever changing himself.

I have been reading the description of Pliny's house with an eye to yours, but finding they will bear no comparison, will try if it can be matched by the large country seat I inhabit at present, and see what figure it may make by the help of a florid description.

You must expect nothing regular in my description, any more than in the house; the whole vast edifice is so disjointed, and the several parts of it so detach'd one from the other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that, in one of my poetical fits, I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time, where the cottages having taken a country dance together, had been all out, and stood stone-still with amazement ever since.

You must excuse me if I say nothing of the Front, indeed I don't know which it is. A stranger would be grievously disappointed who endeavour'd to get into this house the right way. One would reasonably expect after the entry through the Porch to be let into the hall, alas nothing less! you find your self in the house of office. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room, but upon opening the iron-nail'd door, you are convinc'd by a flight of birds about your ears and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the Pigeon-house. If you come into the chappel, you find its altars like those of the Ancients, continually smoaking, but it is with the steams of the adjoining kitchen.

The great hall within is high and spacious, flank'd on one side with a very long table, a true image of ancient hospitality: the walls are all over ornamented  
with

with monstrous horns of animals, about twenty broken pikes, ten or a dozen blunderbuffes, and a rusty match-lock musquet or two, which we were inform'd had serv'd in the civil wars. Here is one vast arch'd window beautifully darken'd with divers scutcheons of painted glais: one shining pane in particular bears date 1286, which alone preserves the memory of a Knight whose iron armour is long since perish'd with rust, and whose alabaster nose is moulder'd from his monument. The face of dame Eleanor in another piece owes more to that single pane than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. After this, who can say that glais is frail, when it is not half so frail as human beauty, or glory! and yet I can't but sigh to think, that the most authentick record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every infant who flings a stone. In former days, there have dined in this hall garter'd Knights, and courtly Dames, attended by ushers, sewers, and seneschals; and yet it was but last night, that an owl flew hither and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you (up and down) over a very high threshold into the great parlour. Its contents are a broken-belly'd virginal, a couple of cripled velvet chairs, with two or three mill-dew'd pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally, as if they came fresh from hell with all their brimstone about them; these are carefully set at the farther corner, for the windows being every where broken make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard seed, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour, as I said before, lies the pigeon-house, by the side of which runs an entry, which lets you on one hand and t'other into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a small hole call'd the chaplain's



lain's study ; then follow a brewhouse, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy ; a little farther on the right the servants hall, and by the side of it up six steps, the old lady's closet for her private devotions ; which has a lettice into the hall, intended (as we imagine) that at the same time as she pray'd, she might have an eye on the men and maids. There are upon the ground-floor in all twenty-six apartments, among which I must not forget a chamber which has in it a large Antiquity of timber, that seems to have been either a bedstead, or a cyder-press.

The Kitchen is built in form of the Rotunda, being one vast Vault to the Top of the House ; where one overture serves to let out the smoke and let in the light. By the blackness of the walls, the circular fires, vast cauldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polypheme, or the temple of Moloch. The horror of this place has made such an impression on the country people, that they believe the Witches keep their Sabbath here, and that once a year the Devil treats them with infernal venison, a roasted Tiger stuff'd with ten-penny nails.

Above stairs we have a number of rooms, you never pass out of one into another but by the ascent or descent of two or three stairs. Our best room is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a Band-box. In most of these rooms there are hangings of the finest work in the world, that is to say those which Arachne spins from her own bowels ; were it not for this only furniture, the whole would be a miserable scene of naked walls, flaw'd ciellings, broken windows, and rusty locks. The roof is so decay'd, that after a favourable shower we may expect  
a crop

a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of our floors. All the doors are as little and low as those to the cabbins of Packet-boats. These rooms have for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats whose very Age renders them worthy of this Seat, for the very rats of this venerable house are gray: since these have not yet quitted it, we hope at least that this ancient mansion may not fall during the small remnant these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the Library.

We had never seen half what I had described, but for a starch'd grey-headed Steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in this place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He entertain'd us as we pass'd from room to room with several relations of the family; but his observations were particularly curious when we came to the cellar: he inform'd us where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent, for toasts in a morning; he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hoop'd hogheads of strong beer; then stepping to a corner, he lugg'd out the tatter'd fragments of an unframed picture; "This says he, with tears, was  
" poor Sir Thomas! once master of all this drink.  
" He had two sons, poor young masters! who never  
" arrived to the age of his beer; they both fell ill in  
" this very room, and never went out on their own  
" legs." He could not pass by a heap of broken bottles without taking up a piece, to show us the Arms of the family upon it. He then led us up the Tower by dark winding stone-steps, which landed us into several little rooms one above another. One of these was nail'd up, and our guide whisper'd to us as a secret the occasion of it. It seems the course of this  
noble

noble blood was a little interrupted about two centuries ago, by a freak of the lady Frances, who was here taken in the fact with a neighbouring Prior, ever since which the room has been nailed up, and branded with the name of the Adultery - chamber. The ghost of lady Frances is supposed to walk there, and some prying maids of the family report that they have seen a lady in a fardingle through the key-hole; but this matter is hush'd up, and the servants are forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you by this long description: but what engaged me in it, was a generous principle to preserve the memory of that, which it self must soon fall into dust, nay perhaps part of it before this letter reaches your hands.

Indeed we owe this old house the same kind of gratitude that we do to an old friend, who harbours us in his declining condition, nay even in his last extremities. How fit is this retreat for uninterrupted study, where no one that passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even those who would dine with us dare not stay under our roof. Any one that sees it will own I could not have chosen a more likely place to converse with the dead in. I had been mad indeed if I had left your Grace for any one but Homer. But when I return to the living, I shall have the sense to endeavour to converse with the best of 'em, and shall therefore as soon as possible tell you in person how much I am, &c.

LETTER

## LETTER XXXI.

*Mr. Pope to the Earl of Oxford.*

My LORD,

O<sup>ct</sup>ob, 21, 1721.

**Y**OUR Lordship may be surpriz'd at the liberty I take in writing to you; tho' you will allow me always to remember, that you once permitted me that honour, in conjunction with some others who better deserv'd it. I hope you will not wonder I am still desirous to have you think me your grateful and faithful servant; but I own I have an ambition yet farther, to have others think me so, which is the occasion I give your Lordship the trouble of this. Poor Parnell, before he dyed, left me the charge of publishing these few remains of his: I have a strong desire to make them, their author, and their publisher, more considerable, by addressing and dedicating 'em all to you. There is a pleasure in bearing testimony to truth, and a vanity perhaps, which at least is as excusable as any vanity can be. I beg you my Lord, to allow me to gratify it, in prefixing this paper of honest verities to the book. I send the book it self, which I dare say you'll receive more satisfaction in perusing, than you can from any thing written upon the subject of your self. Therefore I am a good deal in doubt, whither you will care for such an addition to it? All I shall say for it is, that 'tis the only dedication I ever writ, and shall be the only one whither you accept of it or not: for I will not bow the knee to a less man than my Lord Oxford, and I expect to see no greater in my time.

After



After all, if your Lordship will tell my Lord Harley that I must not do this, you may depend upon a suppression of these verses (the only copy whereof I send you) but you never shall suppress that great, sincere, and entire respect, with which I am always

My Lord, your &c.

L E T T E R XXXII.

*The Earl of Oxford to Mr. Pope*

S I R, *Branston Castle, Nov. 6, 1721.*

I Received your packet, which could not but give me great pleasure, to see you preserve an old friend in your memory; for it must needs be very agreeable to be remember'd by those we highly value. But then how much shame did it cause me, when I read your very fine verses enclos'd? my mind reproach'd me how far short I came of what your great friendship and delicate pen would partially describe me. You ask my consent to publish it: to what streights doth this reduce me? I look back indeed to those evenings I have usefully and pleasantly spent, with Mr. Pope, Mr. Parnel, Dean Swift, the Doctor, &c. I should be glad the world knew You admitted me to your friendship, and since your affection is too hard for your judgment, I am contented to let the world know how well Mr. Pope can write upon a barren subject. I return you an exact copy of the verses, that I may keep the Original, as a testimony of the only error you have been guilty of. I hope very speedi-

I

ly

114      LETTERS to and from

ly to embrace you in London, and to assure you of the particular esteem and friendship wherewith I am

Your, &c.

OXFORD.

LETTER XXXIII.

*From Dr. Arbuthnot.*

*London, Sept. 7, 1714.*

**I** Am extreamly oblig'd to you for taking notice of a poor old distressed courtier, commonly the most despiseable thing in the world. This blow has so rous'd *Scriblerus* that he has recover'd his senses, and thinks and talks like other men. From being frolicksome and gay he is turn'd grave and morose. His lucubrations lye neglected amongst old news papers, cases, petitions, and abundance of unanswerable letters. I wish to God they had been amongst the papers of a noble Lord sealed up. Then might *Scriblerus* have pass'd for the Pretender, and it would have been a most excellent and laborious work for the Flying Post or some such author, to have allegoriz'd all his adventures into a plot, and found out mysteries somewhat like the Key to the Lock. Martin's office is now the second door on the left hand in Dover street, where he will be glad to see Dr. Parnell, Mr. Pope, and his old friends, to whom he can still afford a half pint of claret. It is with some pleasure that he contemplates the world still busy, and all mankind at work for him. I have seen a letter from Dean Swift; he keeps up his noble spirit, and tho' like a man knock'd down, you may behold him

him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries. I will add no more, being in haste, only that I will never forgive you if you don't use my forefaid house in Dover street with the same freedom as you did that in St. James's; for as our friendship was not begun upon the relation of a courtier, so I hope it will not end with it. I will always be proud to be reckon'd amongst the number of your friends and humble servants.

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## L E T T E R XXXIV.

To Dr. Arbuthnot.

Sept. 10.

I AM glad your Travels delighted you, improve you I am sure they could not; you are not so much a youth as that, tho' you run about with a King of sixteen, and (what makes him still more a child) a King of Frenchmen. My own time has been more melancholy, spent in an attendance upon death, which has seized one of our family; my mother is something better, though at her advanced age every day is a climacteric. There was joined to this an indisposition of my own, which I ought to look upon as a slight one compared with my mother's, because my life is not of half the consequence to any body, that her's is to me. All these incidents have hinder'd my more speedy reply to your obliging letter.

The article you enquire of, is of as little concern to me as you desire it should; namely the railing

papers about the Odyſſey. If the book has merit, it will extinguiſh all ſuch naſty ſcandal, as the Sun puts an end to ſtinks, meerly by coming out.

I wiſh I had nothing to trouble me more ; an honeſt mind is not in the power of any diſhoneſt one. To break its peace, there muſt be ſome guilt or conſciouſneſs, which is inconſiſtent with its own principles. Not but malice and injuſtice have their day, like ſome poor ſhort-lived vermine that die in ſhooting their own ſtings. Falſhood is Folly (ſays Homer) and liars and calumniators at laſt hurt none but themſelves, even in this world : in the next, 'tis charity to ſay, God have mercy on them ! they were the devil's vice-gerents upon earth, who is the father of lies, and I fear has a right to diſpoſe of his children.

I've had an occaſion to make theſe reflexions of late, more juſtly than from any thing that concerns my writings, for it is one that concerns my morals, and (which I ought to be as tender of as my own) the good character of another very innocent perſon, who I'm ſure ſhares your friendship no leſs than I do. No creature has better natural diſpoſitions, or would act more rightly or reaſonably in every duty, did ſhe act by herſelf, or from herſelf ; but you know it is the miſfortune of that family to be governed like a ſhip, I mean the Head guided by the Tail, and that by every wind that blows in it.



LETTER XXXV.

*The Duke of BUCKINGHAM to Mr. POPE.*

**Y**OU desire my opinion as to the late dispute in France concerning Homer ; And I think it excusable (at an age alas of not much pleasure) to amuse my self a little in taking notice of a controversy, than which nothing is at present more remarkable (even in a nation who value themselves so much upon the Belles Lettres) both on account of the illustrious subject of it, and of the two persons engaged in the quarrel.

The one is extraordinary in all the Lyrick kind of Poetry, even in the opinion of his very adversary. The other a Lady (and of more value for being so) not only of great Learning, but with a Genius admirably turn'd to that sort of it which most becomes her Sex for softness, genteelness, and promoting of vertue ; and such as (one would think) is not so liable as other parts of scholarship, to rough disputes, or violent animosity.

Yet it has so happen'd, that no writers, even about Divinity it self, have been more outrageous or uncharitable than these two polite authors ; by suffering their judgments to be a little warped (if I may use that expression) by the heat of their eager inclinations, to attack or defend so great an Author under debate : I wish for the sake of the publick, which is now so well entertain'd by their quarrel, it may not end at last in their agreeing to blame a third man who is so presumptuous as to censure both, if they should chance to hear of it.

To begin with matter of fact. M. D'Acier has well judg'd, that the best of all Poets certainly deserv'd a better translation, at least into French prose, because to see it done in verse was despair'd of : I believe indeed from a defect in that language, incapable of mounting to any degree of excellence suitable to so very great an undertaking.

She has not only perform'd this task as well as prose can do it, (which is indeed but as the wrong side of tapestry is able to represent the right) she has added to it also many learned and useful annotations. With all which she most obligingly delighted not only her own sex, but most of ours, ignorant of the Greek, and consequently her adversary himself, who frankly acknowledges that ignorance.

'Tis no wonder therefore if in doing this, she is grown so inamour'd of that unspeakably-charming Author, as to have a kind of horror at the least mention of a man bold enough to blame him.

Now as to M. de la Motte, he being already deservedly famous for all sorts of Lyrick poetry, was so far introduc'd by her into those beauties of the Epick kind, (tho' but in that way of translation) as not to resist the pleasure and hope of reputation by attempting that in verse, which had been applauded so much for the difficulty of doing it even in prose ; knowing how this, well executed, must extreamly transcend the other.

But, as great Poets are a little apt to think they have an ancient right of being excus'd for vanity on all occasions ; he was not content to out-do M. D'Acier, but endeavour'd to out-do Homer himself, and all that ever in any age or nation went before him in the same enterprize ; by leaving out, altering, or adding whatever he thought best.

Against

Against this presumptuous attempt, Homer has been in all times so well defended, as not to need my small assistance; yet I must needs say his excellencies are such, that for their sakes he deserves a much gentler touch for his seeming errors. These if M. de la Motte had translated as well as the rest, with an apology for having retain'd 'em only out of meer veneration; his judgment in my opinion would have appear'd much greater than by the best of his alterations, though I admit them to be written very finely. I join with M. de la Motte in wondering at some odd things in Homer, but 'tis chiefly because of his sublime ones, I was about to say his divine ones, which almost surprize me at finding him any where in the fallible condition of humane nature.

And now we are wond'ring, I am in a difficulty to guess what can be the reason of these exceptions against Homer, from one who has himself translated him, contrary to the general custom of translators. Is there not a little of that in it? I mean to be singular, in getting above the title of a Translator, tho' sufficiently honourable in this case. For such an ambition no body has less occasion, than one who is so fine a Poet in other kinds; and who must have too much wit to believe, any alteration of another can intitle him to the denomination of an *Epick Poet* himself: tho' no man in this age seems more capable of being a good one, if the French tongue would bear it. Yet in his translation he has done too well, to leave any doubt (with all his faults) that he's can be ever parallel'd with it.

Besides he could not be ignorant, that finding faults is the most easy and vulgar part of a critick; whereas nothing shews so much skill and taste both, as the being thoroughly sensible of the sublimest excellencies.

What can we say in excuse of all this? *Humanum est errare*: Since as good a Poet as I believe the French language is capable of, and as sharp a Critick as any nation can produce, has by too much censuring Homer, subjected a translation to censure, that would have otherwise stood the test of the severest adversary.

But since he would needs chuse that wrong way of criticism, I wonder he miss'd a stone so easy to be thrown against Homer, for his filling the *Iliad* with so much slaughter, (for that is to be excused, since a War is not capable of being described without it) but with so many various particulars of wounds and horror, as shew the writer (I am afraid) so delighted that way himself, as not the least to doubt his reader being so also. Like Spanioletta, whose dismal pictures are the more disagreeable for being always so very movingly painted. Even Hector's last parting from his son and Andromache, hardly makes us amends for his body's being dragg'd thrice round the town. M. de la Motte in his strongest objection about that dismal combat, has sufficient cause to blame his intrag'd adversary; who here gives an instance that it is impossible to be violent without committing some mistake; her passion for Homer blinding her too much to perceive the very grossest of his failings. By which warning I am become a little more capable of impartiality, though in a dispute about that very Poet for whom I have the greatest veneration.

M. D'Acier might have consider'd a little, that whatever were the motives of M. de la Motte to so bold a proceeding, it could not darken that fame which I am sure she thinks shines securely even after the vain attempts of Plato himself against it: caus'd only perhaps by a like reason with that of Madam D'Acier's  
anger



anger against M. de la Motte, namely, the finding that in prose his genius (great as it was) could not be capable of the sublime heights of poetry, which therefore he banish'd out of his common-wealth.

Nor were these objections to Homer any more lessening of her merit in translating him as well as that way is capable of, viz. fully, plainly, and elegantly, than the most admirable verses can be any disparagement to as excellent prose.

The best excuse for all this violence is, its being in a cause which gives a kind of reputation even to suffering, notwithstanding ever so ill a management of it.

The worst of defending even Homer in such a passionate manner, is its being more a proof of her weakness, than of his being liable to none. For what is it can excuse Homer any more than Hector, for flying at the first sight of Achilles? whose terrible aspect sure needed not such an inexcusable fright to set it off; and methinks all that account of Minerva's restoring his dart to Achilles, comes a little too late, for excusing Hector's so terrible apprehension at the very first.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

*To the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM.

*Sept. 1, 1718.*

**I** Am much honour'd by your Grace's compliance with my request, in giving me your opinion of the French dispute concerning Homer. And I shall keep my word, in fairly telling wherein I disagree from

from you. It is but in two or three very small points, not so much of the dispute, as of the parties concern'd in it. I cannot think quite so highly of the Lady's learning, tho' I respect it very much. It is great complaisance in that polite nation, to allow her to be a Critic of equal rank with her husband. To instance no further, his remarks on Horace shew more good Sense, Penetration, and a better Taste of his author, and those upon Aristotle's art of poetry more Skill and Science, than any of hers on any author whatever. In truth, they are much more slight, dwell more in generals, and are besides for the most part less her own; of which her remarks upon Homer are an example, where Eustathius is transcribed ten times for once that he is quoted. Nor is there at all more depth or learning in those upon Terence, Plautus, (or where they were most wanted) upon Aristophanes, only the Greek scholia upon the latter are some of the best extant.

Your Grace will believe me, that I did not search to find defects in a Lady; my employment upon the *Iliad* forc'd me to see them; yet I have had so much of the French complaisance as to conceal her thefts; for wherever I have found her notes to be wholly another's, (which is the case in some hundreds) I have barely quoted the true Proprietor without observing upon it. If Madam Dacier has ever seen my observations, she will be sensible of this conduct, but what effect it may have upon a Lady, I will not answer for.

In the next place, as to Mr. de la Motte, I think your Grace hardly does him right, in supposing he could have no Idea of the beauties of Homer's Epic Poetry but what he learn'd from Madam Dacier's Prose-translation, There had been a very elegant Prose-transla-

translation before, that of Monsieur de la Valterie, so elegant, that the style of it was evidently the original and model of the famous Telamaque. Your Grace very justly animadvertes against the too great disposition of finding faults, in the one, and of confessing none, in the other : But doubtless, as to Violence, the Lady has infinitely the better of the Gentleman. Nothing can be more polite, dispassionate or sensible, than Mr. de la Motte's manner of managing the dispute : and so much as I see your Grace admires the beauty of his verse (in which you have the suffrage too of the Archbishop of Cambray) I will venture to say, his prose is full as good. I think therefore when you say, no disputants ev'n in Divinity could be more outrageous and uncharitable than these two authors, you are a little too hard upon M. de la Motte. Not but that (with your Grace) I doubt as little of the zeal of Commentators as of the zeal of Divines, and am as ready to believe of the passions and pride of mankind in general, that (did but the same interests go along with them) they wou'd carry the learned world to as violent extremes, animosities, and even persecutions, about variety of opinions in Criticism, as ever they did about Religion : and that in defect of Scripture to quarrel upon, we shou'd have French, Italian, and Dutch Commentators ready to burn one another about Homer, Virgil, Terence and Horace,

I do not wonder your Grace is shock'd at the flight of Hector upon the first appearance of Achilles in the twenty-second Iliad. However (to shew my self a true Commentator, if not a true Critick) I will endeavour to excuse, if not to defend it, in my notes on that Book. And to save my self what trouble I can, instead of doing it in this letter, I will draw up the substance of what I have to say for it in a separate  
paper

paper which I'll shew your Grace when next we meet. I will only desire you to allow me, that Hector was in an absolute certainty of death, and depress'd over and above with the conscience of being in an ill cause. If your heart be so great, as not to grant the first of these will sink the spirit of a Hero, you'll at least be so good, as to allow the second may. But I can tell your Grace, no less a Hero than my Lord Peterborow, when a person complimented him for never being afraid, made this answer; "Sir, shew  
" me a danger that I think an imminent and real  
" one, and I promise you I'll be as much afraid  
" as any of you." I am your Grace's, &c.

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# LETTERS

TO and FROM

EDWARD BLOUNT, *Esq;*

From 1714, to 1725.

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## LETTER I.

Mr. Pope to Edward Blount, *Esq;*

*Aug. 27, 1714.*  
**W**Hatever studies on the one hand, or Amusements on the other, it shall be my fortune to fall into, I shall be equally incapable of forgetting you in any of 'em. The task I undertook \*, tho' of weight enough in itself, has had a voluntary increase by the enlarging my design of the *Notes*; and the necessity of consulting a number of books has carry'd me to Oxford: but I fear, thro' my Lord Harcourt's and Dr Clarke's means, I shall be more conversant with the pleasures and company of the place, than with the books and manuscripts of it.

I find still more reason to complain of the negligence of the Geographers in their Maps of old

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\* The Translation of *Homer's Iliad*.

Greece, since I look'd upon two or three more noted names in the publick libraries here. But with all the care I am capable of, I have some cause to fear the engraver will prejudice me in a few situations. I have been forc'd to write to him in so high a style, that were my epistle intercepted, it would raise no small admiration in an ordinary man. There is scarce an order in it of less importance, than to remove such and such mountains, alter the course of such and such rivers, place a large city on such a coast, and raze another in another country. I have set bounds to the sea, and said to the land, thus far shalt thou advance, and no further \*. In the mean time, I who talk and command at this rate, am in danger of losing my horse, and stand in some fear of a country Justice. To disarm me indeed may be but prudential, considering what Armies I have at present on foot, and in my service: a hundred thousand Grecians are no contemptible body; for all that I can tell, they may be as formidable as four thousand Priests; and they seem proper forces to send against those in Barcelona. That siege deserves as fine a poem as the Iliad, and the machining part of poetry would be the juster in it, as they say the inhabitants expect Angels from heaven to their assistance. May I venture to say who am a Papist, and say to you who are a Papist, that nothing is more astonishing to me, than that people so greatly warm'd with a sense of Liberty, should be capable of harbour-

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\* *This relates to the Map of ancient Greece, laid down by our Author in his observations on the second Iliad.*

ring such weak superstition, and that so much bravery and so much folly can inhabit the same breasts?

I could not but take a trip to London on the death of the Queen, mov'd by the common curiosity of mankind, who leave their own business to be looking upon other mens. I thank God that as for myself, I am below all the accidents of state-changes by my circumstances, and above them by my philosophy. Common charity of man to man, and universal good will to all, are the points I have most at heart; and I am sure those are not to be broken, for the sake of any governors, or government. I am willing to hope the best, and what I more wish than my own or any particular man's advancement, is, that this turn may put an end entirely to the Divisions of Whig and Tory, that the parties may love each other as well as I love them both, or at least hurt each other as little as I would either: and that our own people may live as quietly as we shall certainly let theirs; that is to say, that want of power itself in us may not be a surer prevention of harm, than want of will in them. I am sure, if all Whigs and all Tories had the spirit of one Roman Catholick that I know, it would be well for all Roman Catholicks; and if all Roman Catholicks had always had that spirit, it had been well for all others; and we had never been charg'd with so wicked a spirit as that of Persecution.

I agree with you in my sentiments of the state of our nation since this change: I find myself just in the same situation of mind you describe as your own, heartily wishing the good, that is, the quiet of my country, and hoping a total end of all the unhappy divisions of mankind by party-spirit, which

at best is but the madness of many for the gain of a few.

I am &c.

## LETTER II.

*From Mr. Blount.*

**I**T is with a great deal of pleasure I see your letter, dear Sir, written in a stile that shows you full of health, and in the midst of diversions: I think those two things necessary to a man who has such undertakings in hand as yours. All lovers of Homer are indebted to you for taking so much pains about the situation of his Hero's kingdoms; it will not only be of great use with regard to his works, but to all that read any of the Greek Historians; who generally are ill understood thro' the difference of the maps as to the places they treat of, which makes one think one author contradicts another. You are going to set us right; and 'tis an advantage every body will gladly see you engross the glory of.

You can draw rules to be free and easy, from formal pedants; and teach men to be short and pertinent, from tedious commentators. However, I congratulate your happy deliverance from such authors, as you (with all your humanity) cannot wish alive again to converse with. Criticks will quarrel with you, if you dare to please without their leave; and Zealots will shrug up their shoulders at a man, that pretends to get to Heaven out of their form, dress, and diet. I would no more make a judgment of an author's ge-  
nius



nus from a damning critick, than I would of a man's religion from an unsaving zealot.

I could take great delight in affording you the new glory of making a *Barceloniad* (if I may venture to coin such a word) I fancy you would find a juster parallel than it seems at first sight; for the Trojans too had a great mixture of folly with their bravery: and I am out of countenance for them when I read the wise result of their council, where after a warm debate between Antenor and Paris about restoring Helen, Priam sagely determines that they shall go to supper. And as for the Greeks, what can equal their superstition in sacrificing an innocent lady?

*Tantum Religio potuit, &c.*

I have a good opinion of my politicks, since they agree with a man who always thinks so justly as you. I wish it were in our power to persuade all the nation into as calm and steady a disposition of mind.

We have receiv'd the late melancholy news, with the usual ceremony, of condoling in one breath for the loss of a gracious Queen, and in another rejoicing for an illustrious King. My views carry me no farther, than to wish the peace and welfare of my country; and my morals and politicks teach me to leave all that to be adjusted by our representatives above, and to divine providence. It is much at one to you and me who sit at the helm, provided they will permit us to sail quietly in the great ship. Ambition is a vice that is timely mortify'd in us poor Papists; we ought in recompence to cultivate as many virtues in our selves as we can, that we may be truly great. Among my Ambitions, that of being a sincere friend is one of the chief; yet I will confess that I have a  
secret

secret pleasure to have some of my descendants know, that their Ancestor was great with Mr. Pope.

I am, &c.

### LETTER III.

*From Mr. Blount.*

*Nov. 11, 1713.*

**I**T is an agreement of long date between you and me, that you should do with my letters just as you pleased, and answer them at your leisure, and that is as soon as I shall think you ought. I have so true a taste of the substantial part of your friendship, that I wave all ceremonials; and am sure to make you as many visits as I can, and leave you to return them whenever you please, assuring you they shall at all times be heartily welcome to me.

The many alarms we have from your parts, have no effect upon the genius that reigns in our country, which is happily turn'd to preserve peace and quiet among us. What a dismal scene has there been open'd in the North? what ruin have those unfortunate rash gentlemen drawn upon themselves and their miserable followers, and perchance upon many others too, who upon no account would be their followers? However, it may look ungenerous to reproach people in distress. I don't remember you and I ever used to trouble ourselves about politicks, but when any matter happen'd to fall into our discourse, we us'd to condemn all undertakings that tended towards the disturbing the  
peace

peace and quiet of our country, as contrary to the notions we had of morality and religion, which oblige us on no pretence whatsoever to violate the laws of charity: how many lives have there been lost in hot blood, and how many more are there like to be taken off in cold? If the broils of the nation affect you, come down to me, and though we are farmers, you know Eumeus made his friends welcome. You shall here worship the Eccho at your ease; indeed we are forc'd to do so, because we can't hear the first report, and therefore are obliged to listen to the second; which for security sake, I do not always believe neither.

'Tis a great many years since I fell in love with the character of Pomponius Atticus: I long'd to imitate him a little, and have contriv'd hitherto, to be like him engaged in no party, but to be a faithful friend to some in both: I find myself very well in this way hitherto, and live in a certain peace of mind by it, which I am perswaded brings a man more content than all the perquisites of wild ambition. I with pleasure join with you in wishing, nay I am not ashamed to say, in praying for the welfare temporal and eternal of all mankind. How much more affectionately then shall I do so for you, since I am in a most particular manner and with all sincerity

Your, &c.

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L E T T E R IV.

*Jan. 21, 1715-16.*

I Know of nothing that will be so interesting to you at present, as some circumstances of the last act of

of that eminent comick poet, and our friend, Wycherly. He had often told me, as I doubt not he did all his acquaintance, that he would marry as soon as his life was despair'd of: Accordingly a few days before his death he underwent the ceremony; and join'd together those two sacraments which wise men say should be the last we receive; for if you observe, matrimony is plac'd after extreme unction in our catechism, as a kind of hint of the order of time in which they are to be taken. The old man then lay down, satisfy'd in the conscience of having by this one act paid his just debts, oblig'd a woman who (he was told) had merit, and shewn an heroick resentment of the ill usage of his next heir. Some hundred pounds which he had with the Lady, discharged those debts; a jointure of four hundred a year made her a recompense; and the nephew he left to comfort himself as well as he could, with the miserable remains of a mortgaged estate. I saw our friend twice after this was done, less peevish in his sickness than he used to be in his health; neither much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much ashamed of marrying. The evening before he expired, he called his young wife to the bedside, and earnestly entreated her not to deny him one request, the last he should make. Upon her assurances of consenting to it, he told her, "My dear, it is only this, that you will never marry an old man again." I cannot help remarking that sickness, which often destroys both wit and wisdom, yet seldom has power to remove that talent which we call humour: Mr. Wycherley shew'd his, even in this last compliment; tho' I think his request a little hard, for why should he bar her from doubling her Jointure on the same easy terms?



So trivial as these circumstances are, I should not be displeas'd my self to know such trifles, when they concern or characterise any eminent person. The wisest and wittiest of men are seldom wiser or wittier than others in these sober moments: At least, our friend ended much in the character he had lived in: and Horace's rule for a play, may as well be apply'd to him as a play-wright.

——— *Servetur ad imum*  
*Qualis ab inceptu processerit, & sibi constet.*

I am, &c.

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L E T T E R V.

Feb. 10, 1715 16.

I Am just return'd from the country, whither Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and pass'd a week in the Forest. I need not tell you how much a man of his turn entertain'd me; but I must acquaint you there is a vivacity and gaiety of disposition almost peculiar to him, which make it impossible to part from him without that uneasiness which generally succeeds all our pleasures. I have been just taking a solitary walk by moon-shine, full of reflections on the transitory nature of all human delights; and giving my thoughts a loose in the contemplation of those satisfactions which probably we may hereafter taste in the company of separate spirits, when we shall range the walks above, and perhaps gaze on this world at as vast a distance as we now do on those worlds. The pleasures we are to enjoy in that conversation must  
undoubt-

undoubtedly be of a nobler kind, and (not unlikely) may proceed from the discoveries each shall communicate to another, of God and of nature; for the happiness of minds can surely be nothing but knowledge.

The highest gratification we receive here from company is Mirth, which at the best is but a fluttering inquiet motion, that beats about the breast for a few moments, and after leaves it void and empty. Keeping good company, even the best, is but a less shameful art of losing time. What we here call science and study, are little better: the greater number of arts to which we apply ourselves are meer groping in the dark; and even the search of our most important concerns in a future being, is but a needless, anxious, and uncertain haste to be knowing, sooner than we can, what without all this solicitude we shall know a little later. We are but curious impertinents in the case of futurity. 'Tis not our business to be guessing what the state of souls shall be, but to be doing what may make our own state happy; we cannot be knowing, but we can be virtuous.

If this be my notion of a great part of that high science, Divinity, you will be so civil as to imagine I lay no mighty stress upon the rest. Even of my darling poetry I really make no other use, than horses of the bells that gingle about their ears (tho' now and then they toss their heads as if they were proud of 'em) only to jogg on, a little more merrily.

Your observations on the narrow conceptions of mankind in the point of friendship, confirm me in what I was so fortunate as at my first knowledge of you to hope, and since so amply to experience. Let me take so much decent pride and dignity upon me, as to tell you, that but for opinions like these which I discover'd in your mind, I had never made the  
trial

trial I have done ; which has succeeded so much to mine, and I believe not less to your satisfaction: for if I know you right, your pleasure is greater in obliging me, than I can feel on my part, till it falls in my power to oblige you.

Your remark, that the variety of opinions in politics or religion is often rather a gratification, than an objection, to people who have sense enough to consider the beautiful order of nature in her variations; makes me think you have not construed *Joannes Secundus* wrong, in the verse which precedes that which you quote: *Bene nota Fides*, as I take it, does no way signify the Roman Catholic Religion, tho' *Secundus* was of it. I think it was a generous thought, and one that flow'd from an exalted mind, that it was not improbable but God might be delighted with the various methods of worshiping him, which divided the whole world. I am pretty sure you and I should no more make good Inquisitors to the modern tyrants in faith, than we could have been qualify'd for Lictors to Procrustes, when he converted refractory members with the rack. In a word, I can only repeat to you what I think I have formerly said; that I as little fear God will damn a man who has Charity, as I hope that any Priest can save him without it.

I am, &c.

## LETTER VI.

March 20, 1715-16

I Find that a real concern is not only a hindrance to speaking, but to writing too: the more time

See *Whit's Barrington's Lectures* <sup>WS</sup>

we give our selves to think over one's own or a friend's unhappiness, the more unable we grow to express the grief that proceeds from it. It is as natural to delay a letter, at such a season as this, as to retard a melancholy visit to a person one cannot relieve. One is ashamed in that circumstance, to pretend to entertain people with trifling, insignificant affectations of sorrow on the one hand, or unseasonable and forced gayeties on the other. 'Tis a kind of profanation of things sacred; to treat so solemn a matter as a generous voluntary Suffering, with compliments, or heroic gallantries. Such a mind as your's has no need of being spirited up into honour, or like a weak woman, praised into an opinion of its own virtue. 'Tis enough to do and suffer what we ought; and men should know, that the noble power of suffering bravely is as far above that of enterprizing greatly, as an unblemish'd conscience and inflexible resolution are above an accidental flow of spirits, or a sudden tide of blood. If the whole religious business of mankind be included in resignation to our maker, and charity to our fellow creatures; there are now some people who give us as good an opportunity of practising the one, as themselves have given an instance of the violation of the other. Whoever is really brave, has always this comfort when he is oppress'd, that he knows himself to be superior to those who injure him: for the greatest power on earth can no sooner do him that injury, but the brave man can make himself greater by forgiving it.

If it were generous to seek for alleviating consolations in a calamity of so much glory, one might say that to be ruin'd thus in the gross, with a whole  
people,



people, is but like perishing in the general conflagration, where nothing we can value is left behind us.

Methinks the most heroic thing we are left capable of doing, is to endeavour to lighten each other's load, and (oppress'd as we are) to succour such as are yet more oppress'd. If there are too many who cannot be assisted but by what we cannot give, our money; there are yet others who may be relieved by our counsel, by our countenance, and even by our chearfulness. The misfortunes of private families, the misunderstandings of people whom distresses make suspicious, the coldnesses of relations whom change of religion may disunite, or the necessities of half-ruin'd estates render unkind to each other; these at least may be soften'd in some degree, by a general well-manag'd humanity among ourselves; if all those who have your principles of belief, had also your sense and conduct. But indeed most of 'em have given lamentable proofs of the contrary; and 'tis to be apprehended that they who want sense, are only religious thro' weakness, and good-natur'd thro' shame. These are narrow-minded creatures that never deal in essentials, their faith never looks beyond ceremonials, nor their charity beyond relations. As poor as I am, I would gladly relieve any distressed, conscientious French refugee at this instant: what must my concern then be, when I perceive so many anxieties now tearing those hearts, which I have desired a place in, and clouds of melancholy rising on those faces, which I have long look'd upon with affection? I begin already to feel both what some apprehend, and what others are yet too stupid to apprehend. I grieve with the old, for so many additional inconveniencies and chagrins, more than their small remain of life seem'd destin'd to undergo; and with the young, for so many of

those gayeties and pleasures (the portion of youth) which they will by this means be depriv'd of. This brings into my mind one or other of those I love best, and among them the widow and fatherless, late of— As I am certain no people living had an earlier and truer sense of others misfortunes, or a more generous resignation as to what might be their own, so I earnestly wish that whatever part they must bear, may be render'd as supportable to them, as it is in the power of any friend to make it.

But I know you have prevented me in this thought, as you always will in any thing that's good, or generous: I find by a letter of your lady's (which I have seen) that their ease and tranquillity is part of your care. I believe there's some fatality in it, that you should always, from time to time, be doing those particular things that make me enamour'd of you.

I write this from Windsor Forest, of which I am come to take my last look. We here bid our neighbours adieu, much as those who go to be hang'd do their fellow-prisoners, who are condemn'd to follow them a few weeks after. I parted from honest Mr. D\* with tendernefs; and from old Sir William Trumbull as from a venerable prophet, foretelling with lifted hands the miseries to come, from which he is just going to be remov'd himself.

Perhaps, now I have learnt so far as

— *Nos dulcia linquimus arva,*

My next lesson may be

*Nos Patriam fugimus* —

Let

Let that, and all else be as Heaven pleases! I have provided just enough to keep me a man of honour. I believe you and I shall never be ashamed of each other. I know I wish my Country well, and if it undoes me, it shall not make me wish it otherwise.

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## L E T T E R VII.

*From Mr. Blount.*

*March 24. 1715-16.*

**Y**OUR letters give me a gleam of satisfaction, in the midst of a very dark and cloudy situation of thoughts, which it would be more than human to be exempt from at this time, when our homes must either be left, or be made too narrow for us to turn in. Poetically speaking, I should lament the loss Windsor Forest and you sustain of each other, but that methinks one can't say you are parted, because you will live by and in one another, while verse is verse. This consideration hardens me in my opinion rather to congratulate you, since you have the pleasure of the prospect whenever you take it from your shelf, and at the same time the solid cash you sold it for, of which Virgil in his exile knew nothing in those days, and which will make every place easy to you. I for my part am not so happy; my *parva rura* are fasten'd to me, so that I can't exchange them as you have, for more portable means of subsistence; and yet I hope to gather enough to make the *Patriam fugimus* supportable to me: 'tis what I am resolved on, with my *Penates*. If therefore you

ask me to whom you shall complain? I will exhort you to leave laziness and the elms of St. James's Park, and choose to join the other two proposals in one, safety and friendship, (the least of which is a good motive for most things, as the other is for almost every thing) and go with me where War will not reach us, nor paltry Constables summon us to vestrys.

The future epistle you flatter me with, will find me still here, and I think I may be here a month longer. Whenever I go from hence, one of the few reasons to make me regret my home will be that I shall not have the pleasure of saying to you

*Hic tamen hanc mecum poteris requiescere noſsem,*

which would have render'd this place more agreeable, than ever it else could be to me; for I protest it is with the utmost sincerity that I assure you I am entirely

Dear Sir,

Yours, &c,

## LETTER VIII.

*June 22, 1716.*

**I**F a regard both to publick and private affairs may plead a lawful excuse in behalf of a negligent correspondent, I have really a very good title to it. I cannot say whether 'tis a felicity or unhappiness, that I am obliged at this time to give up my whole application to Homer; when without that employment,



ment, my thoughts must turn upon what is less agreeable, the violence, madness and resentment of modern War-makers, † which are likely to prove (to some people at least) more fatal, than the same qualities in Achilles did to his unfortunate countrymen.

Tho' the change of my scene of life, from Windsor forest to the side of the Thames, be one of the grand *Æra*'s of my days, and may be called a notable period in so inconsiderable a history; yet you can scarce imagine any hero passing from one stage of life to another, with so much tranquillity, so easy a transition, and so laudable a behaviour. I am become so truly a citizen of the world (according to Plato's expression) that I look with equal indifference on what I have lost, and on what I have gained. The times and amusements past are not more like a dream to me, than those which are present: I lie in a refreshing kind of inaction, and have one comfort at least from obscurity, that the darkness helps me to sleep the better. I now and then reflect upon the enjoyment of my friends, whom I fancy I remember much as separate spirits do us, at tender intervals, neither interrupting their own employments, nor altogether careless of ours, but in general constantly wishing us well, and hoping to have us one day in their company.

To grow indifferent to the world is to grow philosophical, or religious (which-soever of those turns we chance to take) and indeed the world is such a thing, as one that thinks pretty much, must

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† *This was written in the year of the affair of Preston.*

either laugh at, or be angry with: but if we laugh at it, they say we are proud; and if we are angry with it, they say we are ill-natur'd. So the most politick way is to seem always better pleas'd than one can be, greater admirers, greater lovers, and in short greater fools, than we really are: so shall we live comfortably with our families, quietly with our neighbours, favour'd by our masters, and happy with our mistresses. I have filled my paper, and so adieu.

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## L E T T E R IX.

Sept. 8, 1717.

**I** Think your leaving England was like a good man's leaving the world, with the blessed conscience of having acted well in it: and I hope you have received your reward, in being happy where you are. I believe, in the religious country you inhabit, you'll be better pleas'd to find I consider you in this light, than if I compared you to those Greeks and Romans, whose constancy in suffering pain, and whose resolution in pursuit of a generous end, you would rather imitate than boast of.

But I had a melancholy hint the other day, as if you were yet a martyr to the fatigue your virtue made you undergo on this side the water. I beg if your health be restor'd to you not to deny me the joy of knowing it. Your endeavours of service and good advice to the poor papists, put me in mind of Noah's preaching forty years to those folks that were to be drowned at last. At the worst I heartily wish your Ark may find an Ararat,  
and

and the wife and family, (the hopes of the good patriarch) land safely after the deluge, upon the shore of Totness.

If I durst mix prophane with sacred history, I would chear you with the old tale of Brutus the wandering Trojan, who found on that very coast the happy end of his peregrinations and adventures.

I have very lately read Jeffery of Monmouth (to whom your Cornwall is not a little beholden) in the translation of a clergyman in my neighbourhood. The poor man is highly concerned to vindicate Jeffery's veracity as an historian; and told me he was perfectly astonished, we of the Roman communion could doubt of the legends of his Giants, while we believ'd those of our Saints? I am forced to make a fair composition with him; and, by crediting some of the wonders of Corinæus and Gogmagog, have brought him so far already, that he speaks respectfully of St. Christopher's carrying Christ, and the resuscitation of St. Nicholas Tolentine's chickens. Thus we proceed apace in converting each other from all manner of infidelity.

Ajax and Hector are no more compared to Corinæus and Arthur, than the Guelphs and Ghibellines were to the Mohocks of ever dreadful memory. This amazing writer has made me lay aside Homer for a week, and when I take him up again, I shall be very well prepared to translate, with belief and reverence, the speech of Achilles's Horse.

You'll excuse all this trifling, or any thing else which prevents a sheet full of compliment: and believe there is nothing more true (even more true than any thing in Jeffery is false) than that I have a constant affection for you, and am, &c.

P. S. I know you will take part in rejoicing for the victory of Prince Eugene over the Turks, in the zeal you bear to the Christian interest, tho' your Cousin of Oxford (with whom I dined yesterday) says, there is no other difference in the Christians beating the Turks, or the Turks beating the Christians, than whether the Emperor shall first declare war against Spain, or Spain declare it against the Emperor?

## L E T T E R X.

Nov. 27, 1717.

**T**HE question you proposed to me is what at present I am the most unfit man in the world to answer, by my loss of one of the best of Fathers.

He had liv'd in such a course of Temperance as was enough to make the longest life agreeable to him, and in such a course of Piety as suffic'd to make the most sudden death so also. Sudden indeed it was: however, I heartily beg of God to give me such an one, provided I can lead such a life. I leave him to the mercy of God, and to the piety of a religion that extends beyond the grave: *Si qua est cura*, &c.

He has left me to the ticklish management of so narrow a fortune, that any one false step would be fatal. My mother is in that dispirited state of resignation, which is the effect of long life, and the loss of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a friend, of such an humane turn as yourself, to make almost any thing desirable to us. I feel your absence more than ever, at the same time I can less express my regards to you than ever; and shall make this, which



which is the most sincere letter I ever writ to you, the shortest and faintest perhaps of any you have receiv'd. 'Tis enough if you reflect, that barely to remember any person when one's mind is taken up with a sensible sorrow, is a great degree of friendship. I can say no more but that I love you, and all that are yours; and that I wish it may be very long before any of yours shall feel for you what I now feel for my father. Adieu.

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## LETTER XI.

*Rentcomb in Gloucestershire, Oct. 3. 1721.*

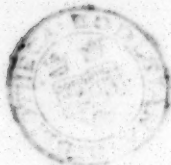
**Y**OUR kind letter has overtaken me here, for I have been in and about this country ever since your departure. I am well pleas'd to date this from a place so well known to Mrs. Blount, where I write as if I were dictated by her ancestors, whose faces are all upon me. I fear none so much as Sir Christopher Guise, who being in his shirt, seems as ready to combat me, as her own Sir John was to demolish Duke Lancastere. I dare say your lady will recollect his figure. I look'd upon the mansion, walls, and terraces; the plantations, and slopes, which nature has made to command a variety of vallies and rising woods; with a veneration mixt with a pleasure, that represented her to me in those puerile amusements, which engaged her so many years ago in this place. I fancy'd I saw her sober over a sampler, or gay over a joynted baby. I dare say she did one thing more, even in those early times; "remember'd her Creator in the days of her youth".

You

You describe so well your heremital state of life, that none of the ancient anchorites could go beyond you, for a cave in a rock, with a fine spring, or any of the accommodations that besit a solitary. Only I don't remember to have read, that any of those venerable and holy personages took with them a lady, and begat sons and daughters. You must modestly be content to be accounted a patriarch. But were you a little younger, I should rather rank you with Sir Amadis, and his fellows. If piety be so romantick, I shall turn hermit in good earnest; for I see one may go so far as to be poetical, and hope to save one's soul at the same time. I really wish myself something more, that is, a prophet; for I wish I were as Habakkuk, to be taken by the hair of the head, and visit Daniel in his den. You are very obliging in saying, I have now a whole family upon my hands to whom to discharge the part of a friend: I assure you I like 'em all so well, that I will never quit my hereditary right to them; you have made me yours, and consequently them mine. I still see them walking on my green at Twickenham, and gratefully remember, not only their green gowns, but the instructions they gave me how to slide down and trip up the steepest slopes of my mount.

Pray think of me sometimes, as I shall often of you; and know me for what I am, that is,

Your, &c.



LETTER

## LETTER XII.

Oct. 21, 1721.

**Y**OUR very kind and obliging manner of enquiring after me, among the first concerns of life at your resuscitation, should have been sooner answer'd and acknowledg'd. I sincerely rejoice at your recovery from an illness which gave me less pain than it did you, only from my ignorance of it. I should have else been seriously and deeply afflicted, in the thought of your danger by a fever. I think it a fine and a natural thought, which I lately read in a letter of Montaigne's publish'd by P. Colte, giving an account of the last words of an intimate friend of his: 'Adieu my friend! the pain I feel will soon be over, but I grieve for that you are to feel, which is to last you for life.

I joyn with your family in giving God thanks for lending us a worthy man somewhat longer. The comforts you receive from their attendance, put me in mind of what old Fletcher of Saltoune said one day to me. 'Alas, I have nothing to do but to dye; 'I am a poor individual; no creature to wish, or 'to fear, for my life or death: 'Tis the only reason 'I have to repent being a single man; now I grow 'old, I am like a tree without a prop, and without 'young trees to grow round me, for company and 'defence.

I hope the gout will soon go after the fever, and all evil things remove far from you. But pray tell me, when will you move towards us? if you had an interval to get hither, I care not what fixes you afterwards, except the gout. Pray come, and never stir  
from

from us again. Do away your dirty acres, cast 'em to dirty people, such as in the scripture phrase possess the land. Shake off your earth like the noble animal in Milton,

*The tawny Lyon, pawing to get free  
His hinder parts, he springs as broke from bonds,  
And rampant shakes his brinded main: the ounce,  
The lizard, and the tiger, as the mole  
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw  
In hillocks!*

But I believe Milton never thought these fine verses of his should be apply'd to a man selling a parcel of dirty acres; tho' in the main I think it may have some resemblance. For God knows this little space of ground nourishes, buries, and confines us, as that of Eden did those creatures, till we can shake it loose, at least in our affections and desires.

Believe, dear Sir, I truly love and value you; let Mrs. Blount know that she is in the list of my *Memento Domine's famulorum famularumque's*, &c. My poor mother is far from well, declining; and I am watching over her, as we watch an expiring taper, that even when it looks brightest, wastes fastest. I am (as you will see from the whole air of this letter) not in the gayest nor easiest humour, but always with sincerity,

Your, &c.

LETTER



## L E T T E R XIII.

June 27, 1723.

**Y**OU may truly do me the justice to think no man is more your sincere well-wisher than myself, or more the sincere well-wisher of your whole family; with all which, I cannot deny but I have a mixture of envy to you all, for loving one another so well; and for enjoying the sweets of that life, which can only be tasted by people of good will.

*They from all shades the darkness can exclude,  
And from a desert banish solitude.*

Torbay is a paradise, and a storm is but an amusement to such people. If you drink Tea upon a promontory that overhangs the sea, it is preferable to an Assembly; and the whistling of the wind better musick to contented and loving minds, than the Opera to the spleenful, ambitious, diseas'd, distast'd, and distracted souls which this world affords; nay, this world affords no other. Happy they! who are banish'd from us: but happier they, who can banish themselves; or more properly banish the world from them!

Alas! I live at Twickenham!

I take that period to be very sublime, and to include more than a hundred sentences that might be writ to express distraction, hurry, multiplication of nothings, and all the fatiguing perpetual business of having no business to do. You'll wonder I reckon translating  
the

the *Odyſſey* as nothing? But whenever I think ſeriously (and of late I have met with ſo many occaſions of thinking ſeriously, that I begin never to think otherwiſe) I cannot but think theſe things very idle; as idle as if a beaſt of burden ſhou'd go on jingling his bells, without bearing any thing valuable about him, or ever ſerving his maſter.

*Life's vain Amuſements, amidſt which we dwell;  
Not weigh'd, or underſtood, by the grim God of Hell!*

ſaid a heathen poet; as he is tranſlated by a chriſtian Biſhop, who has firſt by his exhortations, and ſince by his example, taught me to think as becomes a reaſonable creature. ——— but he is gone!

I remember I promis'd to write to you, as ſoon as I ſhould hear you were got home. You muſt look on this as the firſt day I've been myſelf, and paſs over the mad interval un-imputed to me. How punctual a correſpondent I ſhall hence-forward be able or not able to be, God knows: but he knows I ſhall ever be a punctual and grateful friend, and all the good wiſhes of ſuch an one will ever attend you.

#### L E T T E R. XIV.

*Twick'nam, June 2, 1725.*

**Y**OU ſhew your ſelf a juſt man and a friend in thoſe gueſſes and ſuppoſitions you make at the poſſible reaſons of my ſilence; every one of which is a true one. As to forgetfulneſs of you or yours, I aſſure you the promiſcuous converſations

sations of the town serve only to put me in mind of better, and more quiet, to be had in a corner of the world (undisturb'd, innocent, serene, and sensible) with such as you. Let no access of any distrust make you think of me differently in a cloudy day from what you do in the most sunshiny weather. Let the young ladies be assured I make nothing new in my gardens without wishing to see the print of their fairy steps in every part of 'em. I have put the last hand to my works of this kind, in happily finishing the subterraneous way and grotto: I there found a spring of the clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes thro' the cavern day and night. From the river Thames, you see thro' my arch up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open Temple, wholly compos'd of shells in the rustic manner; and from that distance under the temple you look down thro' a sloping arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river passing suddenly and vanishing, as thro' a perspective glass. When you shut the doors of this grotto, it becomes on the instant, from a luminous room, a *Camera obscura*; on the walls of which all the objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations: and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different scene; it is finished with shells interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular forms; and in the cieling is a star of the same material, at which when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaster) is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto by a narrower passage two porches, one towards the river of smooth stones full of light, and open; the other

other toward the Garden shadow'd with trees, rough with shells, flints, and iron-ore. The bottom is paved with simple pebble, as is also the adjoining walk up the wilderness to the temple, in the natural taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to compleat it but a good statue with an inscription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of,

*Hujus Nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis  
Dormio, dum blandæ sentio murmur aquæ.  
Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmora, somnum  
Rumpere, seu bibas, sive lavere, tace.*

Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,  
And to the murmur of these waters sleep;  
Ah spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave!  
And drink in silence, or in silence lave!

You'll think I have been very poetical in this description, but it is pretty near the truth. I wish you were here to bear testimony how little it owes to Art, either the place itself, or the image I give of it.

I am, &c.

## LETTER XV.

September 13, 1725.

I Should be ashamed to own the receipt of a very kind letter from you, two whole months from the date of this; if I were not more ashamed to tell



a lye or to make an excuse, which is worse than a lye, (for being built upon some probable circumstance, it makes use of a degree of truth to falsify with, and is a lye guarded.) Your letter has been in my pocket in constant wearing, till that, and the pocket, and the suit, are worn out; by which means I have read it forty times, and I find by so doing that I have not enough consider'd and reflected upon many others you have oblig'd me with, for true friendship, as they say of good writing, will bear reviewing a thousand times, and still discover new beauties.

I have had a fever, a short one, but a violent: I am now well: so it shall take up no more of this paper.

I begin now to expect you in town to make the winter to come more tolerable to us both. The summer is a kind of heaven, when we wander in a paradisaical scene among groves and gardens; but at this season, we are like our poor first parents, turn'd out of that agreeable tho' solitary life, and forc'd to look about for more people to help to bear our labours, to get into warmer houses, and hive together in cities.

I hope you are long since perfectly restor'd, and risen from your gout, happy in the delights of a contented family, smiling at storms, laughing at greatness, merry over a christmas-fire, and exercising all the functions of an old Patriarch in charity and hospitality. I will not tell Mrs. B<sup>e</sup> what I think she is doing; for I conclude it is her opinion, that he only ought to know it for whom it is done: and she will allow herself to be far enough advanc'd above a fine lady, not to desire to shine before men.

L

Your

146 LETTERS to and from, &c.

Your daughters perhaps may have some other thoughts, which even their mother must excuse them for, because she is a mother. I will not however suppose those thoughts get the better of their devotions, but rather excite 'em and assist the warmth of them; while their prayer may be, that they may raise up and breed as irreproachable a young family as their parents have done. In a word, I fancy you all well, easy, and happy, just as I wish you; and next to that, I wish you all with me.

Next to God, is a good Man: next in dignity, and next in value. *Minuisti eum paullo minus ab angelis.* If therefore I wish well to the good and the deserving, and desire they only should be my companions and correspondents, I must very soon and very much think of you. I want your company, and your example. Pray make haste to town, so as not again to leave us: discharge the load of earth that lies on you, like one of the mountains under which the poets say the giants (the men of the earth) are whelmed: leave earth to the sons of earth, your conversation is in heaven. Which that it may be accomplish'd in us all, is the prayer of him who maketh this short Sermon; value (to you) three pence. Adieu.

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*Mr. Blount dyed in London the following Year, 1726.*

LETTERS

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# LETTERS

To and from the Honourable

ROBERT DIGBY.

From 1717, to 1724.

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## LETTER I.

*To the Honourable Robert Digby.*

*June 2. 1717.*

I Had pleas'd myself sooner in writing to you, but that I have been your successor in a fit of sickness, and am not yet so much recovered, but that I have thoughts of using your \* physicians. They are as grave persons as any of the faculty, and (like the antients) carry their own medicaments about with them. But indeed the moderns are such lovers of raillery, that nothing is grave enough to escape them. Let 'em laugh, but people will still have their opinions: as they think our Doctors asses to them, we'll think them asses to our Doctors.

I am glad you are so much in a better state of health, as to allow me to jest about it. My concern, when

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\* Asses.

L 2

I

I heard of your danger, was so very serious, that I almost take it ill Dr. Evans should tell you of it, or you mention it. I tell you fairly, if you and a few more such people were to leave the world, I would not give six-pence to stay in it.

I am not so much concern'd as to the point whether you are to live fat or lean: most men of wit or honesty are usually decreed to live very lean, so I am inclined to the opinion that 'tis decreed you shall; however be comforted, and reflect, that you'll make the better *Butto* for it.

'Tis something particular in you, not to be satisfied with sending me your own books, but to make your acquaintance continue the frolick. Mr. Wharton forc'd me to take *Gorboduc*, which has since done me great credit with several people, as it has done Dryden and Oldham some dis-kindness, in shewing there is as much difference between their *Gorboduc* and this, as between Queen Anne, and King George. It is truly a scandal, that men should write with contempt of a piece which they never once saw, as those two poets did, who were ignorant even of the Sex, as well as sense, of *Gorboduc*.

Adieu! I am going to forget you: this minute you took up all my mind; the next I shall think of nothing but the reconciliation with Agamemnon, and the recovery of Briseis. I shall be Achilles's humble servant these two months (with the good leave of all my friends.) I have no ambition so strong at present, as that noble one of Sir Salathiel Lovel, recorder of London, to furnish out a decent and plentiful execution, of Greeks and Trojans. It is not to be express'd how heartily I wish the death of all Homer's heroes, one after another. The Lord preserve me in the day  
of



of battle, which is just approaching! join in your prayers for me, and know me to be always

Your, &c

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L E T T E R II.

*London, March 31, 1718.*

**T**O convince you how little pain I give my self in corresponding with men of good nature and good understanding, you see I omit to answer your letters till a time, when another man would be ashamed to own he had received them. If therefore you are ever moved on my account by that spirit, which I take to be as familiar to you as a quotidian ague, I mean the spirit of goodness, pray never stint it, in any fear of obliging me to a civility beyond my natural inclination. I dare trust you, Sir, not only with my folly when I write, but with my negligence when I do not; and expect equally your pardon for either.

If I knew how to entertain you thro' the rest of this paper, it should be spotted and diversified with conceits all over; you should be put out of breath with laughter at each sentence, and pause at each period, to look back over how much wit you had pass'd. But I have found by experience that people now-a-days regard writing as little as they do preaching: the most we can hope is to be heard, just with decency and patience, once a week, by folks in the country. Here in town we hum over a piece of fine writing, and we whistle at a sermon. The stage is the only

place we seem alive at; there indeed we stare, and roar, and clap hands for K. George and the government. As for all other virtues but this loyalty, they are an obsolete train, so ill-dress'd, that men women and children hiss 'em out of all good company. Humility knocks so sneakingly at the door that every footman out-raps it, and makes it give way to the free entrance of pride, prodigality, and vain-glory.

My Lady Scudamore, from having rusticated in your company too long, really behaves herself scandalously among us: she pretends to open her eyes for the sake of seeing the sun, and to sleep because it is night; drinks tea at nine in the morning, and is thought to have said her prayers before; talks without any manner of shame of good books, and has not seen Cibber's play of the Non-juror. I rejoiced the other day to see a libel on her toilette, which gives me some hope that you have at least a taste of scandal left you, in defect of all other vices.

Upon the whole matter, I heartily wish you well; but as I cannot entirely desire the ruin of all the joys of this city, so all that remains is to wish you wou'd keep your happiness to yourselves, that the happiest here may not die with envy at a bliss which they cannot attain to.

I am &c.

LETTER

L E T T E R III.

*From Mr. Digby.*

*Coleshill, Apr. 17, 1718.*

I Have read your letter over and over with delight. By your description of the town, I imagine it to lie under some great enchantment, and am very much concerned for you and all my friends in it. I am the more afraid, imagining since you do not fly those horrible monsters, rapine, dissimulation and luxury, that a magick circle is drawn about you, and you cannot escape. We are here in the country in quite another world, surrounded with blessings and pleasures, without any occasion of exercising our irascible faculties; indeed we cannot boast of good-breeding and the art of life, but yet we don't live unpleasantly in primitive simplicity and good humour. The fashions of the town affect us but just like a raree-show, we have a curiosity to peep at 'em and nothing more. What you call pride, prodigality, and vain-glory, we cannot find in pomp and splendour at this distance; it appears to us a fine glittering scene, which if we don't envy you, we think you happier than we are in your enjoying it. Whatever you may think to persuade us of the humility of virtue, and her appearing in rags amongst you, we can never believe: our uninform'd minds represent her so noble to us, that we necessarily annex splendour to her; and we could as soon imagine the order of things inverted, and that there is no man in the moon, as believe the contrary. I can't forbear telling you we indeed read the spoils of

Rapine as boys do the English rogue, and hug our selves full as much over it; yet our roses are not without thorns. Pray give me the pleasure of hearing (when you are at leisure) how soon I may expect to see the next Volume of Homer.

I am, &c.

#### LETTER IV.

May 1, 1720.

**Y**OU'll think me very full of my self, when after long silence (which however to say truth has rather been employ'd to contemplate of you, than to forget you) I begin to talk of my own works. I find it is in the finishing a book, as in concluding a session of Parliament, one always thinks it will be very soon, and finds it very late. There are many unlook'd-for incidents to retard the clearing any publick account, and so I see it is in mine. I have plagued my self, like great ministers, with undertaking too much for one man; and with a desire of doing more than was expected from me, have done less than I ought.

For having design'd four very laborious and uncommon sort of Indexes to Homer, I'm forc'd, for want of time, to publish two only; the design of which you will own to be pretty, tho' far from being fully executed. I've also been oblig'd to leave unfinished in my desk the heads of two Essays, one on the Theology and Morality of Homer, and another on the Oratory of Homer and Virgil. So they must wait for future editions, or perish; and (one way or other, no great matter which) *dabit Deus his quoque finem.*

I



I think of you every day, I assure you, even without such good memorials of you as your sisters, with whom I sometimes talk of you, and find it one of the most agreeable of all subjects to them. My Lord Digby must be perpetually remember'd by all who ever knew him, or knew his children. There needs no more than an acquaintance with your family, to make all elder sons wish they had fathers to their lives end.

I can't touch upon the subject of filial love, without putting you in mind of an old woman, who has a sincere, hearty, old-fashion'd respect for you, and constantly blames her son for not having writ to you oftner to tell you so.

I very much wish (but what signifies my wishing? my lady Scudamore wishes, your sisters wish) that you were with us, to compare the beautiful contras<sup>t</sup>e this season affords us, of the town and the country. No Ideas you could form in the winter can make you imagine what Twickenham is (and what your friend Mr. Johnson of Twickenham is) in this warmer season. Our river glitters beneath an unclouded sun, at the same time that its banks retain the verdure of showers: our gardens are offering their first nosegays; our trees, like new acquaintance brought happily together, are stretching their arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every hour: the birds are paying their thanksgiving songs for the new habitations I have made 'em: my building rises high enough to attract the eye and curiosity of the passenger from the river, where, upon beholding a mixture of beauty and ruin, he enquires what house is falling, or what church is rising? So little taste have our common Tritons of Vitruvius; whatever delight the poetical gods of the  
river

river may take, in reflecting on their streams my Tuscan Porticos, or Ionic Pilasters.

But to (descend from all this pomp of style) the best account of what I am building, is, that it will afford me a few pleasant rooms for such a friend as yourself, or a cool situation for an hour or two for Lady Scudamore, when she will do me the honour (at this publick house on the road) to drink her own cyder.

The moment I am writing this, I am surprized with the account of the death of a friend of mine; which makes all I have here been talking of, a meer jest! Building, gardens, writings, pleasures, works, of whatever stuff man can raise! none of them (God knows) capable of advantaging a creature that is mortal, or of satisfying a soul that is immortal! Dear Sir, I am, &c.

## LETTER V.

*From Mr. Digby.*

*May 21, 1720.*

**Y**OUR letter which I had two posts ago was very medicinal to me; and I heartily thank you for the relief it gave me. I was sick of the thoughts of my not having in all this time given you any testimony of the affection I owe you, and which I as constantly indeed feel as I think of you. This indeed was a troublesome ill to me, till after reading your letter I found it was a most idle weak imagination to think I could so offend you. Of all  
the

the impressions you have made upon me, I never receiv'd any with greater joy than this of your abundant good-nature, which bids me be assured of some share of your affections.

I had many other pleasures from your letter; that your mother remembers me is a very sincere joy to me; I cannot but reflect how alike you are; from the time you do any one a favour, you think your selves obliged as those that have received one. This is indeed an old-fashioned respect, hardly to be found out of your house. I have great hopes however to see many old-fashioned virtues revive, since you have made our age in love with Homer; I heartily wish you, who are as good a citizen as a poet, the joy of seeing a reformation from your works. I am in doubt whether I should congratulate your having finished Homer, while the two essays you mention are not compleated; but if you expect no great trouble from finishing these, I heartily rejoyce with you.

I have some faint notion of the beauties of Twickenham from what I here see round me. The verdure of showers is poured upon every tree and field about us; the gardens unfold variety of colours to the eye every morning, the hedges breath is beyond all perfume, and the song of birds we hear as well as you. But tho' I hear and see all this, yet I think they would delight me more if you was here. I found the want of these at Twickenham while I was there with you, by which I guess what an increase of charms it must now have. How kind is it in you to wish me there, and how unfortunate are my circumstances that allow me not to visit you? if I see you I must leave my Father alone, and this uneasy thought would  
disappoint

disappoint all my proposed pleasures; the same circumstance will prevent my project of many happy hours with you in Lord Bathurst's wood, and I fear of seeing you till winter, unless Lady Scudamore comes to Sherburne, in which case I shall press you to see Dorsetshire as you proposed. May you have a long enjoyment of your new favourite Portico.

Your, &c,

# LETTER VI.

*From Mr. Digby.*

*Sherburne, July 9, 1720.*

THE London language and conversation is I find quite changed since I left it, tho' it is not above three or four months ago. No violent change in the natural world ever astonished a Philosopher so much as this does me. I hope this will calm all Party-rage, and introduce more humanity than has of late obtained in conversation. All scandal will sure be laid aside, for there can be no such disease any more as Spleen in this new golden-age. I am pleased with the thoughts of seeing nothing but a general good humour when I come up to town; I rejoice in the universal riches I hear of, in the thought of their having this effect. They tell me you was soon content; and that you cared not for such an increase as others wished you. By this account I judge you the richest man in the South-sea, and congratulate you accordingly. I can wish you only an increase of health, for of riches and fame you have enough.

Your, &c.

LETTER



L E T T E R VII.

July 20, 1720

YOUR kind desire to know the state of my health had not been unsatisfied so long, had not that ill state been the impediment. Nor should I have seem'd an unconcern'd party in the joys of your family, which I heard of from lady Scudamore, whose short Eschantillon of a letter (of a quarter of a page) I value as the short glimpse of a vision afforded to some devout hermit; for it includes (as those revelations do) a promise of a better life in the Elysian groves of Cirencester, whither I could say almost in the style of a sermon, the Lord bring us all, &c. Thither may we tend, by various ways, to one blissful bower: thither may health, peace, and good humour wait upon us as associates: thither may whole cargoes of nectar (liquor of life and longævity!) by mortals call'd spaw-water, be convey'd; and there (as Milton has it) may we, like the deities,

*On flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh garlands crown'd,  
Quaff Immortality and Joy ———*

When I speak of garlands, I should not forget the green vestments and scarfs which your sisters promis'd to make for this purpose: I expect you too in green, with a hunting-horn by your side and a green hat, the model of which you may take from Osborne's description of King James the first.

What words, what numbers, what oratory or what poetry, can suffice, to express how infinitely I esteem,  
value,

value, love and desire you all, above all the great ones of this part of the world ; above all the jews, jobbers, bubblers, subscribers, projectors, directors, governors, treasurers, &c. &c. &c. *in sæcula sæculorum.*

Turn your eyes and attention from this miserable mercenary period ; and turn yourself, in a just contempt of these sons of Mammon, to the contemplation of books, gardens, and marriage : in which I now leave you, and return (wretch that am ! ) to water-gruel and Palladio.

I am, &c.

## LETTER VIII.

*From Mr. Digby.*

*Sherburne, July 30.*

**I** Congratulate you, dear Sir, on the return of the Golden-age, for sure this must be such, in which money is shower'd down in such abundance upon us. I hope this overflowing will produce great and good fruits, and bring back the figurative moral golden-age to us. I have some omens to induce me to believe it may ; for when the Muses delight to be near a Court, when I find you frequently with a First-minister, I can't but expect from such an intimacy an encouragement and revival of the polite arts. I know you desire to bring them into honour, above the golden Image which is set up and worshipped, and if you cannot effect it, adieu to all such hopes. You seem to intimate in yours another face of things from this inundation of wealth,

wealth, as if beauty, wit, and valour would no more engage our passions in the pleasurable pursuit of them, tho' assisted by this increase : if so, and if monsters only as various as those of Nile arise from this abundance, who that has any spleen about him will not haste to town to laugh ? What will become of the play-house ? who will go thither while there is such entertainment in the streets ? I hope we shall neither want good Satyr nor Comedy ; if we do, the age may well be thought barren of genius's, for none has ever produced better subjects.

Your, &c,

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L E T T E R IX.

*From Mr. Digby*

*Coleshill, Nov. 12, 1720.*

I Find in my heart that I have a taint of the corrupt age we live in. I want the publick Spirit so much admired in old Rome, of sacrificing every thing that is dear to us to the common wealth. I even feel a more intimate concern for my friends who have suffered in the S. Sea, than for the publick, which is said to be undone by it. But I hope the reason is, that I do not see so evidently the ruin of the publick to be a consequence of it, as I do the loss of my friends. I fear there are few besides your self that will be persuaded by old Hesiod, that *half is more than the whole*. I know not whether I do not rejoyce in your Sufferings ; since they have shewn me your mind is principled with such a sentiment, I assure you I expect

pest from it a performance greater still than Homer. I have an extreme joy from your communicating to me this affection of your mind;

*Quid voveat dulci Nutricula majus alumno?*

Believe me, dear Sir, no equipage could shew you to my eye in so much splendor. I would not indulge this fit of philosophy so far as to be tedious to you, else I could prosecute it with pleasure.

I long to see you, your Mother, and your Villa; till then I will say nothing of Lord Bathurst's wood, which I saw in my return hither. Soon after Christmas I design for London, where I shall miss Lady Scudmore very much, who intends to stay in the country all winter. I am angry with her as I am like to suffer by this resolution, and would fain blame her, but cannot find a cause. The man is cursed that has a longer letter than this to write with as bad a pen, yet I can use it with pleasure to send my services to your good mother, and to write my self

Your, &c.

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## LETTER X.

Sept. 1, 1722.

**D**OCTOR Arbuthnot is going to Bath, and will stay there a fortnight or more: perhaps you would be comforted to have a sight of him, whether you need him or not. I think him as good a Doctor as any man for one that is ill, and a better Doctor



for one that is well. He would do admirably for Mrs. Mary Digby : she needed only to follow his hints, to be in eternal business and amusement of mind, and even as active as she could desire. But indeed I fear she would out-walk him : for (as Dean Swift observ'd to me the very first time I saw the Doctor) "He is a "man that can do every thing, but walk." His brother, who is lately come into England, goes also to the Bath ; and is a more extraordinary man than he, worth your going thither on purpose to know him. The spirit of Philanthropy, so long dead to our world, is reviv'd in him : he is a philosopher all of fire ; so warmly, nay so wildly in the right, that he forces all others about him to be so too, and draws them into his own Vortex. He is a star that looks as if it were all fire, but is all benignity, all gentle and beneficial influence. If there be other men in the world that would serve a friend, yet he is the only one I believe that could make even an enemy serve a friend.

As all human life is chequer'd and mixed with acquisitions and losses (tho' the latter are more certain and irremediable, than the former lasting or satisfactory) so at the time I have gain'd the acquaintance of one worthy man I have lost another, a very easy, humane, and gentlemanly neighbour, Mr. Stonor. It's certain the loss of one of this character puts us naturally upon setting a greater value on the few that are left, tho' the degree of our esteem may be different. Nothing, says Seneca, is so melancholy a circumstance in human life, or so soon reconciles us to the thought of our own death, as the reflection and prospect of one friend after another dropping round us ! Who would stand alone, the sole remaining ruin, the last tottering column of all the fabrick

of friendship; once so large, seemingly so strong, and yet so suddenly sunk and buried?

I am, &c.

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L E T T E R XI.

**I** Have belief enough in the goodness of your whole family, to think you will all be pleas'd that I am arriv'd in safety at Twickenham; tho' 'tis a sort of earnest that you will be troubled again with me, at Sherburne, or Colehill; for however I may like one of your places, it may be in that as in liking one of your family; when one sees the rest, one likes them all. Pray make my services acceptable to them; I wish them all the happiness they may want, and the continuance of all the happiness they have; and I take the latter to comprize a great deal more than the former. I must separate Lady Scudamore from you, as I fear she will do herself before this letter reaches you: so I wish her a good journey, and I hope one day to try if she lives as well as you do: tho' I much question if she can live as quietly: I suspect the Bells will be ringing at her arrival, and on her own and Miss Scudamore's birthdays, and that all the Clergy in the Country come to pay respects; both the Clergy and their Bells expecting from her, and from the young Lady, further business and further employment. Besides all this, there dwells on the one side of her the Lord Coningsby, and on the other Mr. W \* Yet I shall, when the days and the years come about, adventure upon all this for her sake.

I beg my Lord Digby to think me a better man than to content myself with thanking him in the common way. I am in as sincere a sense of the word, his servant, as you are his son, or he your father.

I must in my turn insist upon hearing how my last fellow-travellers got home from Clarendon, and desire Mr. Philips to remember me in his Cyder, and to tell Mr. W \* that I am dead and buried.

I wish the young Ladies, whom I almost robb'd of their good name, a better name in return (even that very name to each of them, which they shall like best, for the sake of the man that bears it.)

Yours, &c.

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L E T T E R. XII.

1722.

**Y**OU R making a sort of apology for your not writing, is a very genteel reproof to me. I know I was to blame, but I know I did not intend to be so, and (what is the happiest knowledge in the world) I know you will forgive me: for sure nothing is more satisfactory than to be certain of such a friend as will overlook one's failings, since every such instance is a conviction of his kindness.

If I am all my life to dwell in intentions, and never to rise to actions, I have but too much need of that gentle disposition which I experience in you. But I hope better things of myself, and fully purpose to make you a visit this summer at Sherburne. I'm told you are all upon removal very speedily, and that Mrs. Mary Digby talks in a letter to Lady Scudamore,

of seeing my Lord Bathurst's wood in her way. How much I wish to be her guide thro' that enchanted forest, is not to be exprest: I look upon myself as the magician appropriated to the place, without whom no mortal can penetrare into the recesses of those sacred shades. I could pass whole days, in only describing to her the future, and as yet visionary beauties, that are to rise in those scenes: the palace that is to be built, the pavillions that are to glitter, the colonnades that are to adorn them: nay more, the meeting of the Thames and the Severn, which (when the noble owner has finer dreams than ordinary) are to be led into each other's embraces thro' secret caverns of not above twelve or fifteen miles, till they rise and celebrate their marriage in the midst of an immense amphitheatre, which is to be the admiration of posterity a hundred years hence. But till the destin'd time shall arrive that is to manifest these wonders, Mrs. Digby must content herself with seeing what is at present no more than the finest wood in England.

The objects that attract this part of the world, are of a quite different nature. Women of quality are all turn'd followers of the Camp in Hyde-Park this year, whither all the town resort to magnificent entertainments given by the officers, &c. The Scythian Ladies that dwelt in the waggons of war, were not more closely attached to the luggage. The matrons, like those of Sparta, attend their sons to the field, to be the witnesses of their glorious deeds; and the maidens with all their charms display'd, provoke the spirit of the Soldiers; Tea and Coffee supply the place of Lacedemonian black broth. This Camp seems crown'd with perpetual victory, for every sun that rises in the thunder of cannon, sets in the musick



musick of violins. Nothing is yet wanting but the constant presence of the Princess, to represent the *Mater Exercitus*.

At Twickenham the world goes otherwise. There are certain old people who take up all my time, and will hardly allow me to keep any other company. They were introduced here by a man of their own sort, who has made me perfectly rude to all my contemporaries, and won't so much as suffer me to look upon 'em. The person I complain of is the Bishop of Rochester. Yet he allows me (from something he has heard of your character and that of your family, as if you were of the old sect of moralists) to write three or four sides of paper to you, and to tell you (what these sort of people never tell but with truth and religious sincerity) that I am, and ever will be,

Your, &c.

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L E T T E R XIII.

THE same reason that hinder'd your writing, hinder'd mine, the pleasing expectation to see you in town. Indeed since the willing confinement I have lain under here with my mother, (whom it is natural and reasonable I should rejoice with as well as grieve) I could the better bear your absence from London, for I could hardly have seen you there; and it would not have been quite reasonable to have drawn you to a sick room hither from the first embraces of your friends. My mother is now (I thank God) wonderfully recovered, tho' not so much as

yet to venture out of her chamber, but enough to enjoy a few particular friends, when they have the good nature to look upon her. I may recommend to you the room we sit in, upon one (and that a favourite) account, that it is the very warmest in the house: we and our fires will equally smile upon your face. There is a Persian proverb that says (I think very prettily) "The conversation of a friend brightens the eyes." This I take to be a splendor still more agreeable than the fires you so delightfully describe.

That you may long enjoy your own fire-side, in the metaphorical sense, that is, all those of your family who make it pleasing to sit and spend whole wintry months together, (a far more rational delight, and better felt by an honest heart, than all the glaring entertainments, numerous lights, and false splendors, of an Assembly of empty heads, aking hearts, and false faces,) This is my sincere wish to you and yours.

You say you propose much pleasure in seeing some few faces about town of my acquaintance. I guess you mean Mrs. Howard's and Mrs. Blount's. And I assure you, you ought to take as much pleasure in their hearts, if they are what they sometimes express with regard to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, to you all, a very faithful servant.

LETTER XIV.

*From Mr. Digby.*

*Sherburne, Aug. 14, 1723.*

I Can't return from so agreeable an entertainment as yours in the country without acknowledging it. I thank you heartily for the new agreeable idea of life you there gave me; it will remain long with me, for it is very strongly impressed upon my imagination. I repeat the memory of it often, and shall value that faculty of the mind now more than ever, for the power it gives me of being entertained in your villa, when absent from it. As you are possessed of all the pleasures of the country, and as I think of a right mind, what can I wish you but health to enjoy them? This I so heartily do, that I should be even glad to hear your good old mother might lose all her present pleasures in her unwearied care of you, by your better health convincing them it is unnecessary.

I am troubled and shall be so, till I hear you have received this letter: for you gave me the greatest pleasure imaginable in yours, and I am impatient to acknowledge it. If I any ways deserve that friendly warmth and affection with which you write, it is, that I have a heart full of love and esteem for you. So truly, that I should lose the greatest pleasure of my life if I lost your good opinion. It rejoices me very much to be reckoned by you in the class of honest men; for tho' I am not troubled overmuch about the opinion most may have of me, yet I own it

would grieve me not to be thought well of, by you and some few others. I will not doubt my own strength, yet I have this further security to maintain my integrity, that I cannot part with that, without forfeiting your esteem with it.

Perpetual disorder and ill health have for some years so disguised me, that I sometimes fear I do not to my best friends enough appear what I really am. Sickness is a great oppressor; it does great injury to a zealous heart, stifling its warmth, and not suffering it to break out in action. But I hope I shall not make this complaint much longer. I have other hopes that please me too, tho' not so well grounded; these are, that you may yet make a journey westward with Lord Bathurst; but of the probability of this I do not venture to reason, because I would not part with the pleasure of that belief. It grieves me to think how far I am removed from you, and from that excellent Lord, whom I love! indeed I remember him as one that has made sickness easy to me, by bearing with my infirmities in the same manner that you have always done. I often too consider him in other lights that make him valuable to me. With him, I know not by what connection, you never fail to come into my mind, as if you were inseparable. I have as you guess, many philosophical reveries in the shades of Sir Walter Raleigh, of which you are a great part. You generally enter there with me, and like a good Genius applaud and strengthen all my sentiments that have honour in them. This good office which you have often done me unknowingly, I must acknowledge now, that my own breast may not reproach me with ingratitude, and disquiet me when I would muse again in that solemn scene. I have not room now left to ask you many questions I  
intended



intended about the *Odyſſey*. I beg I may know how far you have carried *Ulyſſes* on his journey, and how you have been entertained with him on the way? I deſire I may hear of your health, of *Mrs. Pope's*, and of every thing elſe that belongs to you.

How thrive your garden-plants? how look the trees? how ſpring the *Brocoli* and the *Fenochio*? hard names to ſpell! how did the poppies bloom? and how is the great room approved? what parties have you had of pleaſure? what in the grotto? what upon the *Thames*? I would know how all your hours paſs, all you ſay, and all you do; of which I ſhould queſtion you yet farther, but my paper is full and ſpares you. My brother *Ned* is wholly yours, ſo my father deſires to be, and every ſoul here whoſe name is *Digby*. My ſiſter will be yours in particular. What can I add more?

I am, &c.

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L E T T E R X V.

*Octob. 10.*

I Was upon the point of taking a much greater journey than to *Bermudas*, even to that undiscover'd country, from whoſe Bourn no traveller returns!

A fever carry'd me on the high gallop towards it for ſix or ſeven days—But here you have me now, and that's all I ſhall ſay of it: ſince which time an impertinent lameneſs kept me at home twice as long; as if fate ſhould ſay (after the other dangerous illneſs)  
“ You ſhall neither go into the other world, nor any  
“ where

"where you like in this." Else who knows but I had been at Hom-lacy?

I conspire in your sentiments, emulate your pleasures, wish for your company. You are all of one heart and one soul, as was said of the primitive Christians: 'tis like the kingdom of the just upon earth; not a wicked wretch to interrupt you, but a set of try'd, experienc'd friends, and fellow comforters, who have seen evil men and evil days, and have by a superior rectitude of heart set your selves above them, and reap your reward. Why will you ever, of your own accord, end such a millenary year in London? transmigrate (if I may so call it) into other creatures, in that scene of folly militant, when you may reign for ever at Hom-lacy in sense and reason triumphant? I appeal to a third Lady in your family, whom I take to be the most innocent, and the least warp'd by idle fashion and custom, of you all; I appeal to her, if you are not every soul of you better people, better companions, and happier, where you are? I desire her opinion under her hand in your next letter, I mean Miss Scudamore's; † I'm confident if she would, or durst speak her sense, and employ that reasoning which God has given her, to infuse more thoughtfulness into you all; those arguments could not fail to put you to the blush, and keep you out of town, like people sensible of your own felicities. I am not without hopes, if she can detain a parliament man and a lady of quality from the world one winter, that I may come upon you with such irresistible arguments another year, as may carry you all with

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† Afterwards Duchess of Beaufort, at this time very young.

me to Bermudas, † the seat of all earthly happiness, and the new Jerusalem of the righteous.

Don't talk of the decay of the year, the season is good where the people are so: 'tis the best time of the year for a painter; there is more variety of colours in the leaves, the prospects begin to open, thro' the thinner woods over the vallies; and thro' the high canopies of trees to the higher arch of heaven: the dews of the morning impearl every thorn, and scatter diamonds on the verdant mantle of the earth; the frosts are fresh and wholesome: what wou'd you have? the Moon shines too, tho' not for Lovers these cold nights, but for Astronomers.

Have ye not reflecting Telescopes \* whereby ye may innocently magnify her spots and blemishes? content yourselves with them, and do not come to a place where your own eyes become reflecting Telescopes, and where those of all others are equally such upon their neighbours. Stay you at least (for what I've said before relates only to the ladies, don't imagine I'll write about any Eyes but theirs) stay, I say, from that idle, busy-looking Sanhedrin, where wisdom or no wisdom is the eternal debate, not (as it lately was in Ireland) an accidental one.

If after all, you will despise good advice, and resolve to come to London: here you will find me, doing just the things I should not, living where I should

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† *About this time the Rev. Dean Berkly conceiv'd his Project of erecting a Settlement in Bermudas for the Propagation of the Christian Faith, and Introduction of Sciences into America.*

\* *These instruments were just then brought to perfection.*

not, and as worldly, as idle, in a word as much an Anti-Bermudanist as any body. Dear Sir, make the ladies know I am their servant, you know I am

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R XVI.

Aug. 12.

I have been above a month strolling about in Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire, from garden to garden, but still returning to Lord Cobham's with fresh satisfaction. I should be sorry to see my Lady Scudamore's, till it has had the full advantage of Lord B\* improvements; and then I will expect something like the waters of Riskins, and the woods of Oakley together, which (without flattery) would be at least as good as any thing in our world: For as to the hanging gardens of Babylon, the Paradise of Cyrus, and the Sharawaggi's of China, I have little or no ideas of 'em, but I dare say Lord B\* has, because they were certainly both very great, and very wild. I hope Mrs. Mary Digby is quite tired of his Lordship's *Extravagante Bergerie*; and that she is just now sitting, or rather reclining on a bank, fatigu'd with over much dancing and singing at his unwearied request and instigation. I know your love of ease so well, that you might be in danger of being too quiet to enjoy quiet, and too philosophical to be a philosopher; were it not for the ferment Lord B. will put you into. One of his Lordship's maxims is, that a total abstinence from intemperance or business,



ness, is no more philosophy, than a total consopition of the senses is repose; one must feel enough of its contrary to have a relish of either. But after all, let your temper work, and be as sedate and contemplative as you will, I'll engage you shall be fit for any of us, when you come to town in the winter. Folly will laugh you into all the customs of the company, here; nothing will be able to prevent your conversion to her, but indisposition, which I hope will be far from you. I am telling the worst that can come of you; for as to vice, you are safe, but folly is many an honest man's, nay every good-humour'd man's lot: nay, it is the seasoning of life; and fools (in one sense) are the salt of the earth; a little is excellent, tho' indeed a whole mouthful is justly call'd the Devil.

So much for your diversions next winter, and for mine. I envy you much more at present, than I shall then; for if there be on earth an image of paradise, it is in such perfect Union and Society as you all possess. I wou'd have my innocent envies and wishes of your state known to you all; which is far better than making you compliments, for it is inward approbation and esteem. My Lord Digby has in me a sincere servant, or would have, were there any occasion for me to manifest it.

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L E T T E R XVII.

*Decemb. 28, 1724.*

**I**T is now the season to wish you a good end of one year, and a happy beginning of another: but both these

these you know how to make yourself, by only continuing such a life as you have been long accustomed to lead. As for good works, they are things I dare not name, either to those that do them, or to those that do them not; the first are too modest, and the latter too selfish, to bear the mention of what are become either too old-fashion'd, or too private, to constitute any part of the vanity or reputation of the present age. However, it were to be wish'd people would now and then look upon good works as they do upon old wardrobes, meerly in case any of 'em should by chance come into fashion again; as ancient fardingales revive in modern hoop'd petticoats, (which may be properly compar'd to charities, as they cover a multitude of sins.)

They tell me that at Colehill certain antiquated charities, and obsolete devotions are yet subsisting: that a thing called christian chearfulness, (not incompatible with Christmas pyes and plum-broth) whereof frequent is the mention in old sermons and almanacks, is really kept alive and in practise: that feeding the hungry, and giving alms to the poor, do yet make a part of good house keeping, in a latitude not more remote from London than fourscore miles: and lastly, that prayers and roast-beef actually make some people as happy, as a whore and a bottle. But here in town I assure you, men, women, and children have done with these things. Charity not only begins, but ends, at home. Instead of the four cardinal virtues, now reign four courtly ones: we have cunning for prudence, rapine for justice, time-serving for fortitude, and luxury for temperance. Whatever you may fancy where you live in a state of ignorance, and see nothing but quiet, religion and good-humour, the case  
is

is just as I tell you where people understand the world, and know how to live with credit and glory.

I wish that heaven would open the eyes of men, and make 'em sensible which of these is right? whether upon a due conviction, we are to quit faction, and gaming, and high-feeding and all manner of luxury, and take to your country way? or you to leave prayers, and almsgiving, and reading and exercise, and come into our measures? I wish (I say) that this matter were as clear to all men, as it is to

Your Affectionate, &c.

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*Mr. Digby died in the year 1726, and is buried in the church of Sherburne in Dorsetshire, with an Epitaph written by the Author.*

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# LETTERS

TO and FROM

Dr. ATTERBURY Bishop of *Rochester*.

From 1716 to 1723.

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## L E T T E R I.

*The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.*

*Decemb. 1716.*

I Return your \*Preface, which I have read twice with pleasure. The modesty and good sense there is in it, must please every one that reads it: And since there is nothing that can offend, I see not why you should ballance a moment about printing it — always provided, that there is nothing said there which you may have occasion to unsay hereafter: of which you yourself are the best and the only judge. This is my sincere opinion, which I give, because you ask it: and which I would not give tho' ask'd, but to a man I value as much as I do you; being sensible how

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\**The General Preface to Mr. Pope's Poems, first printed 1717, the year after the date of this letter.*

improper



improper it is, on many accounts, for me to interpose in things of this nature; which I never understood well, and now understand somewhat less than ever I did. But I can deny you nothing; especially since you have had the goodness often, and patiently, to hear what I have said against rhyme, and in behalf of blank verse; with little discretion perhaps, but I am sure without the least prejudice: being myself equally incapable of writing well in either of those ways, and leaning therefore to neither side of the question, but as the appearance of reason inclines me. Forgive me this error if it be one; an error of above thirty years standing, and which therefore I shall be very loth to part with. In other matters which relate to polite writing, I shall seldom differ from you: or if I do, shall I hope have the prudence to conceal my opinion. I am, as much as I ought to be, that is as much as any man can be,

Yours, &c,

## LETTER II.

*The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.*

Feb. 18, 1717.

I Hop'd to find you last night at Lord Bathurst's, and came but a few minutes after you had left him. I brought *Gorboduc* † with me; and Dr. Arbuthnot

† *A Tragedy, written in the Reign of Edward the sixth (and much the best performance of that Age) by Sackvil afterwards Earl of Dorset, and Lord Treasurer to Queen Elizabeth. It was then very scarce, but lately reprinted by R. Doddsley in Pall-mall.*

N

telling

telling me he should see you, I deposited the book in his hands: out of which, I think my Lord Bathurst got it before we parted, and from him therefore you are to claim it. If Garbodue should still miss his way to you, others are to answer for it; I have deliver'd up my trust. I am not sorry your † Alcander is burnt; but had I known your intentions, I would have interceded for the first page and put it with your leave among my curiosities. In truth, it is the only instance of that kind I ever met with, from a person good for any thing else, nay for every thing else to which he is pleas'd to turn himself.

Depend upon it, I shall see you with great pleasure at Bromley; and there is no request you can make to me, that I shall not most readily comply with. I wish you health and happiness of all sorts, and would be glad to be instrumental in any degree towards helping you to the least share of either. I am always, every where, most affectionately and faithfully

Yours, &c,

### L E T T E R III.

*The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.*

*Bromley, Nov. 8, 1717.*

I HAVE nothing to say to you on that melancholy subject, with an account of which the printed papers have furnish'd me, but what you have already said to your self.

† *An Heroic Poem writ at 15 years old.*

When

When you have paid the debt of tenderness you owe to the memory of a Father, I doubt not but you will turn your thoughts towards improving that accident to your own ease and happiness. You have it now in your power, to pursue that method of thinking and living which you like best. Give me leave, if I am not a little too early in my applications of this kind, to congratulate you upon it; and to assure you, that there is no man living, who wishes you better, or would be more pleas'd to contribute any ways to your satisfaction or service.

I return you your Milton, which upon collation, I find to be revised, and augmented, in several places, as the title page of my third edition pretends it to be. When I see you next, I will shew you the several passages alter'd, and added by the author, beside what you mentioned to me.

I protest to you, this last perusal of him has given me such new degrees, I will not say of pleasure but of admiration and astonishment, that I look upon the sublimity of Homer and the majesty of Virgil with somewhat less reverence than I us'd to do. I challenge you, with all your partiality, to shew me in the first of these any thing equal to the Allegory of Sin and Death, either as to the greatness, and justness of the invention, or the height and beauty of the colouring. What I look'd upon as a rant of Barrow's, I now begin to think a serious truth, and could almost venture to set my hand to it,

*Hæc quicumque legit, tantum cecinisse putabit  
Mæoniden Rômanas, Virgilium Calices.*

But more of this when we meet. When I left the town, the D. of Buckingham continued so ill that he receiv'd

ceiv'd no messages; oblige me so far as to let me know how he does; at the same time I shall know how you do, and that will be a double satisfaction to

Your, &c.

L E T T E R IV.

*The Answer.*

*My Lord,*

*Nov. 20, 1717.*

**I** Am truly oblig'd by your kind condolence on my Father's death, and the desire you express that I should improve this incident to my advantage. I know your Lordship's friendship to me is so extensive, that you include in that wish both my spiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendship, to open my mind unreservedly to you on this head. It is true, I have lost a parent for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tye: I thank God another still remains (and long may it remain) of the same tender nature: *Genitrix est mihi* — and excuse me if I say with Euryalus,

— *nequeam lacrymas perferre parentis.*

A rigid divine may call it a carnal tye, but sure it is a virtuous one: at least I am more certain that it is a duty of nature to preserve a good parents life and happiness, than I am of any speculative point whatever.

— *Ignaram*



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— *Ignaram hujus quidcunque periculi  
Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?*

For she, my Lord, would think this separation more grievous than any other, and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did, of the success of such an adventure, (for an Adventure it is, and no small one, in spite of the most positive divinity.) Whether the change would be to my spiritual advantage, God only knows: this I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profess, as I can possibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks so, justify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To such an one, the part of *Joyning* with any one body of Christians might perhaps be easy, but I think it would not be so, to *Renounce* the other.

Your Lordship has formerly advis'd me to read the best controversies between the Churches. Shall I tell you a secret? I did so at fourteen years old, (for I loved reading, and my father had no other books) there was a collection of all that had been written on both sides in the reign of King James the second: I warm'd my head with them, and the consequence was, that I found myself a Papist and a Protestant by turns, according to the last book I read. I am afraid most Seekers are in the same case, and when they stop, they are not so properly converted, as out-witted. You see how little glory you would gain by my conversion. And after all, I verily believe your Lordship and I are both of the same religion if we were thoroughly understood by one another, and that all honest and reasonable christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together every day; and had nothing to do together, but to serve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

N 3

As

\* See Burnet's Hist. own Time.

As to the *temporal* side of the question, I can have no dispute with you; it is certain, all the beneficial circumstances of life, and all the *shining* ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life. I want health for it; and besides it is a real truth, I have less Inclination (if possible) than Ability. Contemplative life is not only my scene, but it is my habit too. I begun my life where most people end theirs, with a dis-relish of all that the world calls Ambition: I don't know why 'tis call'd so, for to me it always seem'd to be rather *sloping* than *climbing*. I'll tell you my politick and religious sentiments in a few words. In my politicks, I think no further than how to preserve the peace of my life, in any government under which I live; nor in my religion, than to preserve the peace of my conscience, in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are so far of God, as they are rightly understood, and rightly administred: and where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which whenever he does, it must be by greater instruments than I am. I am not a Papist, for I renounce the temporal invasions of the Papal power, and detest their arrogated authority over Princes, and States. I am a Catholick, in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute Prince, I would be a quiet subject; but I thank God I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the British constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see are not a Roman Catholick, or a French Catholick, or a Spanish Catholick, but a true Catholick: and not a King of Whigs, or a King of Tories, but a King of England. Which God of his mercy grant his present Majesty  
may

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may be, and all future Majesties ! You see, my Lord, I end like a preacher : this is *Sermo ad Clerum*, not *ad Populum*. Believe me with infinite obligation and sincere thanks, ever

Your, &c,

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L E T T E R V.

Sept. 23, 1720.

I Hope you have some time ago receiv'd the Sulphur, and the two volumes of Mr. Gay, as instances (how small ones soever) that I wish you both health, and diversion. What I now send for your perusal, I shall say nothing of; not to forestall by a single word what you promis'd to say upon that subject. Your Lordship may criticize from Virgil to these Tales ; as Solomon wrote of every thing from the cedar to the hyssop. I have some cause, since I last waited on you at Bromley, to look upon you as a prophet in that retreat, from whom oracles are to be had, were mankind wise enough to go thither to consult you : The fate of the South-sea Scheme has much sooner than I expected verifi'd what you told me. Most people thought the time wou'd come, but no man prepar'd for it; no man consider'd it would come *like a Thief in the night*, exactly as it happens in the case of our death. Methinks God has punish'd the avaritious, as he often punishes sinners, in their own way, in the very sin itself : the thirst of gain was their crime, that thirst continued became their punishment and ruin. As for the few who have the good fortune, to remain with half of what they imagined they had, (a-

mong whom is your humble servant) I would have them sensible of their felicity, and convinced of the truth of old Hesiod's maxim, who after half his estate was swallowed by the *Directors* of those days, resolv'd, that *half* to be *more than the whole*.

πλεον  
ημισυ

πικρως

Does not the fate of these people put you in mind of two passages, one in Job, the other from the Psalmist?

*Men shall groan out of the City, and hiss them out of their PLACE.*

*They have dream'd out their dream, and awaking have found nothing in their hands.*

Indeed the universal poverty, which is the consequence of universal avarice, and which will fall hardest upon the guiltless and industrious part of mankind, is truly lamentable. The universal deluge of the S. Sea, contrary to the old deluge, has drowned all except a few *Unrighteous* men: but it is some comfort to me that I am not one of them, even tho' I were to survive and rule the world by it. I am much pleas'd with a thought of Dr. Arbuthnot's; he says the Government and South-sea company have only lock't up the money of the people, upon conviction of their Lunacy, (as is usual in the case of lunaticks) and intend to restore 'em as much as may be fit for such people, as fast as they shall see 'em return to their senses.

The latter part of your letter does me so much honour, and shews me so much kindness, that I must both be proud and pleas'd, in a great degree; but I assure you, my Lord, much more the last than the first. For I certainly know, and feel, from my own heart which truly respects you, that there may be a ground for your partiality, one way; but I find not the least symptoms in my head, of any foundation for the other. In a word, the best reason I know for my being pleas'd,



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is that you continue your favour toward me ; the best I know for being proud, wou'd be that you might cure me of it ; for I have found you to be such a physician as does not only *repair* but *improve*. I am with the sincerest esteem, and most grateful acknowledgement,

Your, &c.

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L E T T E R VI.

*From the Bishop of Rochester.*

THE Arabian Tales, and Mr. Gay's books, I receiv'd not till Monday night, together with your letter for which I thank you. I have had a fit of the gout upon me ever since I return'd hither from Westminster on saturday night last, it has found its way into my hands as well as legs ; so that I have been utterly incapable of writing : this is the first letter that I have ventur'd upon ; which will be written I fear *Vacillantis literis*, as Tully says Tyro's Letters were, after his Recovery from an illness. What I said to you in mine about the Monument, was intended only to quicken, not to alarm you. It is not worth your while to know what I meant by it : but when I see you, you shall. I hope you may be at the Deanery, towards the end of October, by which time, I think of settling there for the winter. What do you think of some such short inscription as this in latin, which may in a few words say all that is to be said of Dryden, and yet nothing more than he deserves.

JOHANNI

## JOHANNI DRYDEN,

*Cui Poësis Anglicana  
Vim suam, ac Veneres debet;  
Et siquâ in posterum augebitur laude,  
Est adhuc debitura:  
Honoris ergo P. &c.*

To shew you that I am as much in earnest in the affair, as you yourself, something I will send you too of this kind in English. If your design holds of fixing Dryden's name only below, and his Bust above — may not lines like these be grav'd just under the name?

*This Sheffield rais'd, to Dryden's ashes just,  
Here fix'd his name, and there his laurel'd Bust.  
What else the Muse in Marble might express,  
Is known already; Praise would make him less.*

Or thus —

*More needs not; where acknowledg'd Merits reign,  
Praise is Impertinent; and Censure vain.*

This you'll take as a proof of my zeal at least, tho' it be none of my talent in Poetry. When you have read it over, I'll forgive you if you should not once in your life-time again think of it.

And now Sir for your *Arabian Tales*. Ill as I have been, almost ever since they came to hand, I have read as much of them, as ever I shall read  
while

while I live. Indeed they do not pleaſe my taſte: they are writ with ſo Romantick an air, and allowing for the difference of eaſtern manners, are yet, upon any ſuppoſition that can be made, of ſo wild and abſurd a contrivance, (at leaſt to my northern underſtanding) that I have not only no pleaſure, but no patience, in peruſing them. They are to me like the odd paintings on Indian ſcreens: which at firſt glance may ſurprize and pleaſe a little; but when you fix your eye intently upon them they appear ſo extravagant, diſproportion'd, and monſtrous, that they give a judicious eye pain, and make him ſeek for relief from ſome other object.

They may furniſh the mind with ſome new images: but I think the purchaſe is made at too great an expence: for to read thoſe two volumes through, liking them as little as I do, would be a terrible penance: and to read them with pleaſure would be dangerous on the other ſide, becauſe of the infection. I will never believe, that you have any keen reliſh of them, till I find you write worſe than you do, which I dare ſay I never ſhall. Who that *Petit de la Croiſe* is, the pretended author of them, I cannot tell: but obſerving how full they are in the deſcriptions of dreſs, furniture, &c. I cannot help thinking them the product of ſome Woman's imagination: and believe me, I wou'd do any thing but break with you rather than be bound to read 'em over with attention.

I am ſorry that I was ſo true a prophet in reſpect of the S. Sea, ſorry I mean as far as your loſs is concern'd: for in the general I ever was and ſtill am of opinion, that had that project taken root and flouriſh'd, it would by degrees have overturn'd our  
conſti-

constitution. Three or four hundred millions was such a weight, that whichsoever way it had leaned, must have born down all before it — But of the dead we must speak gently : and therefore as Mr. Dryden says somewhere, *Peace be to its Manes !*

Let me add one reflection, to make you easy in your ill luck. Had you got all that you have lost beyond what you ventur'd, consider that your superfluous gains would have sprung from the ruin of several families that now want necessaries ! a thought, under which a good, and good natur'd man that grew rich by such means, could not but persuade my self, be perfectly easy. Adieu and believe me ever,

Your, &c.

## LETTER VII.

*From the Bishop of Rochester.*

*March 26, 1721.*

**Y**OU are not your self gladder you are well than I am; especially since I can please my self with the thought that when you had lost your health elsewhere, you recovered it here. May these lodgings never treat you worse, nor you at any time have less reason to be fond of them !

I thank you for the sight of your \* Verses, and with the freedom of an honest, tho' perhaps injudicious friend, must tell you; that tho' I could like some of them, if they were any bodys else but yours, yet as they are yours and to be own'd as such,

\* *Epitaph on Mr. Harcourt.*

I can



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I can ſcarce like any of them. Not but that the four firſt lines are good, eſpecially the ſecond couplet; and might if follow'd by four others as good, give reputation to a writer of a leſs eſtabliſh'd fame: but from you I expect ſomething of a more perfect kind, and which the oft'ner it is read, the more it will be admir'd. When you barely exceed other writers, you fall much beneath your ſelf: 'tis your miſfortune now to write without a rival, and to be tempted by that means to be more careleſs, than you would otherwiſe be in your compoſures.

2 Thus much I could not forbear ſaying, tho' I have a motion of conſequence in the Houſe of Lords to day, and muſt prepare for it. I am even with you for your ill paper; for I write upon worſe having no other at hand. I wiſh you the continuance of your health moſt heartily; and am ever

Yours, &c.

I have ſent Dr. Arbuthnot \* the Latin M. S. which I could not find when you left me; and am ſo angry at the writer for his deſign, and his manner of executing it, that I could hardly forbear ſending him a line of Virgil along with it. The chief Reaſoner of that philoſophic farce is a *Gallo-Ligur*, as he is call'd — what that means in Engliſh or French, I can't ſay — but all he ſays is in ſo looſe and ſlippery and trickiſh a way of reaſoning, that I could not forbear applying the paſſage of Virgil to him,

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\* Of Huetius, left after his death.

*Vane Ligur, frustra que animis elate superbis!  
Nequicquam patrias tentasti lubricas artes —*

To be serious, I hate to see a book gravely written, and in all the forms of argumentation, which proves nothing, and which says nothing; and endeavours only to put us into a way of distrusting our own faculties, and doubting whether the marks of truth and falshood can in any case be distinguish'd from each other? Could that blessed point be made out (as it is a contradiction in terms to say it can,) we should then be in the most uncomfortable and wretched state in the world; and I would in that case be glad to exchange my reason, with a dog for his instinct, to morrow.

### LETTER VIII.

*Lord Chancellor Harcourt to Mr. Pope.*

*Decemb. 6, 1722.*

I Cannot but suspect myself of being very unreason-  
able in begging you once more to review the inclos'd. Your friendship draws this trouble on you. I may freely own to you that my tenderness makes me exceeding hard to be satisfied with any thing which can be said on such an unhappy subject. I caus'd the Latin Epitaph to be as often alter'd before I could approve it.

When once your Epitaph is set up, there can be no alteration of it, it will remain a perpetual monument of your friendship, and I assure my self, you will so settle

ſettle it, that it ſhall be worthy of you. I doubt whether the word, *deny'd*, in the third line, will juſtly admit of that conſtruction which it ought to bear (viz.) renounced, deſerted, &c. *deny'd* is capable in my opinion of having an ill ſenſe put upon it, as too great eaſineſs, or more good nature than a wiſe man ought to have. I very well remember you told me, you could ſcarce mend thoſe two lines, and therefore I can ſcarce expect your forgiveness for my deſiring you to reconſider them.

*Harcourt ſtands dumb, and Pope is forc'd to ſpeak.*

I can't perfectly, at leaſt without further diſcourſing you, reconcile my ſelf to the firſt part of that line; and the word *forc'd* (which was my own, and I perſuade my ſelf, for that reaſon only ſubmitted to by you) ſeems to carry too doubtful a conſtruction for an Epitaph, which as I apprehend, ought as eaſily to be underſtood as read. I ſhall acknowledge it as a very particular favour, if at your beſt leiſure you will peruſe the incloſed and vary it, if you think it capable of being amended, and let me ſee you any morning next week.

I am, &c.

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L E T T E R IX.

*The Biſhop of Rocheſter to Mr. Pope.*

Sept. 27, 1721.

I Am now confin'd to my bed-chamber, and to the matted-room, wherein I am writing, ſeldom venturing

turing to be carry'd down even into the parlour to dinner, unless when company to whom I cannot excuse my self, comes, which I am not ill pleas'd to find is now very seldom. This is my case in the sunny part of the year: what must I expect, when

— *interfum contristat Aquarius annum?*

“ If these things be done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry.” Excuse me for employing a sentence of scripture on this occasion; I apply it very seriously. One thing relieves me a little under the ill prospect I have of spending my time at the Deanery this winter; that I shall have the opportunity of seeing you oft'ner; tho' I am afraid you will have little pleasure in seeing me there. So much for my ill state of health, which I had not touch'd on, had not your friendly letter been so full of it. One civil thing that you say in it, made me think you had been reading Mr. Waller; and possess'd of that image at the end of his copy, *a la malade*, had you not bestow'd it on one who has no right to the least part of the character. If you have not read the verses lately, I am sure you remember 'em, because you forget nothing.

*With such a grace you entertain,  
And look with such contempt on pain, &c.*

I mention them not on the account of that couplet, but one that follows; which ends with the very same rhimes and words [appear and clear] that the couplet but one after that does — and therefore in my Waller there is a various reading of the first of these couplets; for there it runs thus,



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*So Lightnings in a stormy Air,  
Scorch more than when the Sky is fair.*

You will say that I am not very much in pain nor very busy, when I can relish these amusements, and you will say true: for at present, I am in both these respects very easy.

I had not strength enough to attend Mr. Prior to his grave, else I would have done it, to have shew'd his friends that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me. He is buried, as he desired, at the feet of Spencer, and I will take care to make good in every respect what I said to him when living; particularly as to the Triplet he wrote for his own Epitaph; which while we were in good terms, I promis'd him shou'd never appear on his tomb while I was Dean of Westminster.

I am pleas'd to find you have so much pleasure, and (which is the foundation of it) so much health at Lord Bathurst's: may both continue till I see you! may my Lord have as much satisfaction in building the house in the wood, and using it when built, as you have in designing it! I cannot send a wish after him that means him more happiness, and yet I am sure I wish him as much as he wishes himself.

I am, &c.

O

LETTER

## LETTER X.

*From the same.**Bromley, Oct. 15, 1721.*

**N**otwithstanding I write this on Sunday even, to acknowledge the receipt of yours this morning: yet I foresee it will not reach you till Wednesday morning. And before set of sun that day I hope to reach my winter quarters at the Deanery. I hope, did I say? I recall that word, for it implies desire; and God knows that is far from being the case. For I never part with this place but with regret, tho' I generally keep here what Mr. Cowley calls the worst of company in the world, my own; and see either none beside, or what is worse than none, some of the *Arrii*, or *Sebofi* of my neighbourhood: Characters, which Tully paints so well in one of his Epistles, and complains of the too civil, but impertinent interruption, they gave him in his retirement. Since I have named those gentlemen, and the book is not far from me, I will turn to the place, and by pointing it out to you, give you the pleasure of perusing the epistle, which is a very agreeable one if my memory does not fail me.

I am surpriz'd to find that my Lord Bathurst and you are parted so soon; he has been sick I know of some late transactions, but should that sickness continue still in some measure, I prophecy it will be quite off by the beginning of November: a letter or two from his London-friends, and a surfeit of solitude will soon make him change his resolution and his quarters.

ters. I vow to you, I could live here with pleaſure all the winter, and be contented with hearing no more news than the London-journal, or ſome ſuch trifling paper, affords me, did not the duty of my place require, abſolutely require my attendance at Weſtminſter; where I hope the Prophet will now and then remember he has a bed and a candleſtick. In ſhort I long to ſee you, and hope you will come, if not a day, yet at leaſt an hour ſooner to town than you intended, in order to afford me that ſatisfaction. I am now I thank God as well as ever I was in my life, except that I can walk ſcarce at all without crutches: And I would willingly compound the matter with the gout, to be no better, could I hope to be no worſe, but that is a vain thought, I expect a new attack long before chriſtmas. Let me ſee you therefore while I am in a condition to reliſh you, before the days (and the nights) come, when I ſhall (and muſt) ſay, I have no pleaſure in them.

I will bring your ſmall volume of paſtorals along with me, that you may not be diſcourag'd from lending me books, when you find me ſo punctual in returning them. Shakeſpear ſhall bear it company, and be put into your hands as clear and as fair as it came out of them, tho' you I think have been dabling here and there with the text: I have had more reverence for the writer and the printer, and left every thing ſtanding juſt as I found it. However I thank you for the pleaſure you have given me in putting me upon reading him once more before I die.

I believe I ſhall ſcarce repeat that pleaſure any more, having other work to do, and other things to think of, but none that will interfere with the offices of

friendship, in the exchange of which with you, Sir,  
I hope to live and die.

Yours, &c.

*P. S.* Addison's works came to my hands yesterday. I cannot but think it a very odd sett of incidents, that the book should be dedicated by (1) a dead man (2) to a dead man: and even that the new (3) patron to whom Tickell chose to inscribe his verses, should be dead also before they were publish'd. Had I been in the Editor's place I should have been a little apprehensive for my self, under a thought that every one who had any hand in that work was to die before the publication of it. You see when I am conversing with you I know not how to give over, till the very bottom of the paper admonishes me once more to bid you adieu!

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## LETTER XI.

*My Lord,*

*Feb. 8, 1721-2*

**I**T's so long since I had the pleasure of an hour with your Lordship, that I should begin to think myself no longer *Amicus omnium horarum*, but for finding myself so in my constant thoughts of you. In those I was with you many hours this very day, and had you (where I wish and hope one day to see you really) in my garden at Twitnam. When I went last to

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(1) *Mr. Addison.* (2) *Mr. Craggs.* (3) *Lord Warwick.*

town,



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town, and was on wing for the Deanery, I heard your Lordship was gone the day before to Bromley, and there you continued till after my return hither. I sincerely wish you whatever you wish your self, and all you wish your friends or family. All I mean by this word or two, is just to tell you so, till in person I find you as I desire, that is, find you well; easy, resign'd, and happy, you will make your self, and (I believe) every body that converses with you; if I may judge of your power over other men's minds and affections, by that which you will ever have, over those of

Your, &c.

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L E T T E R XII.

*From the Bishop of Rochester.*

*Feb. 26, 1721-2.*

**P**ERMIT me dear Sir to break into your retirement, and to desire of you a compleat copy of those verses on Mr. Addison\*; send me also your last resolution which shall punctually be observ'd in relation to my giving out any copy of it; for I am again solicited by another Lord, to whom I have given the same answer as formerly. No small piece of your writing has been ever sought after so much: it has pleas'd every man without exception, to whom it has been read. Since you now therefore know where your

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\* *An imperfect Copy was got out, very much to the Author's surprize, who never would give any.*

real strength lies, I hope you will not suffer that talent to lye unemploy'd. For my part I should be so glad to see you finish something of that kind, that I could be content to be a little sneer'd at in a line or so, for the sake of the pleasure I should have in reading the rest. I have talk'd my sense of this matter to you once or twice, and now I put it under my hand, that you may see it is my deliberate opinion. What weight that may have with you I cannot say: but it pleases me to have an opportunity of shewing you how well I wish you, and how true a friend I am to your fame, which I desire may grow every day, and in every kind of writing, to which you shall please to turn your pen. Not but that I have some little interest in the proposal, as I shall be known to have been acquainted with a man that was capable of excelling in such different manners, and did such honour to his country and language; and yet was not displeas'd sometimes to read what was written by his humble Servant.

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### L E T T E R XIII.

*March 14, 1721-2.*

**I** Was disappointed (much more than those who commonly use that phrase on such occasions) in missing you at the Deanery, where I lay solitary two nights. Indeed I truly partake in any degree of concern that affects you, and I wish every thing may succeed as you desire in your own family, and in that which I think you no less account your own, and is no less your family, the whole world: for I take you to be one of the true Friends of it, and to your pow'r  
its

its protector. Tho' the noise and daily bustle for the publick be now over, I dare say a good man is still tending its welfare; as the Sun in the winter, when seeming to retire from the world, is preparing benedictions and warmth for a better season. No man wishes your Lordship more quiet, more tranquillity, than I, who know you shou'd understand the value of it: but I don't wish you a jot less concern'd or less active than you are, in all sincere, and therefore warm, desires of publick good.

I beg the kindness (and 'tis for that chiefly I trouble you with this letter) to favour me with notice as soon as you return to London, that I may come and make you a proper visit of a day or two: for hitherto I have not been your Visiter, but your Lodger, and I accuse my self of it. I have now no earthly thing to oblige my being in town (a point of no small satisfaction to me) but the best reason, the seeing a friend: As long (my Lord) as you will let me call you so, (and I dare say you will, till I forfeit what I think I never shall, my veracity and integrity) I shall esteem my self fortunate, in spite of the Southsea, Poetry, Popery, and Poverty.

I can't tell you how sorry I am, you shou'd be troubled a-new by any sort of people. I heartily wish, *Quod superest, ut tibi vivas*—that you may teach me how to do the same: who, without any real impediment to acting and living rightly, do act and live as foolishly as if I were a Great man.

I am, &c.

## LETTER. XIV.

*From the Bishop of Rochester.*

March 16, 1721-2.

AS a visitant, a lodger, a friend, (or under what other denomination soever) you are always welcome to me; and will be more so I hope every day that we live: for to tell you the truth I like you as I like myself, best, when we have both of us least business. It has been my fate to be engag'd in it much and often, by the stations in which I was plac'd: but God, that knows my heart, knows, I never lov'd it: and am still less in love with it than ever, as I find less temptation to act with any hope of success. If I am good for any thing, 'tis in *Angulo cum Libello*; and yet a good part of my time has been spent, and perhaps must still be spent, far otherwise. For I will never, while I have health, be wanting to my duty in any post or in any respect, how little soever I may like my employment, and how hopeless soever I may be in the discharge of it.

In the mean time the judicious world is pleas'd to think that I delight in work which I am oblig'd to undergo, and aim at things which I from my heart despise; let them think as they will, so I might be at liberty to act as I will, and spend my time in such a manner as is most agreeable to me. I cannot say I do so now, for I am here without any books, and if I had them could not use them to my satisfaction, while my mind is taken up in a  
more



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more melancholy \* manner; and how long, or how little a while it may be so taken up God only knows, and to his will I implicitly resign myself in every thing.

I am, &c.

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L E T T E R   X V .

*My Lord,*

*March 19, 1721-2.*

I Am extremely sensible of the repeated favour of your kind letters, and your thoughts of me in absence, even among thoughts of much nearer concern to yourself on the one hand, and of much more importance to the world on the other, which cannot but engage you at this juncture. I am very certain of your good will, and of the warmth which is in you inseparable from it.

Your remembrance of Twitenham is a fresh instance of that partiality. I hope the advance of the fine season will set you upon your legs, enough to enable you to get into my garden, where I will carry you up a Mount, in a point of view to shew you the glory of my little kingdom. If you approve it, I shall be in danger to boast like Nebuchadnezzar of the things I have made, and to be turn'd to converse, not with the beasts of the field, but with the birds of the grove, which I shall take to be no great punishment. For indeed, I heartily despise the ways of the world, and most of the great ones of it.

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\* *In his Lady's last Sickness.*

*Ob*

*Oh keep me innocent, make others great!*

And you may judge how comfortably I am strengthen'd in this opinion, when such as your Lordship bear testimony to its vanity and emptiness. *Tinnit, inane est*, with the picture of one ringing on the globe with his finger, is the best thing I have the luck to remember in that great Poet Quarles, (not that I forget the Devil at bowls; which I know to be your Lordship's favourite cut, as well as favourite diversion.)

The situation here is pleasant, and the view rural enough, to humour the most retir'd, and agree with the most contemplative. Good air, solitary groves, and sparing diet, sufficient to make you fancy your self (what you are in temperance, tho' elevated into a greater figure by your station) one of the Fathers of the Desert. Here you may think (to use an author's words, whom you so justly prefer to all his followers that you'll receive them kindly, tho' taken from his worst work)

*That in Eliab's banquet you partake,  
Or sit a guest with Daniel, at his Pulse.*

I am sincerely free with you, as you desire I should, and approve of your not having your coach here, for if you would see Lord C\* or any body else, I have another chariot, besides that little one you laugh'd at when you compar'd me to Homer in a nut-shell. But if you would be entirely private, no body shall know any thing of the matter. Believe me (my Lord) no man is with more perfect acquiescence, nay with more willing acquiescence, (not even any of your own Sons of the Church)

Your obedient, &c.

LETTER

L E T T E R XVI.

*From the Bishop of Rochester.*

*April 6, 1722.*

U N D E R all the leisure in the world, I have no leisure, no stomach to write to you; the gradual approaches of death are before my eyes. I am convinc'd, that it must be so; and yet make a shift to flatter myself sometimes with the thought, that it may possibly be otherwise. And that very thought, tho' it is directly contrary to my reason, does for a few moments make me easy — however not easy enough in good earnest to think of any thing but the melancholy object that employs them. Therefore wonder not that I do not answer your kind letter: I shall answer it too soon, I fear, by accepting your friendly invitation. When I do so, no conveniencies will be wanting: for I'll see no body but you and your mother, and the servants. Visits to statesmen always were to me (and are now more than ever) insipid things; let the men that expect, that wish to thrive by them, pay them that homage; I am free. When I want them they shall hear of me at their doors: and when they want me I shall be sure to hear of them at mine. But probably they will despise me so much, and I shall court them so little, that we shall both of us keep our distance.

When I come to you, 'tis in order to be with you only; a president of the council, or a star and garter will make no more impression upon my mind, at such a time, than the hearing of a bag-pipe, or the sight  
of

of a poppet-show. I have said to Greatness sometime ago — *Tuas tibi res habeto, Egomet curabo meas.* The time is not far off when we shall all be upon the level : and I am resolv'd for my part, to anticipate that time, and be upon the level with them now : for he is so, that neither seeks nor wants them. Let them have more virtue and less pride : and then I'll court them as much as any body : but till they resolve to distinguish themselves some way else than by their outward trappings, I am determined (and I think I have a right) to be as proud as they are : tho' I trust in God, my pride is neither of so odious a nature as theirs, nor of so mischievous a consequence.

I know not how I have fallen into this train of thinking — when I sat down to write I intended only to excuse myself for not writing, and to tell you that the time drew nearer and nearer, when I must dislodge ; I am preparing for it : For I am at this moment building a vault in the Abby for me and mine. 'Twas to be in the Abby, because of my relation to the place ; but 'tis at the west door of it ; as far from Kings and Kæfars as the space will admit of.

I know not but I may step to town to morrow, to see how the work goes forward ; but if I do, I shall return hither in the evening. I wou'd not have given you the trouble of this letter but that they tell me it will cost you nothing, and that our privilege of Franking (one of the most valuable we have left) is again allow'd us.

Yours, &c.

LETTER



LETTER XVII.

*From the Bishop of Rochester.*

*Bromley, May 25, 1722.*

I Had much ado to get hither last night, the water being so rough that the ferry-men were unwilling to venture. The first thing I saw this morning after my eyes were open, was your letter, for the freedom and kindness of which I thank you. Let all compliments be laid aside between us for the future; and depend upon me as your faithful friend in all things within my pow'r, as one that truly values you, and wishes you all manner of happiness. I thank you and Mrs. Pope for my kind reception, which has left a pleasing impression upon me that will not soon be effac'd.

Lord \* has press'd me terribly to see him at \* and told me in a manner betwixt kindness and resentment, that it is but a few miles beyond Twickenham.

I have but a little time left, and a great deal to do in it; and must expect that ill health will render a good share of it useless: and therefore what is likely to be left at the foot of the account, ought by me to be cherish'd, and not thrown away in compliments. You know the motto of my sun-dial, *Vivite, ait, fugio*. I will as far as I am able, follow its advice, and cut off all unnecessary avocations and amusements. There are those that intend to employ me this winter in a way I do not like: If they persist in their intentions, I must apply myself to the work they cut out for me, as well as I can.

But

But withal, that shall not hinder me from employing myself also in a way which they do not like. The givers of trouble one way shall have their share of it another; that at last they may be induc'd to let me be quiet, and live to myself, with the few (the very few) friends I like, for that is the point, the single point, I now aim at; tho' I know, the generality of the world who are unacquainted with my intentions and views, think the very reverse of this character belongs to me. I don't know how I have rambled into this account of myself, when I sat down to write I had no thought of making that any part of my letter.

You might have been sure without my telling you, that my right hand is at ease; else I should not have overflow'd at this rate. And yet I have not done, for there is a kind intimation in the end of yours, which I understood, because it seems to tend towards employing me in something that is agreeable to you. Pray explain your self, and believe that you have not an acquaintance in the world that would be more in earnest on such an occasion than I, for I love you, as well as esteem you.

All the while I have been writing, Pain, and a fine Thrush have been severally endeavouring to call off my attention; but both in vain, nor should I yet part with you, but that the turning over a new leaf frights me a little, and makes me resolve to break thro' a new temptation, before it has taken too fast hold on me.

I am, &c.

LETTERS

L E T T E R XVIII.

*From the Same.*

*June 15, 1722.*

**Y**OU have generally written first, after our parting; I will now be before-hand with you in my enquiries, how you got home and how you do, and whether you met with Lord \*, and deliver'd my civil reproach to him, in the manner I desir'd? I suppose you did not, because I have heard nothing either from you, or from him on that head; as I suppose I might have done if you had found him.

I am sick of these Men of quality; and the more so, the oft'ner I have any business to transact with them. They look upon it as one of their distinguishing privileges, not to be punctual in any business, of how great importance soever; nor to set other people at ease, with the loss of the least part of their own. This conduct of his vexes me; but to what purpose? or how can I alter it?

I long to see the original M. S. of Milton: but don't know how to come at it, without your repeated assistance.

I hope you won't utterly forget what pass'd in the coach about Sampson Agonistes. I shan't press you as to time, but sometime or other, I wish you would review, and polish that piece. If upon a new perusal of it (which I desire you to make) you think as I do, that it is written in the very spirit of the Ancients; it deserves your care, and is capable of being improv'd, with little trouble, into a perfect model and standard  
of

of Tragick poetry — alway swallowing for its being a story taken out of the Bible, which is an objection that at this time of day, I know is not to be got over.

I am, &c.

### LETTER XIX.

*July 27.*

**I** Have been as constantly at Twickenham, as your Lordship has at Bromley, ever since you saw Lord Bathurst. At the time of the Duke of Marlborough's funeral, I intend to lye at the Deanery, and moralize one evening with you on the vanity of human Glory. —

The Dutchesse's letter concerns me nearly, and you know it, who know all my thoughts without disguise: I must keep clear of Flattery; I will: and as this is an honest resolution, I dare hope your Lordship will not be so unconcern'd for my keeping it, as not to assist me in so doing. I beg therefore you would represent thus much at least to her Grace, that as to the fear she seems touch'd with, [That the Duke's memory should have no advantage but what he must give himself, without being beholden to any one friend.] Your Lordship may certainly, and agreeably to your character, both of rigid honour and christian plainness, tell her, that no man can have any other advantage: and that all offerings of friends in such a case pass for nothing. Be but so good as to confirm what I've represented to her, that an inscription in the antient way, plain, pompous, yet modest, will be the most uncommon, and therefore the most distinguishing manner of doing it.

And



And so I hope she will be satisfied, the Duke's honour be preserv'd, and my integrity also: which is too sacred a thing to be forfeited, in consideration of any little, (or what people of quality may call great) Honour or distinction whatever, which those of their rank can bestow on one of mine; and which indeed they are apt to over rate, but never so much, as when they imagine us under any obligation to say one untrue word in their favour.

I can only thank you, my Lord, for the kind transition you make from common business, to that which is the only real business of every reasonable creature. Indeed I think more of it than you imagine, tho' not so much as I ought. I am pleas'd with those latin verses extreamly, which are so very good that I thought 'em yours, till you call'd 'em an Horatian Cento, and then I recollected the *disjecti membra poetæ*. I won't pretend I am so totally in those sentiments which you compliment me with, as I yet hope to be: You tell me I have them, as the civillest method to put me in mind how much it fits me to have 'em. I ought, first, to prepare my mind by a better knowledge even of good prophane writers, especially the Moralists, &c. before I can be worthy of tasting that supreme, of books, and sublime of all writings. In which, as in all the intermediate ones, you may (if your friendship and charity toward me continue so far) be the best guide, to

Yours, &c.

## LETTER XX.

*From the Bishop of Rochester.*

July 30, 1722.

I Have written to the Duchess just as you desir'd, and referr'd her to our meeting in town for a further account of it. I have done it the rather because your opinion in the case is sincerely mine: and if it had not been so, you your self should not have induc'd me to give it. Whether, and how far she will acquiesce in it, I cannot say: especially in a case where she thinks the Duke's honour concern'd, but should she seem to persist a little at present, her good sense (which I depend upon) will afterwards satisfy her that we are in the right.

I go to morrow to the Deanery, and I believe I shall stay there, till I have said Dust to dust, and shut up that † last scene of pompous vanity.

'Tis a great while for me to stay there at this time of the year; and I know I shall often say to my self, while I am expecting the funeral,

*Quando O Rus quando ego te aspiciam! quandoque licebit  
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda obliuia vitæ!*

In that case I shall fancy I hear the ghost of the dead, thus intreating me,

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† This was the Funeral of the Duke of Marlborough, at which the Bishop officiated as Dean of Westminster, in Aug. 1722.

Dr. ATTERBURY Bishop of Rochester. 112

*At tu sacratæ ne parce malignus arenæ*

*Offibus & capiti in-humato*

*Particulam dare —*

*Quamquam festinas, non est mora longa ; licebit*

*Injecto ter pulvere, curras.*

There is an answer for me some where in *Hamlet* to this request, which you remember tho' I don't — *Poor Ghost, thou shalt be satisfied !* — or something like it. However that be, take care you do not fail in your appointment, that the company of the living may make me some amends for my attendance on the dead.

I know you will be glad to hear that I am well : I should always, could I always be here —

— *Sed me*

*Imperiosa trahit Proserpina : vive, valeque.*

You are the first man I sent to this morning, and the last man I desire to converse with this evening, tho' at twenty miles distance from you,

*Te veniente die, Te decedente, requiro.*

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L E T T E R   X I X .

*From the Bishop of Rochester.*

Dear Sir,

*The Tower, April 10, 1723.*

I Thank you for all the instances of your friendship, both before, and since my misfortunes. A little time will compleat them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me ; and

will please my self with the thought, that I still live in your esteem and affection, as much as ever I did; and that no accidents of life, no distance of time, or place, will alter you in that respect. It never can me; who have lov'd and valu'd you, ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allow'd to tell you so; as the case will soon be. Give my faithful services to Dr. Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he sent me, which was much to the purpose, if any thing can be said to be to the purpose, in a case that is already determin'd. Let him know my Defence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion of Triumph, tho' sure of the Victory. I shall want his advice before I go abroad, in many things. But I question whether I shall be permitted to see him, or any body, but such as are absolutely necessary towards the dispatch of my private affairs. If so, God bless you both! and may no part of the ill fortune that attends me, ever pursue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to say somewhat about my way of spending my time at the Deanery, which did not seem calculated towards managing plots and conspiracies. But of that I shall consider——You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects; and, that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have clos'd this letter, with three lines of Milton, which you will I know, readily and not without some degree of concern apply to your ever affectionate, &c.

*Some natural Tears he dropt, but wip'd them soon:  
The World was all before him, where to choose  
His place of rest, and Providence his Guide.*

LETTER



L E T T E R XXI.

*The Answer.*

*April 20, 1723.*

**I**T is not possible to express what I think, and what I feel; only this, that I have thought and felt for nothing but you, for some time past: and shall think of nothing so long for the time to come. The greatest comfort I had was an intention (which I would have made practicable) to have attended you in your journey, to which I had brought that person to consent, who only could have hindered me, by a tie which, tho' it may be more tender, I do not think more strong, than that of friendship. But I fear there will be no way left me to tell you this great truth, that I remember you, that I love you, that I am grateful to you, that I entirely esteem and value you: no way but that one, which needs no open warrant to authorize it, or secret conveyance to secure it; which no bills can prelude, and no Kings prevent; a way that can reach to any part of the world where you may be, where the very whisper or even the wish of a friend must not be heard, or even suspected: by this way, I dare tell my esteem and affection of you, to your enemies in the gates; and you, and they, and their sons, may hear of it.

You prove yourself, my Lord, to know me for the friend I am; in judging that the manner of your Defence, and your Reputation by it, is a point of the highest concern to me: and assuring me it shall be such, that none of your friends shall blush for you. Let me

further prompt you to do yourself the best and most lasting justice: the instruments of your Fame to posterity will be in your own hands. May it not be, that providence has appointed you to some great and useful work, and calls you to it this severe way? you may more eminently and more effectually serve the publick even now, than in the stations you have so honourably fill'd. Think of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon: is it not the latter, the disgrac'd part of their lives, which you most envy, and which you would choote to have liv'd?

I am tenderly sensible of the wish you express, that no part of your misfortune may pursue me. But God knows I am every day less and less fond of my native country (so torn as it is by Party-rage) and begin to consider a friend in exile as a friend in death; one gone before, where I am not unwilling nor unprepared to follow after; and where (however various or uncertain the roads and voyages of another world may be) I cannot but entertain a pleasing hope that we may meet again.

I faithfully assure you, that in the mean time there is no one, living or dead, of whom I shall think oftener or better than of you. I shall look upon you as in a state between both, in which you will have from me all the passions and warm wishes that can attend the living, and all the respect and tender sense of loss, that we feel for the dead. And I shall ever depend upon your constant friendship, kind memory, and good offices, tho' I were never to see or hear the effects of them: like the trust we have in benevolent spirits, who, tho' we never see or hear them, we think are constantly serving us, and praying for us.

Whenever I am wishing to write to you, I shall conclude you are intentionally doing so to me. And every

very time that I think of you, I will believe you are thinking of me. I never shall suffer to be forgotten (nay to be but faintly remember'd) the honour, the pleasure, the pride I must ever have, in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me, how kindly you have distinguish'd me, how cordially you have advis'd me ! In conversation, in study, I shall always want you, and wish for you : In my most lively, and in my most thoughtful hours, I shall equally bear about me, the impressions of you : And perhaps it will not be in This life only, that I shall have cause to remember and acknowledge the friendship of the Bishop of Rochester.

See the whole of this letter, as I am, &c.

L E T T E R XXII.

*To the same.*

May 1723,

ONCE more I write to you as I promis'd, and this once I fear will be the last! the Curtain will soon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long good night. May you enjoy a state of repose in this life, not unlike that sleep of the soul which some have believ'd is to succeed it, where we lye utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleas'd you best; sometimes present a dream of an absent friend, or bring you back an agreeable conversation. But upon

the whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the future; as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your Studies; they will tend to the benefit of men against whom you can have no complaint, I mean of all Posterity: and perhaps at your time of life, nothing else is worth your care. What is every year of a wise man's life but a censure or critique on the past? Those whose date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one half of it: the boy despises the infant, the man the boy, the philosopher both, and the christian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility; and you'll never suffer your age to be but a second infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than those toys of our riper and of our declining years, the drums and rattles of Ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of Avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little society and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents not to serve a Party, or a few, but all mankind. Your Genius should mount above that mist in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involv'd it; to shine abroad and to heav'n, ought to be the business and the glory of your present situation. Remember it was at such a time, that the greatest lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the most, in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death: but why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became Guides to mankind.

Those aims alone are worthy of spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished,

in



in the noblest minds; but Revenge never will harbour there: higher principles than those of the first, and better principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence men, whose thoughts and whose hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the Whole to any part of mankind, especially to so small a part as one's single self.

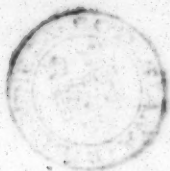
Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a spirit enter'd into another life, as one just upon the edge of Immortality; where the passions and affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views, and all mean retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back; therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you. But take care that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration.

I am with the greatest sincerity, and passion for your fame as well as happiness,

Yours, &c.

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*The Bishop of Rochester went into Exile the month following, and continued in it till his death, which happen'd at Paris on the fifteenth day of February in the year 1732.*



LETTERS

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# LETTERS

TO and FROM

Mr. G A Y.

From 1712, to 1732.

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## LETTER I.

*Binfield, Nov. 13, 1712.*

**Y**OU writ me a very kind Letter some months ago, and told me you were then upon the point of taking a journey into Devonshire. That hinder'd my answering you, and I have since several times inquir'd of you, without any satisfaction; for so I call the knowledge of your welfare, or of any thing that concerns you. I past two months in Suffex, and since my return have been again very ill. I writ to Lintot in hopes of hearing of you, but had no answer to that point. Our friend Mr. Cromwell too has been silent all this year; I believe he has been displeas'd at some or other of my freedoms, which I very innocently take, and most with those I think most my friends. But this I know nothing of; perhaps he may have open'd to you: and, if I know you right, you are of a temper to cement friendships, and not to divide

divide them. I really much love Mr. Cromwell, and have a true affection for your self, which if I had any interest in the world, or power with those who have, I shou'd not be long without manifesting to you. I desire you will not, either out of modesty, or a vicious distrust of another's value for you, (those two eternal foes to merit) imagine that your letters and conversation are not always welcome to me. There's no man more intirely fond of good-nature or ingenuity than myself, and I have seen too much of those qualities in you to be any thing less than

Your, &c.

## LETTER II.

Dec. 24, 1712.

**I**T has been my good fortune within this month past, to hear more things that have pleas'd me than (I think) almost in all my time beside. But nothing upon my word has been so home-felt a satisfaction as the news you tell me of your self: and you are not in the least mistaken, when you congratulate me upon your own good success: for I have more people out of whom to be happy, than any ill-natur'd man can boast of. I may with honesty affirm to you, that notwithstanding the many inconveniencies and disadvantages they commonly talk of in the *Res angustæ domi*, I have never found any other, than the inability of giving people of merit the only certain proof of our value for them, in doing 'em some real service. For after all, if we could but think a little, self-love might

might make us philosophers, and convince us *quantuli indiget Natura!* ourselves are easily provided for; 'tis nothing but the circumstantial, and the Apparatus or equipage of human life, that costs so much the furnishing. Only what a luxurious man wants for horses and foot-men, a good-natur'd man wants for his friends, or the indigent.

I shall see you this winter with much greater pleasure than I could the last; and I hope as much of your time as your attendance on the Dutchess will allow you to spare to any friend, will not be thought lost upon one who is as much so as any man. I must also put you in mind, tho' you are now secretary to this Lady, that you are likewise secretary to nine other Ladies, and are to write sometimes for them too. He who is forc'd to live wholly upon those Ladies favours, is indeed in as precarious a condition as any he who does what Chaucer says for sustenance; but they are very agreeable companions, like other Ladies, when a man only passes a night or so with them at his leisure, and away. I am,

Yours, &c.

### LETTER III.

Aug. 23, 1713.

**J**UST as I receiv'd yours, I was set down to write to you, with some shame that I had so long deferr'd it. But I can hardly repent my neglect, when it gives me the knowledge how little you insist upon ceremony, and how much a greater share in your memory I have than I deserve. I have been near a week  
in



in London, where I am like to remain, till I become by Mr. Jervas's help, *Elegans Formarum Spectator*. I begin to discover beauties that were till now imperceptible to me. Every corner of an eye, or turn of a nose or Ear, the smallest degree of light or shade on a cheek, or in a dimple, have charms to distract me. I no longer look upon Lord Plausible as ridiculous, for admiring a Lady's fine tip of an ear and pretty elbow (as the plain-dealer has it) but am in some danger even from the ugly and disagreeable, since they may have their retired beauties, in one trait or other about 'em. You may guess in how uneasy a state I am, when every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more despicable. I have thrown away three Dr. Swift's, each of which was once my vanity, two Lady Bridgwaters, a Dutchess of Montague, besides half a dozen Earls, and one knight of the garter. I have crucify'd Christ over-again in effigie, and made a Madonna as old as her mother St. Anne. Nay, what is yet more miraculous, I have rival'd St. Luke himself in painting, and as 'tis said an angel came and finish'd his piece, so you would swear a devil put the last hand to mine, 'tis so begrim'd and smutt'd. However I comfort my self with a christian reflection, that I have not broken the commandment, for my pictures are not the likeness of any thing in heaven above, or in earth below, or in the water under the earth. Neither will any body adore or worship them, except the Indians should have a sight of 'em, who they tell us, worship certain idols purely for their ugliness.

I am very much recreated and refreshed with the news of the advancement of the *Fan*, which I doubt not will delight the eye and sense of the fair, as long as that agreeable machine shall play in the hands of  
poste-

posterity. I am glad your fan is mounted so soon, but I wou'd have you varnish and glaze it at your leisure, and polish the sticks as much as you can. You may then cause it to be born in the hands of both sexes, no less in Britain, than it is in China; where it is ordinary for a Mandarin to fan himself cool after a debate, and a Statesman to hide his face with it when he tells a grave lye.

I am, &c.

#### LETTER IV.

Dear Mr. Gay, ?

Sept 23, 1714.

**W**elcome to your native soil! welcome to your friends! thrice welcome to me! whether return'd in glory, blest with court-interest, the love and familiarity of the great, and fill'd with agreeable hopes; or melancholy with dejection. contemplative of the changes of fortune, and doubtful for the future: Whether return'd a triumphant Whig or a desponding Tory, equally all hail! equally beloved and welcome to me! If happy, I am to partake in your elevation; if unhappy, you have still a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at Binfield in the worst of times at your service. If you are a Tory, or thought so by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your gratitude to a few people who endeavour'd to serve you, and whose politicks were never your concern. If you are a Whig, as I rather hope, and as I think your principles and mine (as brother poets) had ever a byass to the side of Liberty, I know you will be an honest man and an inoffensive one. Upon the whole, I know

know you are incapable of being so much of either party as to be good for nothing. Therefore once more, whatever you are, or in whatever state you are, all hail!

One or two of your old friends complain'd they had heard nothing from you since the Queen's death; I told 'em, no man living loved Mr. Gay better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his voyage. This I thought a convincing proof, how truly one may be a friend to another without telling him so every month. But they had reasons too themselves to alledge in your excuse; as men who really value one another will never want such as make their friends and themselves easy. The late Universal concern in publick affairs, threw us all into a hurry of spirits; even I who am more a Philosopher than to expect any thing from any Reign, was born away with the current, and full of the expectation of the Successor: During your journeys I knew not whither to aim a letter after you; that was a sort of shooting flying: add to this the demand Homer had upon me, to write fifty verses a day, besides learned notes, all which are at a conclusion for this year. Rejoice with me, O my friend, that my labour is over; come and make merry with me in much feasting: We will feed among the lillies, (By the lillies I mean the ladies.) Are not the Rosalinda's of Britain as charming as the Bloufalinda's of the Hague? or have the two great pastoral poets of our nation renounced love at the same time? for Philips, immortal Philips hath deserted, yea and in a rustick manner kicked, his Rosalind. Dr. Parnelle and I have been inseperable ever since you went. We are now at the Bath, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engaged) your coming would be the greatest pleasure to us in the world.

Talk

Talk not of expences: Homer shall support his children. I beg a line from you directed to the Posthouse in Bath. Poor Parnelle is in an ill state of health.

Pardon me if I add a word of advice in the poetical way. Write something on the King, or Prince, or Princess. On whatsoever foot you may be with the court, this can do no harm — I shall never know where to end, and am confounded in the many things I have to say to you, tho' they all amount but to this that I am entirely, as ever,

Your, &c,

## L E T T E R V.

*London, Nov. 8, 1717.*

**I** AM extremely glad to find by a Letter of yours to Mr. Fortescue, that you have receiv'd one from me; and I beg you to keep, as the greatest of curiosities, that letter of mine which you receiv'd and I never writ.

But the truth is, that we were made here to expect you in a short time, that I was upon the ramble most part of the Summer, and have concluded the season in grief, for the death of my poor father.

I shall not enter into a detail of my concerns and troubles, for two reasons; because I am really afflicted and need no airs of grief, and because they are not the concerns and troubles of any but my self. But I think you (without too great a compliment) enough my friend, to be pleas'd to know he died easily, without a groan, or the sickness of two minutes; in a word, as silently and peacefully as he lived.

*Sic*



*Sic mihi contingat vivere, sicque mori!*

I am not in the humour to say gay things, nor in the affectation of avoiding them. I can't pretend to entertain either Mr. Pulteney or you, as you have done both my Lord Burlington and me, by your letter to Mr. Lowndes. I am only sorry you have no greater quarrel to Mr. Lowndes, and wish you paid some hundreds a year to the land tax. That gentleman is lately become an inoffensive person to me too; so that we may join heartily in our addresses to him, and (like true patriots) rejoice in all that good done to the nation and government, to which we contribute nothing our selves.

I should not forget to acknowledge your letter sent from Aix; you told me then that writing was not good with the waters, and I find since you are of my opinion, that 'tis as bad without the waters. But I fancy, it is not writing but thinking, that is so bad with the waters; and then you might write without any manner of prejudice, if you writ like our brother-Poets of these days.

The Dutcheß, Lord Warwick, Lord Stanhope, Mrs. Bellenden, Mrs. Lepell, and I can't tell who else, had your letters: Dr. Arbuthnot and I expect to be treated like friends. I would send my services to Mr. Pulteney, but that he is out of favour at court; and make some compliment to Mrs. Pulteney, if she were not a Whig. My Lord Burlington tells me she has much out-shin'd all the French ladies, as she did the English before: I am sorry for it, because it will be detrimental to our holy religion, if heretical women should eclipse those Nuns and orthodox Beauties,

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in

in whose eyes alone lie all the hopes we can have, of gaining such fine gentlemen as you to our church.

Your, &c.

I wish you joy of the birth of the young prince, because he is the only prince we have, from whom you have had no expectations and no disappointments.

# LETTER VI.

*From Mr. Gay to Mr. F —*

*Stanton Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.*

**T**HE only news that you can expect to have from me here, is news from heaven, for I am quite out of the world, and there is scarce any thing can reach me except the noise of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old authors of high towers levell'd by it to the ground, while the humble valleys have escap'd: the only thing that is proof against it is the laurell, which however I take to be no great security to the brains of modern authors. But to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant heap of towers in the universe, which is in this neighbourhood, stands still undefac'd, while a cock of barley in our next field has been consumed to ashes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that had perished! for unhappily beneath this little shelter sat two much more constant Lovers than ever were found in Romance under

der the shade of a beech-tree. John Hewet was a well-set man of about five and twenty, Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same age. They had pass'd thro' the various labours of the year together, with the greatest satisfaction; if she milk'd, 'twas his morning and evening care, to bring the cows to her hand; it was but last fair that he bought her a present of green silk for her straw hat, and the posse on her silver ring was of his choosing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood; for scandal never affirm'd, that they had any other views than the lawful possession of each other in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtain'd the consent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of the wedding cloaths, and John was suiting several sorts of poppys and field flowers to her complection, to chuse her a knot for the wedding-day. While they were thus busied, (it was on the last of July between two or three in the afternoon) the clouds grew black, and such a storm of lightning and thunder ensued, that all the labourers made the best of their way to what shelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frightned and fell down in a swoon on a heap of barley. John who never separated from her, sat down by her side, having raked together two or three heaps the better to secure her from the storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if heaven had split asunder; every one was now solicitous for the safety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field: No answer being return'd to those who called to our Lovers, they stept to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a smoak, and then spy'd

this faithful pair; John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as to skreen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and stiffen'd in this tender posture. Sarah's left eyebrow was sing'd, and there appear'd a black spot on her breast: her lover was all over black, but not the least signs of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were convey'd to the town, and the next day were interr'd in Stanton-Harcourt Church-yard. My Lord Harcourt, at Mr. Pope's and my request, has caused a stone to be plac'd over them, upon condition that we furnish'd the Epitaph, which is as follows;

*When Eastern lowers feed the funeral fire,  
Or the same pile the faithful fair expire;  
Here pitying heaven that virtue mutual found,  
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.  
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,  
Sent his own lightning, and the Victims seiz'd.*

But my Lord is apprehensive the country people will not understand this, and Mr. Pope says he'll make one with something of scripture in it, and with as little of poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold.

Your, &c.

## LETTER VII.

Dear Gay,

Sept. 11, 1722.

**I** Thank you for remembering me. I would do my best to forget my self, but that I find your idea  
is



is so closely connected to me, that I must forget both together, or neither. I'm sorry I could not have a glympse either of you, or of the Sun (your father) before you went for Bath : But now it pleases me to see him, and hear of you. Pray put Mr. Congreve in mind that he has one on this side of the world who loves him ; and that there are more men and women in the universe than Mr. Gay and my Lady Dutchess. There are Ladies in and about Richmond that pretend to value him and yourself ; and one of 'em at least may be thought to do it without affectation, namely Mrs. Howard.

Pray consult with Dr. Arbuthnot and Dr. Chene, to what exact pitch your belly may be suffer'd to swell, not to outgrow theirs, who are, yet, your betters. Tell Dr. Arbuthnot that even pigeon-pyes and hogs-puddings are thought dangerous by our governors ; for those that have been sent to the Bishop of Rochester are open'd and prophanely pry'd into at the Tower ; 'Tis the first time dead pigeons have been suspected of carrying intelligence. To be serious, you and Mr. Congreve and the Doctor will be sensible of my concern and surprize at his commitment, whose welfare is as much my concern as any friend's I have. I think my self a most unfortunate wretch : I no sooner love, and, upon knowledge, fix my esteem to any man ; but he either dies, like Mr. Craggs, or is sent to imprisonment like the Bishop. God send him as well as I wish him, manifest him to be as innocent as I believe him, and make all his enemies know him as well as I do, that they may think of him as well !

If you apprehend this period to be of any danger in being address'd to you, tell Mr. Congreve or the Doctor, it is writ to them. I am your, &c.

Q3

LETTER

## L E T T E R VIII.

July 13. 1722.

**I** WAS very much pleas'd, not to say oblig'd, by your kind letter, which sufficiently warm'd my heart to have answer'd it sooner, had I not been deceiv'd (a way one often is deceiv'd) by hearkening to women; who told me that both Lady Burlington and yourself were immediately to return from Tunbridge, and that my Lord was gone to bring you back. The world furnishes us with too many examples of what you complain of in yours, and I assure you, none of 'em touch and grieve me so much as what relates to you. I think your sentiments upon it are the very same I should entertain: I wish those we call great men had the same notions, but they are really the most little creatures in the world; and the most interested, in all but one point; which is, that they want judgment to know their greatest interest, to encourage and chuse honest men for their friends.

I have not once seen the person you complain of, whom I have of late thought to be, as the Apostle admonisheth, one flesh with his wife.

Pray make my sincere compliments to Lord Burlington, whom I have long known to have a stronger bent of mind to be all that is good and honourable, than almost any one of his rank.

I have not forgot yours to Lord Bolingbroke, tho' I hope to have speedily a fuller opportunity, he returning for Flanders and France, next month.

Mrs. Howard has writ you something or other in a letter which she says she repents. She has as much  
good

good nature as if she had never seen any ill nature, and had been bred among lambs and turtle-doves, instead of Princes and court-ladies.

By the end of this week, Mr. Fortescue will pass a few days with me : we shall remember you in our potations, and wish you a fisher with us, on my grass-plat. In the mean time we wish you success as a fisher of women at the wells, a rejoicer of the comfortless and widow, and a play-fellow of the maiden. I am

Your, &c.

## LETTER IX.

*Sept. 11, 1722.*

**I** Think it obliging in you to desire an account of my health. The truth is, I have never been in a worse state in my life, and find whatever I have try'd as a remedy so ineffectual, that I give myself entirely over. I wish your health may be set perfectly right by the waters, and be assur'd I not only wish that, and every thing else for you, as common friends wish, but with a zeal not usual among those we call so. I am always glad to hear of, and from you; always glad to see you, whatever accidents or amusements have interven'd to make me do either less than usual. I not only frequently think of you, but constantly do my best to make others do it, by mentioning you to all your acquaintance. I desire you to do the same for me to those you are now with : do me what you think

think justice in regard to those who are my friends, and if there are any, whom I have unwillingly deserv'd so little of as to be my enemies, I don't desire you to forfeit their opinion, or your own judgment in any case. Let time convince those who know me not, that I am an inoffensive person; tho' (to say truth) I don't care how little I am indebted to Time, for the world is hardly worth living in, at least to one that is never to have health a week together. I have been made to expect Dr. Arbuthnot in town this fortnight, or else I had written to him. If he, by never writing to me, seems to forget me, I consider I do the same seemingly to him, and yet I don't believe he has a more sincere friend in the world than I am; therefore I will think him mine. I am his, Mr. Congreve's, and

Yours, &c.

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### LETTER. X.

**I** Faithfully assure you, in the midst of that melancholy with which I have been so long encompassed, in an hourly Expectation almost of my Mother's death; there was no circumstance that render'd it more insupportable to me, than that I could not leave her to see you. Your own present escape from so imminent danger, I pray God may prove less precarious than my poor Mother's can be; whose life at best can be but a short reprieve, or a longer dying. But I fear, even that is more than God will please to grant me; for, these two days past, her most dan-  
gerous



gerous symptoms are return'd upon her; and unless there be a sudden change, I must in a few days, if not in a few hours, be depriv'd of her. In the afflicting prospect before me, I know nothing that can so much alleviate it as the view now given me (Heaven grant it may encrease) of your recovery. In the sincerity of my heart, I am excessively concern'd, not to be able to pay you, dear Gay, any part of the debt I very gratefully remember I owe you on a like sad occasion, when you was here comforting me in her last great Illness. May your health augment as fast as I fear hers must decline: I believe that would be very fast — may the Life that is added to you be past in good fortune and tranquility, rather of your own giving to your self, than from any expectations or trust in others. May you and I live together, without wishing more felicity or acquisitions than Friendship can give and receive without obligations to Greatness. God keep you, and three or four more of those I have known as long, that I may have something worth the surviving my Mother. Adieu dear Gay, and believe me (while you live and while I live)

Your, &c.

As I told you in my last letter, I repeat it in this: Do not think of writing to me. The Doctor, Mrs. Howard, and Mrs. Blount, give me daily accounts of you.

LETTER

## LETTER XI.

*Sunday Night.*

I Truly rejoy'd to see your hand-writing, tho' I fear'd the trouble it might give you. I wish I had not known that you are still so excessively weak. Every day for a week past I had hopes of being able in a day or two more to see you. But my Mother advances not at all, gains no strength, and seems but upon the whole to wait for the next cold day to throw her into a Diarrhœa, that must, if it return, carry her off. This being daily to be fear'd, makes me not dare to go a day from her, lest that should prove to be her last. God send you a speedy recovery, and such a total one as, at your time of life, may be expected. You need not call the few words I writ to you either kind, or good; that was, and is, nothing. But whatever I have in my nature of kindness, I really have for you, and whatever good I could do, I would among the very first be glad to do to you. In your circumstance the old Roman farewell is proper. *Vive! memo nostri.*

Your, &amp;c.

I send you a very kind letter of Mr. Digby, between whom and me two letters have pass'd concerning you.

LETTER

## L E T T E R XII.

**N**O words can tell you the great concern I feel for you; I assure you it was not, and is not lessen'd, by the immediate apprehension I have now every day lain under of losing my mother. Be assur'd, no duty less than that should have kept me one day from attending your condition: I would come and take a room by you at Hampstead, to be with you daily, were she not still in danger of death. I have constantly had particular accounts of you from the Doctor, which have not ceas'd to alarm me yet. God preserve your life, and restore your health. I really beg it for my own sake, for I feel I love you more than I thought in health, tho' I always lov'd you a great deal. If I am so unfortunate as to bury my poor mother, and yet have the good fortune to have my prayers heard for you, I hope we may live most of our remaining days together. If, as I believe, the air of a better clime, as the Southern part of France, may be thought useful for your recovery, thither I would go with you infallibly; and it is very probable we might get the Dean with us, who is in that abandon'd state already in which I shall shortly be, as to other cares and duties. Dear Gay, be as chearful as your suff'rings will permit: God is a better friend than a Court: Even any honest man is a better. I promise you my entire friendship in all events, heartily praying for your recovery.

Yours, &amp;c.

Do not write, if you are ever so able: the Doctor tells me all.

L E T T E R S

## LETTER XIII.

I AM glad to hear of the progress of your recovery, and the oftner I hear it the better, when it becomes easy to you to give it me. I so well remember the consolation you were to me in my Mother's former illness, that it doubles my concern at this time not to be able to be with you, or you able to be with me. Had I lost her, I wou'd have been no where else but with you during your confinement. I have now past five weeks without once going from home, and without any company but for three or four of the days. Friends rarely stretch their kindness so far as ten miles. My Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Bethel have not forgotten to visit me: the rest (except Mrs. Blount once) were contented to send messages. I never pass'd so melancholy a time, and now Mr. Congreve's death touches me nearly. It was twenty years and more that I have known him: Every year carries away something dear with it, till we outlive all tendernesses, and become wretched individuals again as we begun. Adieu! This is my birth-day, and this is my reflection upon it.

*With added days if life give nothing new  
But, like a Siege, let ev'ry Pleasure thro';  
Some Joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,  
And all we gain, some sad Reflection more!  
Is this a Birth-day? — 'Tis alas too clear,  
'Tis but the Funeral of the former Year.*

Your, &c.

LETTER



## LETTER XIV.

*To the Honourable Mrs. —*

*June 20.*

**W**E cannot omit taking this occasion to congratulate you upon the encrease of your family, for your Cow is this morning very happily deliver'd of the better sort, I mean a female calf; she is as like her mother as she can stare. All Knights Errants Palfreys were distinguish'd by lofty names: we see no reason why a Pastoral Lady's sheep and calves should want names of the softer sound; we have therefore given her the name of Cæsar's wife, Calf-urnia; imagining, that as Rómulus and Remus were suckled by a wolf, this Roman lady was suckled by a cow, from whence she took that name. In order to celebrate this birth-day, we had a cold dinner at Marble-hill, Mrs. Susan offer'd us wine upon the occasion, and upon such an occasion we could not refuse it. Our entertainment consisted of flesh and fish, and the lettuce of a greek Island, called Cos. We have some thoughts of dining there to-morrow, to celebrate the day after the birth-day, and on friday to celebrate the day after that, where we intend to entertain Dean Swift; because we think your hall the most delightful room in the world except that where you are. If it was not for you, we would forswear all courts; and really it is the most mortifying thing in nature, that we can neither get into the court to live with you, nor you get into the country to live with us; so we will take up with what we  
can

can get that belongs to you, and make ourselves as happy as we can, in your house.

I hope we shall be brought into no worse company, when you all come to Richmond: for whatever our friend Gay may wish as to getting into Court, I disclaim it, and desire to see nothing of the court but yourself, being wholly and solely

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R XV.

*July 21.*

**Y**OU have the same share in my memory that good things generally have; I always know (whenever I reflect) that you should be in my mind; only I reflect too seldom. However, you ought to allow me the indulgence I allow all my friends, (and if I did not, they would take it) in consideration that they have other avocations, which may prevent the Proofs of their remembring me, tho' they preserve for me all the friendship and good will which I deserve from them. In like manner I expect from you, that my past life of twenty years may be set against the omission of (perhaps) one month: and if you complain of this to any other, 'tis you are in the spleen, and not I in the wrong. If you think this letter splenatick, consider I have just receiv'd the news of the death of a friend, whom I esteem'd almost as many years as you; poor Fenton. He died at Easthamstead, of indolency and inactivity; let it not be your fate, but use exercise. I hope the Duchess will take care of you in this respect, and either make you gallop after her, or teize you enough at home

home to serve instead of exercise abroad. Mrs. Howard is so concern'd about you, and so angry at me for not writing to you, and at Mrs. Blount for not doing the same, that I am piqu'd with jealousy and envy at you, and hate you as much as if you had a great place at court; which you will confess a proper cause of envy and hatred, in any Poet militant, or unpension'd. But to set matters even, I own I love you; and own, I am as I ever was and just as I ever shall be,

Yours, &c.

## L E T T E R    X V I.

*Dear Sir,*

*Oct. 16, 1727.*

**I** HAVE many years ago magnify'd in my own mind, and repeated to you, a ninth Beatitude, added to the eight in the Scripture; "Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed." I could find in my heart to congratulate you on this happy dismissal from all Court-dependance; I dare say I shall find you the better and the honestest man for it, many years hence; very probably the healthfuller, and the chearfuller into the bargain. You are happily rid of many cursed Ceremonies, as well as of many ill, and vicious Habits, of which few or no men escape the infection, who are hackney'd and trammell'd in the ways of a court. Princes indeed, and Peers (the lackies of Princes) and Ladies (the fools of Peers) will smile on you the less; but men of worth, and real friends will look on you the better. There is a thing, the only thing which Kings and Queens cannot give you (for they have it not to give) Liberty,  
and

and which is worth all they have; which, as yet, I thank God, Englishmen need not ask from their hands. You will enjoy that, and your own integrity, and the satisfactory consciousness of having *not* merited such graces from courts as are bestow'd only on the mean, servile, flattering, interested, and undeserving. The only steps to the favour of the Great are such complacencies, such compliances, such distant decorums, as delude them in their vanities, or engage them in their passions. He is their greatest favourite, who is the falsest: and when a man, by such vile gradations, arrives at the height of grandeur and pow'r, he is then at best but in a circumstance to be hated, and in a condition to be hanged, for serving their ends: So many a Minister has found it!

I believe you did not want advice, in the letter you sent by my Lord Grantham; I presume you writ it *not*, without: And you cou'd not have better, if I guess right at the person who agreed to your doing it, in respect to any decency you ought to observe: for I take that person to be a perfect judge of decencies and forms. I am not without fears even on that person's account: I think it a bad omen: but what have I to do with Court-omens?—Dear Gay, adieu. I can only add a plain uncourtly speech: while you are no body's servant, you may be any one's friend; and as such I embrace you, in all conditions of life. While I have a shilling, you shall have six-pence, nay eight-pence, if I can contrive to live upon a groat. I am faithfully

Yours, &c

LETTER



## L E T T E R XVII.

*From Mr. Gay to Mr. Pope.*

*Aug. 2, 1728.*

**T**WAS two or three weeks ago that I writ you a letter : I might indeed have done it sooner ; I thought of you every post-day upon that account, and every other day upon some account or other. I must beg you to give Mrs. B. my sincere thanks for her kind way of thinking of me, which I have heard of more than once from our friend at court, who seem'd in the letter she writ to be in high health and spirits. Considering the multiplicity of pleasures and delights that one is over-run with in those places, I wonder how any body hath health and spirits enough to support 'em : I am heartily glad she has, and whenever I hear so, I find it contributes to mine. You see I am not free from dependance, though I have less attendance than I had formerly ; for a great deal of my own welfare still depends upon hers. Is the widow's house to be dispos'd of yet ? I have not given up my pretensions to the Dean ; if it was to be parted with, I wish one of us had it ; I hope you wish so too, and that Mrs. Blount and Mrs. Howard wish the same, and for the very same reason that I wish it. All I could hear of you of late hath been by advertisements in news-papers, by which one would think the race of Curls was multiplied ; and by the indignation such fellows show against you, that you have more merit than any body alive could have. Homer himself hath not been worse us'd by the French. I

am to tell you that the Duchefs makes you her compliments, and is always inclin'd to like any thing you do; that Mr. Congreve admires, with me, your fortitude; and loves, not envys your performance, for we are not Dunces. Adieu.

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L E T T E R XVIII.

*Aug. 18, 1730.*

**I**F my friendship were as effectual as it is sincere, you would be one of those people who would be vastly advantag'd and enrich'd by it. I ever honour'd those Popes who were most famous for Nepotism, 'tis a sign that the old fellows loved Somebody, which is not usual in such advanced years. And I now honour Sir Robert Walpole for his extensive bounty and goodness to his private friends and relations. But it vexes me to the heart when I reflect, that my friendship is so much less effectual than theirs; nay so utterly useless that it cannot give you any thing, not even a dinner at this distance, nor help the General whom I greatly love, to catch one fish. My only consolation is to think you happier than myself, and to begin to envy you, which is next to hating you (an excellent remedy for love.) How comes it that providence has been so unkind to me, (who am a greater object of compassion than any fat man alive) that I am forc'd to drink wine, while you riot in water, prepar'd with oranges by the hand of the Duchefs of Queensberry? that I am condemn'd to live by a high-way side like an old Patriarch, receiving all guests, where my portico (as Virgil has it)

*Mans*

*Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam,*

while you are wrapt into the Idalian Groves, sprinkled with rose-water, and live in burrage, balm and burnet up to the chin, with the Duchefs of Queensberry? that I am doom'd to the drudgery of dining at court with the ladies in waiting at Windfor, while you are happily banish'd with the Duchefs of Queensberry? So partial is fortune in her dispensations! for I deserv'd ten times more to be banish'd than you, and I know some Ladies who merit it better than even her Grace. After this I must not name any, who dare do so much for you as to send you their services. But one there is, who exhorts me often to write to you, I suppose to prevent or excuse her not doing it herself; she seems (for that is all I'll say for a courtier) to wish you mighty well. Another who is no courtier, frequently mentions you, and does certainly wish you well—I fancy, after all, they both do so.

I writ to Mr. Fortescue and told him the pains you took to see him. The Dean is well; I have had many accounts of him from Irish evidence, but only two letters these four months, in both which you are mentioned kindly: he is in the north of Ireland, doing I know not what, with I know not whom. Mr. Cleland always speaks of you: he is at Tunbridge, wondring at the superior carni-voracity of our friend: he plays now with the old Duchefs, nay dines with her, after she has won all his money. Other news I know not, but that Counsellor Bickford has hurt himself, and has the strangest walking-staff I ever saw. He intends speedily to make you a visit with it at Amesbury. I am my Lord Duke's, my Lady Duchefs's, Mr. Dormer's, General Dormer's, and

Yours, &c.

LETTER

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 LETTER XIX.

Sept. 11, 1730.

**I** May with great truth return your speech, that I think of you daily ; oftner indeed than is consistent with the character of a reasonable man, who is rather to make himself easy with the things and men that are about him, than uneasy with those which he wants. And you, whose absence is in a manner perpetual to me, ought rather to be remembred as a good man gone, than breathed after as one living. You are taken from us here, to be laid up in a more blessed state with spirits of a higher kind : such I reckon his Grace and her Grace, since their banishment from an earthly court to an heavenly one, in each other and their friends ; for I conclude none but true friends will consort or associate with them afterwards. I can't but look upon myself (so unworthy as a man of Twitnam seems, to be rank'd with such rectify'd and sublimated beings as you) as a separated spirit too from Courts and courtly fopperies. But I own, not altogether so divested of terrene matter, nor altogether so spiritualized, as to be worthy admission to your depths of retirement and contentment. I am tugg'd back to the world and its regards too often ; and no wonder, when my retreat is but ten miles from the capital. I am within ear-shot of reports, within the vortex of lyes and censures. I hear sometimes of the lampooners of beauty, the calumniators of virtue, the jokers at reason and religion. I presume these are creatures and things as unknown to you, as we of this dirty orb are to the inhabitants



of the planet Jupiter: except a few fervent prayers reach you on the wings of the post, from two or three of your zealous votaries at this distance; as one Mrs. H. who lifts up her heart now and then to you, from the midst of the Colluvies and sink of human greatness at W — r: one Mrs. B. that fancies you may remember her while you liv'd in your mortal and too transitory state at Petersham: one Lord B. who admir'd the Duchess before she grew a Goddess; and a few others.

To descend now to tell you what are our wants, our complaints, and our miseries here; I must seriously say, the loss of any one good woman is too great to be born easily: and poor Mrs. Rollinson, tho' a private woman, was such. Her husband is gone into Oxfordshire very melancholy, and thence to the Bath, to live on, for such is our fate, and duty. Adieu. Write to me as often as you will, and (to encourage you) I will write as seldom as if you did not. Believe me

Your, &c,

## L E T T E R XX.

Dear Sir,

O<sup>r</sup>. 1, 1730.

I Am something like the sun at this season, withdrawing from the world, but meaning it mighty well, and resolving to shine whenever I can again. But I fear the clouds of a long winter will overcome me to such a degree, that any body will take a farthing candle for a better guide, and more serviceable companion. My friends may remember my brighter

R 3

days,

days, but will think (like the Irishman) that the moon is a better thing when once I am gone. I don't say this with any allusion to my poetical capacity as a son of Apollo, but in my companionable one, (if you'll suffer me to use a phrase of the Earl of Clarendon's) for I shall see or be seen of few of you this winter. I am grown too faint to do any good, or to give any pleasure. I not only, as Dryden finely says, feel my notes decay as a poet, but feel my spirits flag as a companion, and shall return again to where I first began, my books. I have been putting my library in order, and enlarging the chimney in it, with equal intention to warm my mind and body (if I can) to some life. A friend, (a woman-friend, God help me!) with whom I have spent three or four hours a day these fifteen years, advised me to pass more time in my Studies: I reflected, she must have found some reason for this admonition, and concluded she wou'd compleat all her kindnesses to me by returning me to the employment I am fittest for; conversation with the dead, the old, and the worm-eaten.

Judge therefore if I might not treat you as a beautify'd spirit, comparing your life with my stupid state. For as to my living at Windsor with the ladies, &c. it is all a dream; I was there but two nights, and all the day out of that company. I shall certainly make as little court to others, as they do to me; and that will be none at all. My Fair-weather-friends of the summer are going away for London, and I shall see them and the butterflies together, if I live till next year; which I would not desire to do, if it were only for their sakes. But we that are writers, ought to love posterity, that posterity may love us; and I would willingly live to see the children of the present race,  
mere-

merely in hope they may be a little wiser than their Parents.

I am, &c.

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L E T T E R XXI.

**I**T is true that I write to you very seldom, and have no pretence of writing which satisfies me, because I have nothing to say that can give you much pleasure : only merely that I am in being, which in truth is of little consequence to one from whose conversation I am cut off by such accidents or engagements as separate us. I continue, and ever shall, to wish you all good and happiness : I wish that some lucky event might set you in a state of ease and independency all at once ! and that I might live to see you as happy, as this silly world and fortune can make any one. Are we never to live together more, as once we did ? I find my life ebbing apace, and my affections strengthening as my age encreases : not that I am worse, but better, in my health than last winter ; but my mind finds no amendment nor improvement, nor support to lean upon, from those about me : and so I feel myself leaving the world, as fast as it leaves me. Companions I have enough, friends few, and those too warm in the concerns of the world, for me to bear pace with ; or else so divided from me, that they are but like the dead whose remembrance I hold in honour. Nature, temper, and habit from my youth made me have but one strong desire ; all other ambitions, my person, education, constitution, religion, &c. conspir'd to remove far from me. That desire was, to fix and preserve a few lasting, dependable

friendships: and the accidents which have disappointed me in it, have put a period to all my aims. So I am sunk into an idleness, which makes me neither care nor labour to be notic'd by the rest of mankind; I propose no rewards to myself, and why should I take any sort of pains? here I sit and sleep, and probably here I shall sleep till I sleep for ever, like the old man of Verona. I hear of what passes in the busy world with so little attention, that I forget it the next day: and as to the learned world, there is nothing passes in it. I have no more to add, but that I am with the same truth as ever,

Yours, &c.

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L E T T E R XXII.

*Oct. 23, 1730.*

**Y**OUR letter is a very kind one, but I cant say so pleasing to me as many of yours have been, thro' the account you give of the dejection of your spirits. I wish the too constant use of water does not contribute to it; I find Dr. Arbuthnot and another very knowing physician of that opinion. I also wish you were not so totally immers'd in the country; I hope your return to Town will be a prevalent remedy against the evil of too much recollection. I wish it partly for my own sake. We have liv'd little together of late, and we want to be physicians for one another. It is a remedy that agreed very well with us both, for many years, and I fancy our constitutions would mend upon the old medicine of *Studiorum similitudo*, &c. I believe we both of us want whetting; there are several



ral here who will do you that good office, merely for the love of wit, which seems to be bidding the town a long and last adieu. I can tell you of no one thing worth reading, or seeing; the whole age seems resolv'd to justify the Dunciad, and it may stand for a publick Epitaph or monumental Inscription like that at Thermopylæ, on a *whole people perish'd* ! There may indeed be a Wooden image or two of Poetry set up, to preserve the memory that there once were bards in Britain ; and (like the *Giants at Guildhall*) show the bulk and bad taste of our ancestors : At present the poet Laureat and Stephen Duck serve for this purpose ; a drunken sot of a *Parson* holds forth the emblem of *inspiration*, and an honest industrious *Thresher* not unaptly represents *Pains and Labour*. I hope this Phænomenon of Wiltshire has appear'd at Amesbury, or the Duchefs will be thought insensible to all bright qualities and exalted genius's, in Court and country alike. But he is a harmless man, and therefore I am glad.

This is all the news talk'd of at court, but it will please you better to hear that Mrs. Howard talks of you, tho' not in the same breath, with the thresher, as they do of me. By the way, have you seen or convers'd with Mr. Chubb, who is a wonderful Phænomenon of Wiltshire ? I have read thro' his whole volume with admiration of the writer : tho' not always with approbation of the doctrine. I have past just three days in London in four months, two at Windsor, half an one at Richmond, and have not taken one excursion into any other country. Judge now whether I can live in my library ? adieu. Live mindful of one of your first friends, who will be so to the last. Mrs. Blount deserves your remembrance,  
for

for she never forgets you, and wants nothing of being a friend.

I beg the Duke's and her Graces acceptance of my services: the contentment you express in their company pleases me, tho' it be the barr to my own, in dividing you from us. I am ever very truly

Your, &c.

### LETTER XXIII.

O<sup>f</sup>. 2. 1732.

**S**IR Clem. Cottrel tells me you will shortly come to town. We begin to want comfort, in a few friends about us, while the winds whistle, and the waters roar. The sun gives us a parting look, but 'tis but a cold one; we are ready to change those distant favours of a lofty beauty, for a gross material fire that warms and comforts more. I wish you could be here till your family come to town: you'll live more innocently, and kill fewer harmless creatures, nay none, except by your proper deputy, the butcher. It is fit for conscience sake, that you shou'd come to town, and that the Duchess shou'd stay in the country, where no innocents of another species may suffer by her. I hope she never goes to church: the Duke shou'd lock you both up, and less harm would be done. I advise you to make man your game, hunt and beat about here for coxcombs, and truss up Rogues in Satire: I fancy they'll turn to a good account, if you can produce them fresh, or make them keep: and their relations will come, and buy their bodies of you.

The

The death of Wilks leaves Cibber without a colleague, absolute and perpetual dictator of the stage, tho' indeed while he lived he was but as Bibulus to Cæsar. However Ambition finds something to be gratify'd with in a mere name; or else, God have mercy on poor ambition! Here is a dead vacation at present, no politicks at court, no trade in town, nothing stirring but poetry. Every man, and every boy, is writing verses on the Royal Hermitage: I hear the Queen is at a loss which to prefer, but for my own part, I like none so well as Mr. Poyntz's in latin. You would oblige my Lady Suffolk if you tried your muse on this occasion. I am sure I wou'd do as much for the Duchess of Queensberry, if she desir'd it. Several of your friends assure me it is expected from you: one should not bear in mind all one's life, any little indignity one receives from a Court; and therefore I'm in hopes, neither her Grace will hinder you, nor you decline it.

The volume of miscellanies is just publish'd, which concludes all our fooleries of that kind. All your friends remember you, and I assure you no one more than,

Yours, &c.

## L E T T E R XXIV.

*From Mr. Gay to Mr. Pope.*

Oct. 7. 1732.

**I** AM at last return'd from my Somersetshire expedition, but since my return I cannot so much boast

boast of my health as before I went, for I am frequently out of order with my colical complaints, so as to make me uneasy and dispirited, though not to any violent degree. The reception we met with, and the little excursions we made were every way agreeable. I think the country abounds with beautiful prospects. Sir William Wyndham is at present amusing himself with some real improvements, and a great many visionary castles. We were often entertain'd with sea views and sea fish, and were at some places in the neighbourhood, among which, I was mightily pleas'd with Dunster-Castle near Minehead. It stands upon a great eminence and hath a prospect of that town, with an extensive view of the Bristol Channel, in which are seen two small Islands call'd the steep Holms and flat Holms, and on t'other side we could plainly distinguish the divisions of fields on the Welsh coast. All this journey I perform'd on horseback, and I am very much disappointed that at present I feel my self so little the better for it. I have indeed followed riding and exercise for three months successively, and really think I was as well without it, so that I begin to fear the illness I have so long and so often complain'd of is inherent in my constitution, and that I have nothing for it but patience.\*

As to your advice about writing Panegyrick, 'tis what I have not frequently done. I have indeed done it sometimes against my judgment and inclinations, and I heartily repent of it. And at present as I have no desire of reward, and see no just reason of praise, I think I had better let it alone. There are flatterers good enough to be found, and I wou'd not interfere in any Gentleman's profession. I have seen no verses

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\* Mr. Gay dy'd the November following at the Duke of Queensberry's house in London, aged 46 years.



upon these sublime occasions, so that I have no emulation: Let the patrons enjoy the authors, and the authors their patrons, for I know myself unworthy.

I am, &c.

# LETTER XXV.

*Mr. Cleland to Mr. Gay.*

*Dec. 16, 1731.*

I AM astonish'd at the complaints occasion'd by a late Epistle to the Earl of Burlington; and I shou'd be afflicted were there the least just ground for 'em. Had the writer attack'd Vice, at a time when it is not only tolerated but triumphant, and so far from being conceal'd as a Defect, that it is proclaimed with ostentation as a Merit; I should have been apprehensive of the Consequence: Had he satirized Gamesters of a hundred thousand pounds fortune, acquired by such methods as are in daily practice, and almost universally encouraged: had he overwarmly defended the Religion of his country, against such books as come from every press, are publicly vended in every shop, and greedily bought by almost every rank of men; or had he called our excellent Weekly writers by the same names which they openly bestow on the greatest men in the Ministry, and out of the Ministry, for which they are all unpunished, and most rewarded: In any of these cases, indeed, I might have judg'd him too presumptuous, and perhaps have trembled for his rashness.

I could not but hope better for this small and modest Epistle, which attacks no one Vice whatsoever; which

which deals only in Folly, and not folly in general, but a single species of it; that only branch, for the opposite excellency to which, the Noble Lord to whom it is written must necessarily be celebrated. I fancied it might escape censure, especially seeing how tenderly these follies are treated, and really less accused, than apologized for.

*Yet hence the Poor are cloath'd, the Hungry fed,  
Health to himself, and to his Infants Bread.  
The Lab'rer bears.*

Is this such a crime, that to impute it to a man must be a grievous offence? 'Tis an Innocent Folly, and much more beneficent than the want of it; for ill Taste employs more hands, and diffuses expence more than a good one. Is it a moral defect? no, it is but a natural one; a want of taste. It is what the best good man living may be liable to. The worthiest Peer may live exemplarily in an ill-favour'd house, and the best reputed citizen be pleased with a vile garden. I thought (I say) the author had the common liberty to observe a defect, and to compliment a friend for a quality that distinguishes him: which I know not how any quality should do, if we were not to remark that it was wanting in others.

But they say the satire is personal. I thought it could not be so, because all its reflections are on things. His reflections are not on the man, but his house, garden, &c. Nay, he respects (as one may say) the Persons of the Gladiator, the Nile, and the Triton: he is only sorry to see them (as he might be to see any of his friends) ridiculous by being in the wrong place, and in bad company. Some fancy, that to say a thing is Personal, is the same as to say it is Injust, not considering

sidering, that nothing can be Just that is not personal. I am afraid that "all such writings and discourses as touch no man, will mend no man." The good natured, indeed, are apt to be alarmed at any thing like satire; and the guilty readily concur with the weak for a plain reason, because the vicious look upon folly as their Frontier:

— *Jam proximus ardet*  
Ucalegon —

No wonder those who know ridicule belongs to them, find an inward consolation in removing it from themselves as far as they can; and it is never so far, as when they can get it fixed on the best characters. No wonder those who are Food for Satirists should rail at them as creatures of prey; every beast born for our use would be ready to call a man so.

I know no remedy, unless people in our age would as little frequent the theatres, as they begin to do the churches; unless comedy were forsaken, satire silent, and every man left to do what seems good in his own eyes, as if there were no King, no Priest, no Poet, in Israel.

But I find myself obliged to touch a point, on which I must be more serious; it well deserves I should: I mean the malicious application of the Character of Timon, which I will boldly say, they would impute to the person the most different in the world from a Man-hater, and the person whose taste and encouragement of wit have often been shewn in the rightest place. The author of that epistle must certainly think so, if he has the same opinion of his own merit as authors generally have; for he has been distinguished by this very person.

Why,

Why, in God's name, must a *Portrait*, apparently collected from twenty different men, be apply'd to one only? Has it his eye? no, it is very unlike. Has it his nose or mouth? no, they are totally differing. What then, I beseech you? why, it has the mole on his chin. Very well; but must the picture therefore be his, and has no other man that blemish?

Could there be a more melancholy instance how much the taste of the publick is vitiated, and turns the most salutary and seasonable physick into poison, than if amidst the blaze of a thousand bright qualities in a great man, they should only remark there is a shadow about him; as what eminence is without? I am confident the author was incapable of imputing any such to one, whose whole life (to use his own expression in print of him) is a *continued series* of good and generous actions.

I know no man who would be more concerned, if he gave the least pain or offence to any innocent person; and none who would be less concerned, if the satire were challenged by any one at whom he would really aim it. If ever that happens, I dare engage he will own it, with all the freedom of one whose censures are just, and who sets his name to them.

## LETTER XXVI.

*To the Earl of Burlington.*

My LORD

March 7, 1731.

THE clamour rais'd about my Epistle to you, could not give me so much pain, as I receiv'd pleasure



pleasure in seeing the general zeal of the world in the cause of a Great man who is beneficent, and the particular warmth of your Lordship in that of a private man who is innocent.

It was not the Poem that deserv'd this from you ; for as I had the honour to be your friend, I cou'd not treat you quite like a Poet : but sure the Writer deserv'd more candor, even from those who knew him not, than to promote a report, which in regard to that noble Person, was impertinent ; in regard to me, villainous. Yet I had no great cause to wonder, that a character belonging to twenty shou'd be applied to one ; since, by that means, nineteen wou'd escape the ridicule.

I was too well content with my knowledge of that noble persons opinion in this affair, to trouble the publick about it. But since malice and mistake are so long a dying, I have taken the opportunity of a third edition to declare his belief, not only of my innocence, but of their malignity, of the former of which my own heart is as conscious, as I fear some of theirs must be of the latter. His humanity feels a concern for the Injury done to me, while his greatness of mind can bear with indifference the insult offer'd to himself. \*

However, my Lord, I own, that critics of this sort can intimidate me, nay half incline me to write no more : That wou'd be making the Town a compliment which I think it deserves ; and which some, I am sure, wou'd take very kindly. This way of Satire is dangerous, as long as slander rais'd by fools of the lowest

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\* Alludes to the letter the Duke of Ch—— wrote to Mr. Pope on this occasion.

rank, can find any countenance from those of a higher. Even from the conduct shewn on this occasion, I have learnt there are some who wou'd rather be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be safer to attack Vices than Follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet possession of their Idols, their Groves, and their High-places; and change my subject from their pride to their meanness, from their vanities to their miseries; and as the only certain way to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and not to multiply ill-natur'd applications, I may probably, in my next, make use of real names instead of fictitious ones. I am,

My Lord,

Your most affectionate, &c.

## LETTER XXVII.

*Cirencester.*

**I**T is a true saying that misfortunes alone prove one's friendships: they show us not only that of other people for us, but our own for them. We hardly know our selves any otherwise. I feel my being forc'd to this Bath-journey as a misfortune; and to follow my own welfare preferably to those I love, is indeed a new thing to me: my health has not usually got the better of my tenderneffes and affections. I set out with a heavy heart, wishing I had done this thing the last season; for every day I defer it, the more I am in danger of that accident which I dread the most, my Mother's death (especially shou'd it happen while I am away.) And another Reflection pains me, that  
I have

I have never since I knew you been so long separated from you, as I now must be. Methinks we live to be more and more strangers, and every Year teaches you to live without me: This absence may, I fear, make my return less welcome and less wanted to you, than once it seem'd, even after but a fortnight. Time ought not in reason to diminish friendship, when it confirms the truth of it by experience.

The journey has a good deal disorder'd me, notwithstanding my resting place at Lord Bathurst's. My Lord is too much for me, he walks and is in spirits all day long: I rejoice to see him so. It is a right distinction, that I am happier in seeing my friends so many degrees above me, be it in fortune, health, or pleasures, than I can be in sharing either with them: for in these sort of enjoyments I cannot keep pace with 'em, any more than I can walk with a stronger man. I wonder to find I am a companion for none but old men, and forget that I am not a young fellow my self. The worst is, that reading and writing which I have still the greatest relish for, are growing painful to my eyes. But if I can preserve the good opinion of one or two friends, to such a degree, as to have their indulgence to my weaknesses, I will not complain of life: And if I could live to see you consult your ease and quiet, by becoming independent on those who will never help you to either, I doubt not of finding the latter part of my life pleasanter than the former, or present. My uneasinesses of body I can bear; my chief uneasiness of mind is in your regard. You have a temper that wou'd make you *easy* and *beloved*, (which is all the happiness one needs to wish in this world) and content with moderate things. All your point is not to lose that temper by sacrificing your self to others, out of a mistaken tenderness which

hurts you, and profits not them. And this you must do soon, or it will be too late: Habit will make it as hard for you to live independent, as for L — to live out of a Court.

You must excuse me for observing what I think any defect in you: You grow too indolent, and give things up too easily: which would be otherwise, when you found and felt your self your own: Spirits wou'd come in, as ill-usage went out. While you live under a kind of perpetual dejection and oppression, nothing at all belongs to you, not your own *Humour*, nor your own *Sense*.

You can't conceive how much you would find resolution rise, and chearfulness grow upon you, if you'd once try to live independent for two or three months. I never think tenderly of you but this comes across me, and therefore excuse my repeating it, for whenever I do not, I dissemble half that I think of you: Adieu, pray write, and be particular about your health.

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### LETTER XXVIII.

**Y**Our letter dated at nine a clock on Tuesday (night as I suppose) has sunk me quite. Yesterday I hoped; and yesterday I sent you a line or two for our poor Friend Gay, inclos'd in a few words to you; about twelve or one a clock you should have had it. I am troubled about that, tho' the present cause  
of



of our trouble be so much greater. † Indeed I want a friend, to help me to bear it better. We want each other. I bear a hearty share with Mrs. Howard, who has lost a man of a most honest heart; so honest an one, that I wish her Master had none less honest about him. The world after all is a little pitiful thing; not performing any one promise it makes us, for the future, and every day taking away and annulling the joys of the past. Let us comfort one another, and if possible, study to add as much more friendship to each other, as death has depriv'd us of in him: I promise you more and more of mine, which will be the way to deserve more and more of yours.

I purposely avoid saying more. The subject is beyond writing upon, beyond cure or ease by reason or reflection, beyond all but one thought, that it is the will of God.

So will the death of my Mother be! which now I tremble at, now resign to, now bring close to me, now set farther off: Every day alters, turns me about, and confuses my whole frame of mind. Her dangerous distemper is again return'd, her fever coming onward again, tho' less in pain; for which last however I thank God.

I am unfeignedly tired of the world, and receive nothing to be call'd a Pleasure in it, equivalent to countervail either the death of one I have so long lived with, or of one I have so long lived for. I have nothing left but to turn my thoughts to one comfort; the last we usually think of, tho' the only one we should in wisdom depend upon, in such a dis-

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† Mr. Gay's death, which happen'd in Nov. 1732, at the Duke of Queensberry's house in London, aged 46.

appointing place as this. I sit in her room, and she is always present before me, but when I sleep I wonder I am so well: I have shed many Tears, but now I weep at nothing. I would above all things see you, and think it would comfort you to see me so equal temper'd and so quiet. But pray dine here: you may, and she know nothing of it, for she dozes much, and we tell her of no earthly thing lest it run in her mind, which often trifles have done. If Mr. Bethel had time, I wish he were your companion hither. Be as much as you can with each other: Be assur'd I love you both, and be farther assur'd, that friendship will encrease as I live on.

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### L E T T E R XXIX.

*To the Honourable Edward Digby.*

*Dear Sir,*

*April 21. 1726.*

**I** Have a great inclination to write to you, tho' I cannot by writing, any more than I could by words, express what part I bear in your sufferings. Nature and Esteem in you are join'd to aggravate your affliction: the latter I have in a degree equal even to yours, and a tie of friendship approaches near to the tenderness of nature: yet God knows, no man living is less fit to comfort you, as no man is more deeply sensible than my self of the greatness of the loss. That very virtue, which secures his present state from all the sorrows incident to ours, does but aggrandise our  
sensa-

sensation of its being remov'd from our sight, from our affection, and from our imitation ; for the friendship and society of good men does not only make us happier, but it makes us better. Their death does but complete their felicity before our own, who probably are not yet arriv'd to that degree of perfection which merits an immediate reward. That your dear brother and my dear friend was so, I take his very removal to be a proof ; Providence would certainly lend virtuous men to a world that so much wants them, as long as in its justice to them it could spare them to us. May my soul be with those who have meant well, and have acted well to that meaning ! and I doubt not, if this prayer be granted, I shall be with him. Let us preserve his memory in the way he would best like, by recollecting what his behaviour would have been, in every incident of our lives to come, and doing in each just as we think he would have done : so we shall have him always before our eyes, and in our minds, and (what is more) in our lives and manners. I hope when we shall meet him next, we shall be more of a piece with him, and consequently not to be ever more separated from him. I will add but one word that relates to what remains of yourself and me, since so valued a part of us is gone : it is to beg you to accept as yours by inheritance, of the vacancy he has left in a heart, which (while he could fill it with such hopes, wishes, and affections for him as suited a mortal creature) was truly and warmly his ; and shall (I assure you in the sincerity of sorrow for my own loss) be faithfully at your service while I continue to love his memory, that is, while I continue to be my self.

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 LETTER XXX.

To HUGH BETHEL, *Esq*;

*July 12, 1723.*

**I** Assure you unfeignedly, any memorial of your good-nature and friendliness is most welcome to me, who know those tenders of affection from you are not like the common traffick of complements and professions, which most people only give that they may receive; and is at best a commerce of Vanity, if not of Falsehood. I am happy in not immediately wanting the sort of good offices you offer: but if I did want 'em, I should not think my self unhappy in receiving 'em at your hands: this really is some complement, for I would rather most men did me a small injury, than a kindness. I know your humanity, and allow me to say, I love and value you for it: 'Tis a much better ground of love and value, than all the qualities I see the world so fond of: They generally admire in the wrong place, and generally most admire the things they don't comprehend, or the things they can never be the better for. Very few can receive pleasure or advantage from wit which they seldom taste, or learning which they seldom understand: much less from the quality, high birth, or shining circumstances of those to whom they profess esteem, and who will always remember how much they are their Inferiors. But Humanity and sociable virtues are what every creature wants every day, and still wants more the longer



longer he lives, and most the very moment he dies. It is ill travelling either in a ditch or on a terras; we should walk in the common way where others are continually passing on the same level, to make the journey of life supportable by bearing one another company in the same circumstances. — Let me know how I may convey over the *Odysses* for your amusement in your journey, that you may compare your own travels with those of *Ulysses*: I am sure yours are undertaken upon a more disinterested, and therefore a more heroic motive. Far be the omen from you, of returning as he did, alone, without saving a friend.

There is lately printed a book wherein all human virtue is reduced to one test, that of Truth, and branch'd out in every instance of our duty to God and man. If you have not seen it, you must, and I will send it together with the *Odysses*. The very women read it, and pretend to be charm'd with that beauty which they generally think the least of. They make as much ado about truth, since this book appear'd, as they did about health when *Dr. Cheyne's* came out; and will doubtless be as constant in the pursuit of one, as of the other. Adieu.

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L E T T E R XXXI.

*To the same.*

*Aug. 9. 1726.*

**I** Never am unmindful of those I think so well of as your self; their number is not so great as to confound one's memory. Nor ought you to decline writing

writing to me, upon an-imagination that I am much employ'd by other people. For tho' my house is like the house of a Patriarch of old, standing by the highway side and receiving all travellers, nevertheless I seldom go to bed without the reflection, that one's chief business is to be really at home: and I agree with you in your opinion of company, amusements, and all the silly things which mankind wou'd fain make pleasures of, when in truth they are labour and sorrow.

I condole with you on the death of your Relation, the E. of C. as on the fate of a mortal man: Esteem I never had for him, but concern and humanity I had: the latter was due to the infirmity of his last period, tho' the former was not due to the triumphant and vain part of his course. He certainly knew himself best at last, and knew best the little value of others, whose neglect of him whom they so grossly follow'd and flatter'd in the former scene of his life, shew'd them as worthless as they cou'd imagine him to be, were he all that his worst enemies believ'd of him. For my own part, I am sorry for his death, and wish he had lived long enough to see so much of the faithlessness of the world, as to have been above the mad ambition of governing such wretches as he must have found it to be compos'd of.

Tho' you cou'd have no great value for this Great Man, yet acquaintance itself, the custom of seeing the face, or entring under the roof, of one that walks along with us in the common way of the world, is enough to create a wish at least for his being above ground, and a degree of uneasiness at his removal. 'Tis the loss of an object familiar to us: I should hardly care to have an old post pull'd up, that I remember'd ever since I was a child. And add to this the reflection

reflection (in the case of such as were not the best of their Species) what their condition in another life may be, it is yet a more important motive for our concern and compassion. To say the truth, either in the case of death or life, almost every body and every thing is a cause or object for humanity, even prosperity itself, and health itself; so many weak pitiful incidentals attend on them.

I am sorry any relation of yours is ill, whoever it be, for you don't name the person. But I conclude it is one of those to whose houses you tell me you are going, for I know no invitation with you is so strong as when any one is in distress, or in want of your assistance: The strongest proof in the world of this, was your attendance on the late Earl.

I have been very melancholy for the loss of Mr. Blount. Whoever has any portion of good nature will suffer on these occasions, but a good mind rewards its own sufferings. I hope to trouble you as little as possible, if it be my fate to go before you. I am of old Ennius his mind, *Nemo me decoret lachrymis* — I am but a *Lodger* here: this is not an abiding City, I am only to stay out my lease: for what has Perpetuity and mortal man to do with each other? But I could be glad you would take up with an Inn at Twickenham, as long as I am Host of it: if not, I would take up freely with any Inn of yours. — Adieu, dear Sir: Let us while away this life; and (if we can) meet in another.

*\* Memento for ever! E. Gray.*

L E T.

## LETTER XXXII.

*To the same.**June 24, 1727.*

**Y**OU are too humane and considerate, (things few people can be charged with.) Do not say you will not expect letters from me; upon my word I can no more forbear writing sometimes to you, than thinking often of you. I know the world too well, not to value you; who are an example of acting, living and thinking, above it, and contrary to it.

I thank God for my Mother's unexpected recovery, tho' my hope can rise no higher than from reprieve to reprieve, the small addition of a few days to the many she has already seen. Yet so short and transitory as this light is, it is all I have to warm or shine upon me; and when it is out, there is nothing else that will live for me, or consume itself in my service. But I wou'd have you think this is not the chief motive of my concern about her: Gratitude is a cheap virtue, one may pay it very punctually for it costs us nothing, but our memory of the good done. And I owe her more good, than ever I can pay or she at this age receive, if I could. I do not think the tranquillity of the mind ought to be disturbed for many things in this world; but those offices that are necessary duties either to our friends or our selves, will hardly prove any breach of it; and as much as they take away from our indolence and ease of body, will contribute to our peace and quiet of mind by the content they give. They often afford the highest  
pleasure;



pleasure; and those who do not feel that, will hardly ever find another to match it, let them love themselves ever so dearly. At the same time it must be own'd, one meets with cruel disappointments in seeing so often the best endeavours ineffectual to make others happy, and very often (what is most cruel of all) thro' their own means. But still I affirm, those very disappointments of a virtuous man are greater pleasures, than the utmost gratifications and successes of a mere self-lover.

The great and sudden event which has just now happened, puts the whole world (I mean this whole world) into a new state: The only use I have, shall, or wish to make of it, is to observe the Disparity of men from themselves in a weeks time: the desultory leaping and catching of new motions, new modes, new measures: and that strange spirit and life, with which men broken and disappointed resume their hopes, their sollicitations, their ambitions! it would be worth your while as a Philosopher, to be busy in these observations, and to come hither to see the fury and bustle of the Bees this hot season, without coming so near as to be stung by them. Yours, &c.

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L E T T E R XXXIII.

*To the same.*

June 17, 1728.

**A**FTER the publishing of my Boyish Letters to Mr. Cromwell, you will not wonder if I should  
 forswear

forswear writing a letter again while I live; since I do not correspond with a friend upon the terms of any other free subject of this kingdom. But to you I can never be silent, or reserved; and I am sure my opinion of your heart is such, that I could open mine to you in no manner which I could fear the whole world should know. I could publish my own heart too, I will venture to say, for any mischief or malice there's in it: but a little too much folly or weakness might (I fear) appear, to make such a spectacle either instructive or agreeable to others.

I am reduced to beg of all my acquaintance to secure me from the like usage for the future, by returning me any letters of mine which they may have preserved; that I may not be hurt after my death by that which was the happiness of my life, their partiality and affection to me.

I have nothing of my self to tell you, only that I have had but indifferent health. I have not made a visit to London: Curiosity and the love of Dissipation dye apace in me. I am not glad nor sorry for it, but I am very sorry for those who have nothing else to live on.

I have read much, but writ no more. I have small hopes of doing good, no vanity in writing, and little ambition to please a world not very candid or deserving. If I can preserve the good opinion of a few friends, it is all I can expect, considering how little good I can do even to them to merit it. Few people have your candour, or are so willing to think well of another from whom they receive no benefit, and gratify no vanity. But of all the soft sensations, the greatest pleasure is to give and receive mutual Trust. It is by Belief and firm Hope, that men are made happy in this life, as well as in the other. My confidence

fidence in your good opinion, and dependance upon that of one or two more, is the chief cordial drop I take, amidst the Insipid, the Disagreeable, the Cloying, or the Dead-sweet, which are the common draughts of life. Some pleasures are too pert, as well as others too flat, to be relish'd long : and vivacity in some cases is worse than dulness. Therefore indeed for many years I have not chosen my companions for any of the qualities in fashion, but almost intirely for that which is the most out-of-fashion, sincerity. Before I am aware of it, I am making your panegyrick, and perhaps my own too, for next to possessing the best of qualities is the esteeming and distinguishing those who possess it. I truly love and value you, and so I stop short.

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L E T T E R XXXIV.

*To the Earl of* PETERBOROW.

*My Lord,*

*Aug. 24, 1728.*

**I** Presume you may before this time be returned from the contemplation of many Beauties, animal and vegetable, in Gardens ; and possibly some rational, in Ladies ; to the better enjoyment of your own at Bevis-Mount. I hope, and believe, all you have seen will only contribute to it. I am not so fond of making compliments to Ladies as I was twenty years ago, or I wou'd say there are some very reasonable, and one in particular there. I think you happy, my Lord, in being at least half the year almost as much your own master as I am mine the whole year: and  
with

with all the disadvantageous incumbrances of quality, parts, and honour, as meer a gardiner, loyterer, and labourer, as he who never had Titles, or from whom they are taken. I have an eye in the last of these glorious appellations to the style of a Lord degraded or attainted : methinks they give him a better title than they deprive him of, in calling him Labourer : *Agricultura*, says Tully, *proxima Sapientiæ*, which is more than can be said by most modern Nobility of Grace or Right Honourable, which are often *proxima Stultitiæ*. The great Turk, you know, is often a Gardiner, or of a meaner trade : and are there not (my Lord) some circumstances in which you would resemble the great Turk ? The two Paradises are not ill connected, of Gardens and Gallantry ; and some there are (not to name my Lord B.) who pretend they are both to be had, even in this life, without turning Muffelmen.

We have as little politicks here within a few miles of the Court (nay perhaps at the Court) as you at Southampton ; and our Ministers I dare say have less to do. Our weekly histories are only full of the feasts given to the Queen and Royal Family by their servants, and the long and laborious walks her majesty takes every morning. Yet if the graver Historians hereafter shall be silent of this year's events, the amorous and anecdotal may make posterity some amends, by being furnished with the gallantries of the Great at home ; and 'tis some comfort, that if the Men of the next age do not read of us, the Women may.

From the time you have been absent, I've not been to wait on a certain great man, thro' modesty, thro' idleness, and thro' respect. But for my comfort I fancy, that any great man will as soon forget one that  
does



does him no harm, as he can one that has done him any good. Believe me my Lord, yours.

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L E T T E R XXXV.

*From the Earl of PETERBOROW.*

**I** Must confess that in going to Lord Cobham's, I was not led by curiosity. I went thither to see what I had seen, and what I was sure to like.

I had the idea of those gardens so fixt in my imagination by many descriptions, that nothing surprized me; Immensity and Van Brugh appear in the whole, and in every part. Your joyning in your letter animal and vegetable beauty, makes me use this expression: I confess the stately Sacharissa at Stow, but am content with my little Amoret.

I thought you indeed more knowing upon the subject, and wonder at your mistake: why will you imagine women insensible to Praise, much less to yours? I have seen them more than once turn from their Lover to their Flatterer. I am sure the Farmerefs at Bevis in her highest mortifications, in the middle of her Lent, would feel emotions of vanity, if she knew you gave her the character of a reasonable woman.

You have been guilty again of another mistake which hinder'd me showing your letter to a friend: when you join two ladies in the same compliment, tho' you gave to both the beauty of Venus and the wit of Minerva, you would please neither.

If you had put me into the Dunciad, I could not have been more disposed to criticise your letter. What

T

Sir,

Sir, do you bring it in as a reproach, or as a thing uncommon to a Court, to be without Politicks? With politicks indeed the Richlieu's and such folks have brought about great things in former days: but what are they, Sir, who without policy in our times, can make ten Treaties in a year, and secure everlasting Peace?

I can no longer disagree with you, tho' in jest. Oh how heartily I join with you in your contempt for Excellency and Grace, and in your Esteem of that most noble title, Loiterer. If I were a man of many plums, and a good heathen, I would dedicate a Temple to Laziness: No man sure could blame my choice of such a Deity, who considers, that when I have been fool enough to take pains, I always met with some wise man able to undo my labours.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER XXXVI.

**Y**OU were in a very Polemick humour when you did me the honour to answer my last. I always understood, like a true controvertist, that to answer is only to cavil and quarrel: however I forgive you; you did it (as all Polemicks do) to shew your parts. Else was it not very vexatious, to deny me to commend two women at a time? It's true my Lord, you know women, as well as men: but since you certainly love them better, why are you so uncharitable in your opinion of them? surely one Lady may allow another to have the thing she herself least values, Reason, when Beauty is uncontested? Venus herself could  
allow

allow Minerva to be Goddess of Wit, when Paris gave her the apple (as the fool herself thought) on a better account. I do say, that Lady P\* is a reasonable woman; and I think she will not take it amiss, if I should insist upon Esteeming her, instead of Toasting her, like a silly thing I could name, who is the Venus of these days. I see you had forgot my letter, or would not let her know how much I thought of her in this reasonable way: but I have been kinder to you, and have shown your letter, to one who will take it candidly.

But for God's sake, what have you said about Politicians? you made me a great compliment in the trust you reposed in my prudence, or what mischief might not I have done you with some that affect that denomination? Your Lordship might as safely have spoken of Heroes. What a bluster would the God of the winds have made, had one that we know puff'd against Æolus, or, (like Xerxes) whipp'd the seas? They had dialogued it in the language of the Rehearsal,

*I'll give him flash for flash —*  
*I'll give him dash for dash —*

But all now is safe; the Poets are preparing songs of joy, and Halcyon-days are the word.

I hope my Lord, it will not be long before your dutiful affection brings you to town. I fear it will a little raise your envy to find all the Muses employed in celebrating a Royal work, which your own partiality will think inferior to Bevis-Mount. But if you have any inclination to be even with them, you need but put three or four Wits into any hole in your Garden, and they will out-rhyme all Eaton and Westminster. I think Swift, Gay, and I, could undertake it,

\* Lady Peterborow, <sup>T<sup>2</sup></sup> formerly Miss Anastasia <sup>if</sup> Robinson.

476      LETTERS to *and* from

if you don't think our Heads too expensive : but the same hand that did the others will do them as cheap. If all else shou'd fail, you are sure at least of the head, hand, and heart of your servant.

Why should you fear any disagreeable news to reach us at Mount Bevis ? Do as I do even within ten miles of London, let no news whatever come near you. As to publick affairs we never knew a deader season : 'tis all silent, deep tranquillity. Indeed they say 'tis sometimes so just before an Earthquake. But whatever happens, cannot we observe the wise neutrality of the Dutch, and let all about us fall by the ears ? Or if you my Lord, should be prick'd on by any old-fashion'd notions of Honour and Romance, and think it necessary for the General of the Marines to be in action, when our Fleets are in motion ; meet them at Spit-head, and take me along with you. I decline no danger where the glory of Great Britain is concern'd ; and will contribute to empty the largest bowl of punch that shall be rigg'd out on such an occasion. Adieu my Lord, and may as many Years attend you, as may be happy and honourable !

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L E T T E R    XXXVII.

*From the Earl of PETERBOROW.*

**Y**OU must receive my letters with a just impartiality, and give grains of allowance for a gloomy or rainy day ; I sink grievously with the weather-glass, and am quite spiritless when oppress'd with the thoughts of a Birth-day or a Return.

Dutiful



Dutiful affection was bringing me to town, but undutiful laziness, and being much out of order, keep me in the country ; however if alive, I must make my appearance at the Birth-day. Where you showed one letter you may shew the other ; she that never was wanting in any good office in her power, will make a proper excuse, where a sin of Omission, I fear, is not reckoned as a venial sin.

I consent you shall call me Polemick, or associate me to any sect or Corporation, provided you do not join me to the Charitable Rogues, or to the Pacifick Politicians of the present age. I have read over † Barkley in vain, and find, after a stroak given on the left, I cannot offer the right cheek for another blow : all I can bring my self to, is to bear mortification from the Fair sex with patience.

You seem to think it vexatious that I should allow you but one woman at a time, either to praise, or love. If I dispute with you upon this point, I doubt every jury will give a verdict against me. So Sir, with a Mahometan indulgence, I allow you Pluralities, the favourite priviledge of our church.

I find you do not mend upon correction ; again I tell you, you must not think of women in a reasonable way : You know we always make Goddeses of those we adore upon earth ; and do not all the good men tell us, we must lay aside Reason in what relates to the Deity ?

'Tis well the Poets are preparing songs of joy : 'tis well to lay in antidotes of soft rhyme, against the rough prose they may chance to meet with at West-

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† Barkley's apology for the Quakers.

minster. I should have been glad of any thing of Swift's: pray when you write to him next, tell him I expect him with impatience, in a place as odd and as much out of the way, as himse'f. Yours.

### L E T T E R XXXVIII.

*From the Earl of PETERBOROW.*

**W**Henever you apply as a good Papist to your female Mediatrix, you are sure of success; but there is not a full assurance of your entire submission to Mother-church, and that abates a little of your authority. However if you will accept of country letters, she will correspond from the haycock, and I will write to you upon the side of my wheelbarrow: surely such letters might escape examination!

Your Idea of the Golden Age is, that every shepherd might pipe where he pleased. As I have lived longer, I am more moderate in my wishes, and would be content with the liberty of not piping where I am not pleased.

Oh how I wish, to my self and my friends, a freedom which Fate seldom allows, and which we often refuse our selves! why is our Shepherdess in voluntary slavery? why must our Dean submit to the Colour of his coat, and live absent from us? and why are you confined to what you cannot relieve?

I seldom venture to give accounts of my journeys before-hand, because I take resolutions of going to London, and keep them no better than quarrelling lovers do theirs. But the devil will drive me thither  
about

about the middle of next month, and I will call upon You, to be sprinkled with holy water, before I enter the place of Corruption. Your, &c.

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L E T T E R XXXIX.

*From the Same.*

I Am under the greatest impatience to see Dr. Swift<sup>1732.</sup> at Bevis Mount, and must signify my mind to him by another hand, it not being permitted me to hold correspondence with the said Dean, for no letter of mine can come to his hands.

And whereas it is apparent, in this protestant land most especially under the care of divine providence, that nothing can succeed or come to a happy issue but by Bribery; therefore let me know what he expects to comply with my desires, and it shall be remitted unto him.

For tho' I would not corrupt any man for the whole world, yet a benevolence may be given without any offence to conscience; every one must confess that gratification and corruption are two distinct terms; nay at worst many good men hold, that for a good end, some very naughty measures may be made use of.

But Sir, I must give you some good news in relation to my self, because I know you wish me well; I am cur'd of some diseases in my old age, which tormented me very much in my youth.

I was possess'd with violent and uneasy passions, such

as a peevish concern for Truth, and a saucy love for my Country.

When a Christian Priest preached against the Spirit of the Gospel, when an English Judge determined against Magna Charta, when the Minister acted against common-Sense, I used to fret.

Now Sir, let what will happen, I keep my self in temper: As I have no flattering hopes, so I banish all useless fears: but as to the things of this world, I find my self in a condition beyond expectation; it being evident from a late Parliamentary inquiry, that I have as much ready money, as much in the funds, and as great a personal estate, as Sir Robert S-t-t-n.

If the Translator of Homer find fault with this unheroick disposition, (or what I more fear) if the Draper of Ireland accuse the English-man of want of spirit: I silence you both with one line out of your own Horace. *Quid te exempta juvat spinis e pluribus una?* For I take the whole to be so corrupted, that a cure in any part would be of little avail.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER XL.

*From Dr. SWIFT to the Earl of PETERBOROW.*

*My Lord,*

**I** Never knew or heard of any person so volatile and so fixt as your Lordship: You, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of  
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the world, where you have or have not been, can at the same time remember to do offices of favour and kindness to the meanest of your friends ; and in all the scenes you have passed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a living witness against you ; for being the most insignificant of all your old humble servants, you were so cruel as never to give me time to ask a favour, but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I desired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admir'd at the capriciousness of Fortune in regard to your Lordship. She hath forced Courts to act against their oldest, and most constant maxims ; to make you a General because you had courage and conduct, an Ambassador because you had wisdom and knowledge in the interests of Europe, and an Admiral on account of your skill in maritime affairs ; whereas according to the usual method of Court proceedings, I should have been at the head of the Army, and you of the Church, or rather a Curate under the Dean of St. Patrick's.

The Arch-Bishop of Dublin laments that he did not see your Lordship till he was just upon the point of leaving the Bath : I pray God you may have found success in that journey, else I shall continue to think there is a fatality in all your Lordship's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the publick, without the least advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember Lord Oxford's Ministry us'd to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you. It is so with me, for you are in one thing an Evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head, and I think you have  
no

no house. Pray my Lord write to me, that I may have the pleasure in this scoundrel country, of going about, and shewing my depending Parsons a letter from the Earl of Peterborow. I am, &c.

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## L E T T E R    XLI.

To ———

Sept. 13.

**I** Believe you are by this time immers'd in your vast Wood; and one may address to you as to a very abstracted person, like Alexander Selkirk or the \*Self-taught Philosopher. I should be very curious to know what sort of contemplations employ you? I remember the latter of those I mention'd, gave himself up to a devout exercise of making his head giddy with various circumrotations, to imitate the motions of the cœlestial bodies. I don't think it at all impossible that Mr. L\* may be far advanced in that exercise, by frequent turns toward the several aspects of the heavens, to which you may have been pleas'd to direct him in search of prospects and new avenues. He will be tractable in time, as birds are tam'd by being whirl'd about; and doubtless come not to despise the meanest shrubs or coppice-wood, tho' naturally he seems more inclin'd to admire God in his greater works, the tall timber: for as Virgil has it, *Non omnes*

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\* The Title of an Arabic Treatise of the Life of Hai Ebn Yocktan.

*arbuta juvant, humilesque myricæ.* I wish my self with you both, whether you are in peace or at war, in violent argumentation or smooth consent, over Gazettes in the morning, or over Plans in the evening. In that last article, I am of opinion your Lordship has a loss of me; for generally after the debate of a whole day, we acquiesc'd at night in the best conclusion of which human reason seems capable in all great matters, to fall fast asleep! And so we ended, unless immediate Revelation (which ever must overcome human reason) suggested some new lights to us, by a Vision in bed. But laying aside Theory, I am told you are going directly to Practice. Alas, what a Fall will that be? A new Building is like a new Church, when once it is set up, you must maintain it in all the forms, and with all the inconveniences; then cease the pleasant luminous days of inspiration, and there's an end of miracles at once!

That this Letter may be all of a piece, I'll fill the rest with an account of a consultation lately held in my neighbourhood, about designing a princely garden. Several Criticks were of several opinions: One declar'd he would not have too much Art in it; for my notion (said he) of gardening is, that it is only sweeping Nature: Another told them that Gravel walks were not of a good taste, for all the finest abroad were of loose sand: A third advis'd peremptorily there should not be one Lyme-tree in the whole plantation; a fourth made the same exclusive clause extend to Horse-chestnuts, which he affirm'd not to be Trees, but Weeds; Dutch Elms were condemn'd by a fifth; and thus about half the Trees were proscrib'd, contrary to the Paradise of God's own planting, which is expressly said to be planted with *all trees*. There were some who cou'd not bear Ever-greens, and call'd them  
Never-

Never-greens; some, who were angry at them only when cut into shapes, and gave the modern Gard'ners the name of Ever-green Taylors; some, who had no dislike to Cones and Cubes, but wou'd have 'em cut in Forest-trees; and some who were in a passion against any thing in shape, even against clipt hedges, which they call'd green walls. These (my Lord) are our Men of Taste, who pretend to prove it by talking little or nothing. Sure such a Taste is like such a stomach, not a good one, but a weak one. We have the same sort of Critics in poetry; one is fond of nothing but Heroicks, another cannot relish Tragedies, another hates Pastorals, all little Wits delight in Epigrams. Will you give me leave to add, there are the same in Divinity? where many leading Critics are for rooting up more than they plant, and would leave the Lord's Vineyard either very thinly furnish'd, or very oddly trimm'd.

I have lately been with my Lord \* who is a zealous, yet charitable Planter, and has so bad a Taste, as to like all that is good. He has a disposition to wait on you in his way to the Bath, and if he can go and return to London in eight or ten days, I am not without a hope of seeing your Lordship with the delight I always see you. Every where I think of you, and every where I wish for you. I am, &c.

LETTER XLII. *is twice printed.*

To the Earl of BURLINGTON.

THE clamour rais'd about my Epistle to you, could not give you so much pain, as I receiv'd pleasure in seeing the general zeal of the world in the cause

*Vid. p. 256.*



cause of a Great man who is beneficent, and the particular warmth of your Lordship in that of a private man who is innocent.

It was not the Poem that deserv'd this from you; for as I had the honour to be your friend, I cou'd not treat you quite like a Poet: but sure the Writer deserv'd more candor, even from those who knew him not, than to promote a report, which in regard to that noble person, was impertinent; in regard to me, villainous. Yet I had no great cause to wonder, that a character belonging to twenty should be applied to one; since, by that means, nineteen would escape the ridicule.

I was too well content with my knowledge of that \* Noble Person's opinion in this affair, to trouble the publick about it. But since malice and mistake are so long a dying, I have taken the opportunity of a third edition to declare his belief, not only of my innocence, but of their malignity; of the former of which my own heart is as conscious, as I fear some of theirs must be of the latter. His humanity feels a concern for the injury done to me, while his greatness of mind can bear with indifference the insult offer'd to himself.

However my Lord, I own, that Critics of this sort can intimidate me, nay half incline me to write no more: That wou'd be making the Town a compliment which I think it deserves; and which some, I am sure, would take very kindly. This way of Satire is dangerous, as long as slander rais'd by fools of the lowest rank, can find any countenance from those

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\* Alludes to the letter the Duke of Ch — wrote to Mr. Pope on this occasion.

of a higher. Even from the conduct shewn on this occasion, I have learnt there are some who wou'd rather be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be safer to attack Vices than Follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet possession of their Idols, their Groves, and their High places; and change my subject from their Pride to their Meanness, from their Vanities to their Miseries: and as the only certain way to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and not to multiply ill-natur'd applications, I may probably, in my next, make use of real Names instead of fictitious ones. I am, &c.

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## L E T T E R XLIII.

To Mr. C. ———

Sept. 2, 1732.

I Affure you I am glad of your letter, and have long wanted nothing but the permission you now give me, to be plain and unreserved upon this head. I wrote to you concerning it long since; but a friend of yours and mine was of opinion, it was taking too much upon me, and more than I cou'd be entitled to by the mere merit of long acquaintance, and good will. I have not a thing in my heart relating to any friend, which I would not, in my own nature, declare to all mankind. The truth is what you guess; I could not esteem your conduct, to an object of misery so near you as Mrs. ——— and I have often hinted it to your self: The truth is, I cannot yet esteem it for any reason I am able to see. But this I promise,  
I ac-

I acquit you as far as your own mind acquits you. I have now no farther cause of complaint, for the unhappy Lady gives me now no farther pain; she is no longer an object either of yours, or my compassion; the hardships done her, are lodg'd in the hands of God, nor has any man more to do in them, except the persons concern'd in occasioning them.

As for the interruption of our Correspondence, I am sorry you seem to put the Test of my friendship upon that, because it is what I am disqualify'd from toward my other acquaintance, with whom I cannot hold any frequent commerce. I'll name you the obstacles which I can't surmount: want of health, want of time, want of good eyes; and one yet stronger than them all, I write not upon the terms of other men. For however glad I might be, of expressing my respect, opening my mind, or venting my concerns, to my private friends; I hardly dare, while there are Curlls in the world. If you please to reflect either on the impertinence of weak admirers, the malice of low enemies, the avarice of mercenary Book-sellers, or the silly curiosity of people in general; you'll confess I have small reason to indulge correspondencies: in which too I want materials, as I live altogether out of town, and have abstracted my mind (I hope) to better things than common news. I wish my friends wou'd send me back those forfeitures of my discretion, commit to my justice what I trusted only to their indulgence, and return me at the years end those trifling letters, which can be to them but a day's amusement, but to me may prove a discredit as lasting and extensive, as the aforesaid weak admirers, mean enemies, mercenary scriblers, or curious simpletons, can make it.

I come

I come now to a particular you complain of, my not answering your question about some Party papers, and their authors. This indeed I could not tell you, because I never was, or will be privy to such papers: And if by accident thro' my acquaintance with any of the writers, I had known a thing they conceal'd; I should certainly never be the Reporter of it.

For my waiting on you at your country house, I have often wish'd it; it was my compliance to a superior duty that hinder'd me, and one which you are too good a christian to wish I shou'd have broken, having never ventur'd to leave my mother (at her great age) for more than a week, which is too little for such a journey.

Upon the whole, I must acquit my self of any act or thought, in prejudice to the regard I owe you, as so long and obliging an acquaintance and correspondent. I am sure I have all the good wishes for your self and your family, that become a friend: There is no accident that can happen to your advantage, and no action that can redound to your credit, which I should not be ready to extol, or to rejoice in. And therefore I beg you to be assured, I am in disposition and will, tho' not so much as I wou'd be in testimonies or writing, Yours, &c.

# LETTER XLIV.

To Mr. Jeruam

Twickenham, June 10, 1733.

**A**S I know, you and I mutually desire to see one another, I hoped that this day our wishes would have



have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very reason which possibly might hinder your coming, that my poor Mother is dead. I thank God, her death was as easy, as her Life was innocent; and as it cost her not a groan, or even a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance such an expression of Tranquillity, nay almost of pleasure, that far from horrid, it is even amiable to behold it. It wou'd afford the finest Image of a Saint expir'd, that ever Painting drew; and it wou'd be the greatest obligation which even That obliging Art could ever bestow on a friend, if you cou'd come and sketch it for me. I am sure, if there be no very prevalent obstacle, you will leave any common business to do this: and I hope to see you this evening as late as you will, or to morrow morning as early, before this Winter-flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to morrow night. I know you love me, or I cou'd not have written this—— I could not (at this time) have written at all—— Adieu! May you dye as happily! Your, &c.

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L E T T E R XLV.

To Mr. B. *Rethel.*

*Aug. 9, 1733.*

**Y**OU might well think me negligent or forgetful of you, if true friendship and sincere esteem were to be measured by common forms and compliments. The truth is, I could not write then, with-

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Mrs. Pope dyed the seventh of June, 1733, aged 93.

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out saying something of my own condition, and of my loss of so old and so deserving a parent, which really wou'd have troubled you ; or I must have kept a silence upon that head, which wou'd not have suited that freedom and sincere opening of the heart which is due to you from me. I am now pretty well ; but my home is uneasy to me still, and I am therefore wandering about all this summer. I was but four days at Twickenham since the occasion that made it so melancholy. I have been a fortnight in Essex, and am now at Dawley (whose master is your servant) and going to Cirencester to Lord Bathurst. I shall also see Southampton with Lord Peterborow. The Court and Twit'nam I shall forsake together. I wish I did not leave our friend, who deserves more quiet and more health and happiness, than can be found in such a family. The rest of my acquaintance are tolerably happy in their various ways of life, whether court, country, or town ; and Mr. Cleland is as well in the Park, as if he were in Paradise. I heartily hope Yorkshire is the same to you ; and that no evil, moral or physical, may come near you.

x I have now but too much melancholy leisure, and no other care but to finish my Essay on Man : There will be in it one line that may offend you, (I fear) and yet I will not alter or omit it, unless you come to town and prevent me before I print it, which will be in a fortnight in all probability. In plain truth, I will not deny my self the greatest pleasure I am capable of receiving, because another may have the modesty not to share it. It is all a poor poet can do, to bear testimony to the virtue he cannot reach ; besides, that in this age, I have too few good examples not to lay hold on any I can find. You see what an interested man I am.

Adieu.

LETTER

x "Blameless Bethel."

LETTER XLVI.

To ———

Sept. 7, 1733.

**Y**OU cannot think how melancholy this place makes me: every part of this wood puts into my mind poor Mr. Gay with whom I pass once a great deal of pleasant time in it, and another friend who is near dead, and quite lost to us, Dr. Swift. I really can find no enjoyment in the place; the same sort of uneasiness as I find at Twitnam, whenever I pass near my Mother's room.

I've not yet writ to Mrs. G. I think I should, but have nothing to say that will answer the character they consider me in, as a Wit; besides my eyes grow very bad, (whatever is the cause of it) I'll put 'em out for no body but a friend; and I protest it brings tears into them almost to write to you, when I think of your state and mine.. I long to write to Swift, but cannot. The greatest pain I know is to say things so very short of one's meaning, when the heart is full.

I feel the goings out of life fast enough, to have little appetite left to make compliments, at best useless, and for the most part unselt, speeches. 'Tis but in a very narrow circle that friendship walks in this world, and I care not to tread out of it more than I needs must; knowing well, it is but to two or three (if quite so many) that any man's welfare, or memory, can be of consequence: The rest I believe I may forget, and be pretty certain they are already even, if not before-hand with me.

Life, after the first warm heats are over, is all down-hill : and one almost wishes the journey's end, provided we were sure but to lye down easy, whenever the Night shall overtake us.

I dream'd all last night of — she has dwelt (a little more than perhaps is right) upon my spirits : I saw a very deserving gentleman in my travels, who has formerly, I have heard, had much the same misfortune ; and (with all his good breeding and sense) still bears a cloud and melancholy cast that never can quite clear up, in all his behaviour and conversation. I know another, who I believe could promise and easily keep his word, never to laugh in his life. But one must do one's best, not be used by the world as that poor lady was by her sister ; and not seem too good, for fear of being thought affected, or whimsical.

It is a real truth, that to the last of my moments, the thought of you, and the best of my wishes for you, will attend you, told or untold : I could wish you had once the constancy and resolution to act for your self, whether before or after I leave you (the only way I ever shall leave you) you must determine : but reflect, that the first wou'd make me, as well as your self, happier ; the latter could make you only for Adieu.

## LETTER XLVII.

*From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.*

*Hampstead, July 17, 1734.*

**I** Little doubt of your kind concern for me, nor of that of the Lady you mention. I have nothing to



to repay my friends with at present, but prayers and good wishes. I have the satisfaction to find that I am as officiously serv'd by my friends, as he that has thousands to leave in legacies; besides the assurance of their sincerity. God almighty has made my bodily distress as easy as a thing of that nature can be. I have found some relief, at least sometimes, from the air of this place. My nights are bad, but many poor creatures have worse.

As for you, my good friend, I think since our first acquaintance there have not been any of those little suspicions or jealousies that often affect the sincerest friendships; I am sure not on my side. I must be so sincere as to own, that tho' I could not help valuing you for those Talents which the world prizes, yet they were not the foundation of my friendship; they were quite of another sort; nor shall I at present offend you by enumerating them: And I make it my Last Request, that you will continue that Noble Disdain and Abhorrence of Vice, which you seem naturally endu'd with; but still with a due regard to your own Safety; and study more to reform than chastise, tho' the one cannot be effected without the other.

Lord Bathurst I have always honour'd, for every good quality that a person of his rank ought to have: Pray give my respects and kindest wishes to the family. My venison stomach is gone, but I have those about me, and often with me, who will be very glad of his present. If it is left at my house it will be transmitted safe to me.

A recovery in my case, and at my age, is impossible; the kindest wish of my friends is Euthanasia. Living or dying, I shall always be Yours, &c.

## LETTER XLVIII.

*To Dr. ARBUTHNOT.*

July 26, 1734.

**I** Thank you for your letter, which has all those genuine marks of a good mind by which I have ever distinguish'd yours, and for which I have so long loved you. Our friendship has been constant; because it was grounded on good principles, and therefore not only uninterrupted by any Distrust, but by any Vanity, much less any Interest.

What you recommend to me with the solemnity of a Last Request, shall have its due weight with me. That disdain and indignation against Vice, is (I thank God) the only disdain and indignation I have: It is sincere, and it will be a lasting one. But sure it is as impossible to have a just abhorrence of Vice, without hating the Vicious, as to bear a true love for Virtue, without loving the Good. To reform and not to chastise, I am afraid is impossible, and that the best Precepts, as well as the best Laws, would prove of small use, if there were no Examples to enforce them. To attack Vices in the abstract, without touching Persons, may be safe fighting indeed, but it is fighting with Shadows. General propositions are obscure, misty, and uncertain, compar'd with plain, full, and home examples: Precepts only apply to our Reason, which in most men is but weak: Examples are pictures, and strike the Senses, may raise the Passions, and call in those (the strongest and most general of all motives) to the aid of reformation. Every vicious man makes the case his own; and that is the only way by which such men can be affected, much less deterr'd. So that to chastise is to reform. The only sign by which I found my writings ever did any  
good,

good, or had any weight, has been that they rais'd the anger of bad men. And my greatest comfort, and encouragement to proceed, has been to see, that those who have no shame, and no fear, of any thing else, have appear'd touch'd by my Satires.

As to your kind concern for my Safety, I can guess what occasions it at this time. Some Characters I have drawn are such, that if there be any who deserve 'em, 'tis evidently a service to mankind to point those men out; yet such as if all the world gave them, none I think will own they take to themselves. But if they should, those of whom all the world think in such a manner, must be men I cannot fear. Such in particular as have the meanness to do mischiefs in the dark, have seldom the courage to justify them in the face of day; the talents that make a Cheat or a Whisperer, are not the same that qualify a man for an Insulter; and as to private villany, it is not so safe to join in an Assassination, as in a Libel. I will consult my safety so far as I think becomes a prudent man; but not so far as to omit any thing which I think becomes an honest one. As to personal attacks beyond the law, every man is liable to them: as for danger within the law, I am not guilty enough to fear any. For the good opinion of all the world, I know it is not to be had: for that of worthy men, I hope I shall not forfeit it: for that of the Great, or those in power, I may wish I had it, but if thro' misrepresentations (too common about persons in that station) I have it not, I shall be sorry, but not miserable in the want of it.

It is certain, much freer Satyrists than I have enjoy'd the encouragement and protection of the Princes under whom they lived. Augustus and Mecœnas made Horace their companion, tho' he had been in arms on the side of Brutus; and allow me to remark  
it

it was out of the suffering Party too, that they favour'd and distinguish'd Virgil. You will not suspect me of comparing my self with Virgil and Horace, nor even with another Court-favourite, Boileau : I have always been too modest to imagine my Panegyrics were Incense worthy of a Court ; and that I hope will be thought the true reason why I have never offer'd any. I would only have observ'd, that it was under the greatest Princes and best Ministers, that moral Satyrists were most encouraged ; and that then Poets exercised the same jurisdiction over the Follies, as Historians did over the Vices of men. It may also be worth considering, whether Augustus himself makes the greater figure, in the writings of the former, or of the latter ? and whether Nero and Domitian do not appear as ridiculous for their false Taste and Affectation, in Persius and Juvenal, as odious for their bad Government in Tacitus and Suetonius ? In the first of these reigns it was, that Horace was protected and caress'd ; and in the latter that Lucan was put to death, and Juvenal banish'd.

I wou'd not have said so much, but to shew you my whole heart on this subject ; and to convince you, I am deliberately bent to perform that Request which you make your last to me, and to perform it with Temper, Justice, and Resolution. As your Approbation, (being the testimony of a sound head and an honest heart) does greatly confirm me herein, I wish you may live to see the effect it may hereafter have upon me, in something more deserving of that approbation. But if it be the Will of God (which I know will also be yours) that we must separate, I hope it will be better for You than it can be for me. You are fitter to live, or to die, than any man I know. Adieu my dear friend ! and may God preserve your life easy, or make your death happy.

F I N I S.



*P. S. The following Letters having been lately published without the Consent of their Writers, we have added them, tho' not in the order of time.*

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LETTER XLIX.

To Dr. Swift.

*August 1723.*

**I** Find a Rebuke in a late Letter of yours that both stings and pleases me extreamly. Your saying that I ought to have writ a Postscript to my Friend Gay's, makes me not content to write less than a whole Letter; and your seeming to take his kindly, gives me hopes you will look upon this as a sincere effect of Friendship. Indeed, as I cannot but own the Laziness with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you, for both of us have had (and one of us has both had and given) a Surfeit of writing; so I really thought you would know your self to be so certainly intitled to my Friendship, that it was a possession you could not imagine stood in need of any farther Deeds or Writings to assure you of it.

Whatever you seem to think of your withdrawn and separate state, at this distance, and in this Absence, Dean Swift lives still in England, in every place and company where he would chuse to live, and I find him in all the Conversations I keep, and in all the Hearts in which I desire any share.

We have never met these many years without men-

tion of you. Besides my old Acquaintance, I have found that all my friends of a later date are such as were yours before : Lord Oxford, Lord Harcourt, and Lord Harley, may look upon me as one intailed upon them by you : Lord Bolingbroke is now returned (as I hope) to take Me with all his other Hereditary-Rights ; and, indeed, he seems grown so much a Philosopher, as to set his heart upon some of them as little, as upon the Poet you gave him. It is sure my ill fate, that all those I most loved, and with whom I have most lived, must be banished : After both of you left England, my constant Host was the Bishop of Rochester ; sure this is a Nation that is cursedly afraid of being over-run with too much Politeness, and cannot regain one great Genius, but at the expence of another. I tremble for my Lord Peterborough (whom I now lodge with) he has too much Wit, as well as Courage, to make a solid General ; and if he escapes being banished by others, I fear he will banish himself. This leads me to give you some Account of the manner of my Life and Conversation, which has been infinitely more various and dissipated, than when you knew me and cared for me ; and among all Sexes, Parties, and Professions. A Glut of Study and Retirement in the first part of my life, cast me into this ; and this I begin to see will throw me again into Study and Retirement.

The Civilities I have met with from opposite Setts of people, have hindred me from being violent or sour to any Party ; but at the same time the Observations and Experiences, I cannot but have collected, have made me less fond of, and less surprized at, any : I am therefore the more afflicted and the more angry at the Violences and hardships I see practised by either. The merry Vein you knew me in, is sunk  
into.

into a Turn of Reflection, that has made the World pretty indifferent to me; and yet I have acquired a Quietness of mind which by fits improves into a certain degree of Chearfulness, enough to make me just so good humoured as to wish that World well. My Friendships are increased by new ones, yet no part of the Warmth I felt for the old is diminished. Aversions I have none, but to Knaves (for Fools I have learned to bear with) and such I cannot be commonly civil to; for I think those men are next to Knaves who converse with them. The greatest Man in power of this sort shall hardly make me bow to him, unless I had a personal obligation, and that I will take care not to have. The top pleasure of my life is one I learned from you both how to gain and how to use; the Freedom of Friendship with men much my Superiors. To have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a praise; but not to have flattered them and yet not have displeased them, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all Intercourse with Poets and Scriblers, unless where by great chance I have found a modest one. By these means I have had no quarrels with any personally: none have been Enemies, but who were also Strangers to me; and as there is no great need of an Eclaircissement with such, whatever they writ or said I never retaliated; not only never seeming to know, but often really never knowing, any thing of the matter. There are very few things that give me the Anxiety of a Wish; the strongest I have would be to pass my days with you, and a few such as you: But Fate has dispersed them all about the world; and I find to wish it is as vain, as to wish to live to see the Millennium and the Kingdom of the Just upon Earth.

If I have sinned in my long silence, consider there is  
one

one to whom you your self has been as great a sinner. As soon as you see his Hand, you will learn to do me justice, and feel in your Heart how long a man may be silent to those he truly loves and respects.

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L E T T E R L.

*Lord B. to Dr. Swift.*

**I** Am not so lazy as Pope, and therefore you must not expect from me the same indulgence to Laziness; in defending his own cause he pleads yours, and becomes your Advocate while he appeals to you as his Judge: You will do the same on your part; and I, and the rest of your common Friends, shall have great justice to expect from two such righteous Tribunals: You resemble perfectly the two Alehouse-Keepers in Holland, who were at the same time Burgomasters of the Town, and taxed one another's Bills alternately. I declare before hand I will not stand to the award; my Title to your Friendship is good, and wants neither Deeds nor Writings to confirm it: but Annual Acknowledgements at least are necessary to preserve it; and I begin to suspect by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to dispute it, and to urge Prescription against me. I would not say one word to you about my self (since it is a subject on which you appear to have no curiosity) was it not to try, how far the contrast between Pope's Fortune and manner of life, and mine, may be carried.

I have been then infinitely more uniform and less dissipated



dissipated, than when you knew me and cared for me. That Love which I used to scatter with some profusion, among the whole female kind, has been these many years devoted to one object. A great many misfortunes (for so they are called, though sometimes very improperly) and a retirement from the world, have made that just and nice discrimination between my Acquaintance and my Friends, which we have seldom sagacity enough to make for our selves; those insects of various hues, which used to hum and buzz about me while I stood in the sunshine, have disappeared since I liv'd in the shade. No man comes to a Hermitage but for the sake of the Hermit; a few philosophical Friends come often to mine, and they are such as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extreamly from what you was nine years ago.

The hoarse voice of Party was never heard in this quiet place; Gazettes and Pamphlets are banished from it, and if the Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff are admitted, this distinction is owing to some strokes by which it is judged that this illustrious Philosopher, had (like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Persian Zoroaster, and others his Precursors among the Arabians, Magians, and the Egyptian Seres) both his outward and his inward Doctrine, and that he was of no side at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I was ever of any party my self; nay, I am often so happily absorbed by the abstracted reason of things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any such monster as Party. Alas, I am soon awakned from that pleasing dream by the Greek and Roman Historians, by Guicciardin, by Machiavel, and by Thuanus; for I have vowed to read

read no History of our own country, till that body of it which you promise to finish, appears.

I am under no apprehensions that a glut of study and retirement should cast me back into the hurry of the world; on the contrary, the single regret which I ever feel, is that I fell so late into this course of life: my Philosophy grows confirmed by habit, and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you. I am *consilio bonus, sed more eo productus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nil non recte facere non possim*. The little incivilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have been so far from rendring me violent or sour to any, that I think my self obliged to them all; some have cured me of my fears, by shewing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by shewing how precarious popular friendships are; all have cured me of surprize: In driving me out of party, they have driven me out of cursed company; and in stripping me of Titles, and Rank, and Estate, and such trinkets, which every man that will may spare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world so indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased at what happens in it, any farther than personal friendships interest me in the affairs of it, and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect Tranquility is the general tenour of my life; good digestions, serene weather, and some other mechanick springs, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am sometimes gay, but I am never sad; I have gained new friends, and have lost some old ones; my acquisitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleasure, because they have  
not

not been made lightly: I know no vows so solemn as those of friendship, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance should methinks precede them; my losses of this kind give me but little trouble, I contributed nothing to them, and a friend who breaks with me unjustly is not worth preserving. As soon as I leave this Town (which will be in a few days) I shall fall back into that course of life, which keeps knaves and fools at a great distance from me: I have an aversion to them both, but in the ordinary course of life I think I can bear the sensible knave better than the fool: One must indeed with the former be in some or other of the attitudes of those wooden men whom I have seen before a sword-cutlers shop in Germany; but even in these constrained postures the witty Rascal will divert me; and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay him in another coin: The Fool obliges me to be almost as much upon my guard as the Knave, and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the Torpor, or he teizes me like the Fly. This is the picture of an old Friend, and more like him than that will be which you once asked, and which he will send you, if you continue still to desire it — Adieu, dear Swift, with all thy faults I love thee intirely; make an effort, and love me on with all mine.

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L E T T E R L I.

*From Dr. Swift.*

*Dublin, Sept 20, 1723.*

**R**eturning from a summer expedition of four months on account of my health, I found a letter from

from you, with an appendix longer than yours from Lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more miserable malady than an unwillingness to write letters to our best friends, and a man might be philosopher enough in finding out reasons for it; one thing is clear, that it shews a mighty difference betwixt Friendship and Love, for a lover (as I have heard) is always scribbling to his mistress. If I could permit my self to believe what your civility makes you say, that I am still remembred by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep my self here — *Non sum qualis eram*. I left you in a period of life when one year does more execution than three at yours, to which if you add the dulness of the air, and of the people, it will make a terrible sum. I have no very strong faith in you pretenders to Retirement, you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough, to go into a corner, and form conclusions *de contemptu mundi & fuga sæculi*, unless a Poet grows weary of too much applause, as Ministers do of too much weight of business.

Your Happiness is greater than your merit, in chusing your Favourites so indifferently among either Party; this you owe partly to your Education, and partly to your Genius employing you in an Art in which Faction has nothing to do, for I suppose Virgil and Horace are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the Constitution of Church and State, than a Christian at Constantinople; and you are so much the wiser and the happier, because both Parties will approve your Poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your notions of Friendship are new to me, I believe every man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very  
well



well know to whom I would give the first places in my Friendship, but they are not in the way: I am condemned to another scene, and therefore I distribute it in Pennyworths to those about me, and who displease me least; and should do the same to my fellow-prisoners if I were condemned to a jail. I can likewise tolerate Knaves much better than Fools, because their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have with them, which however I own is more dangerous, tho' not so troublesome, as that of Fools. I have often endeavour'd to establish a friendship among all Men of Genius, and would fain have it done: they are seldom above three or four Contemporaries, and if they could be united; would drive the World before them. I think it was so among the Poets in the time of Augustus; but Envy, and Party, and Pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the Subalterns, of which you are seldom without a large Tribe: Under the name of Poets and Scriblers, I suppose you mean the Fools you are content to see sometimes, when they happen to be modest; which was not frequent among them while I was in the World.

I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be call'd so in this Country. I chuse my companions among those of least consequence and most compliance: I read the most trifling Books I can find, and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects: But riding, walking, and sleeping take up eighteen of the twenty four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have several things to finish which I put off to twenty years hence; *Hæc est vita Solutorum, &c.* I send you the compliments of a friend of yours, who hath pass'd  
four

four months this summer with two grave acquaintance at his country house without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight miles distant; yet when he returns to London, I will engage you shall find him as deep in the Court of Requests, the Park, the Opera's and the Coffee-house, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You must remember me with great affection to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Congreve, and Gay — I think there are no more *eodem tertio*'s between you and me, except Mr. J—— to whose house I address this, for want of knowing where you live; for it was not clear from your last whether you lodge with Lord Peterborow, or he with you? I am ever, &c.

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## LETTER LII.

To Dr. Swift.

Decembr 10, 1725.

**I** Find my self the better acquainted with you for a long Absence, as men are with themselves for a long Affliction: Absence does but hold off a Friend, to make one see him the more truly. I am infinitely more pleas'd to hear you are coming near us, than at any thing you seem to think in my favour; an opinion which has perhaps been aggrandized by the distance or dulness of Ireland, (as objects look larger thro' a medium of Fogs) and yet I am infinitely pleas'd with that too. I am much the happier for finding (a better thing than our wits) our judgments jump, in the notion that all Scriblers should be pass'd by in silence. To vindicate ones self  
against

against such nasty slander, is much as wise as it was in your country-man, when the people imputed a stink to him, to prove the contrary by showing his backside. So let Gildon and Philips rest in peace ! What Virgil had to do with Mævius, that he should wear him upon his sleeve to all eternity, I don't know. I've been the longer upon this, that I may prepare you for the reception both you and your works may possibly meet in England. We your true acquaintance will look upon you as a good man, and love you ; others will look upon you as a Wit, and hate you. So you know the worst ; unless you are as vindicative as Virgil, or the aforesaid Hibernian.

I wish as warmly as you for an Hospital in which to lodge the Despisers of the world ; only I fear it wou'd be fill'd wholly like Chelsea, with maimed Soldiers, and such as had been disabled in its service. I wou'd rather have those, that out of such generous principles as you and I despise it, fly in its face, than retire from it. Not that I have much anger against the Great ; my spleen is at the little rogues of it : It would vex one more to be knock'd on the head with a Piss-pot, than by a Thunder-bolt. As to great Oppressors, they are like Kites or Eagles, one expects mischief from them, but to be squirted to death (as poor Wycherley said to me on his death-bed) by Apothecaries Apprentices, by the understrappers of under-secretaries to secretaries who were no secretaries — this wou'd provoke as dull a dog as Ph — s himself.

So much for enemies, now for friends. Mr. L — thinks all this indiscreet : the Dr. not so ; he loves mischief the best of any good natur'd man in England. Lord B. is above trifling : when he writes of any thing in this world, he is more than mortal ;

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If ever he trifles, it must be when he turns a Divine. Gay is writing Tales for Prince William: I suppose Mr. Philips will take this very ill, for two reasons; one that he thinks all childish things belong to him, and the other, because he'll take it ill to be taught that one may write things to a child without being childish. What have I more to add? but that Lord Oxford desires earnestly to see you: and that many others whom you do not think the worst of will be gratified by it: none more (be assured) than Yours, &c.

Hadenham Oct: 25. 1750.

*rilette à Blecheley nella Provincia di  
Buckingham questo Di primo di Maggio 1754.  
Ancora questo Di 24 di marzo 1763.*

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F I N I S.



1754.

3.